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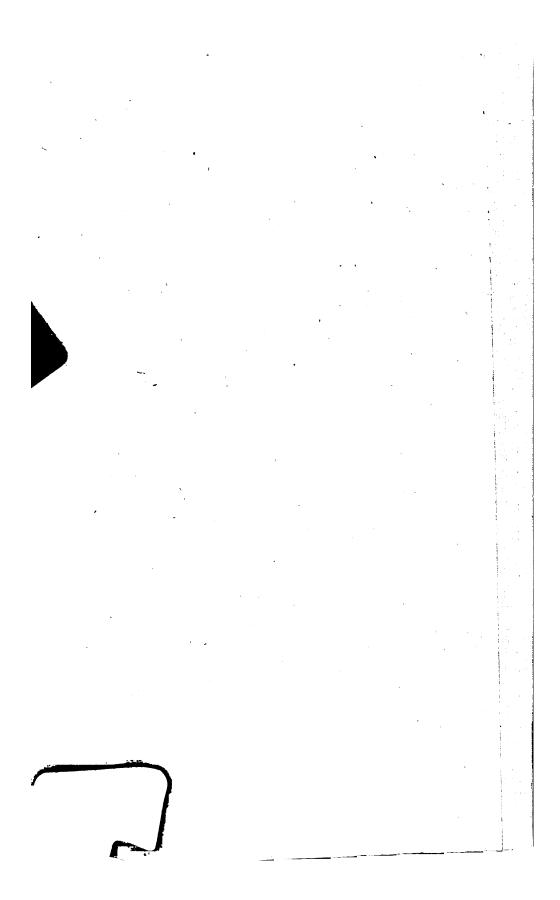
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Lee Mills



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No. I.

THE



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OF

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CONTENTS.

	PAGES.
The Great Pyramid,	- 1
Estimate of Aristotle,	12
Quotations,	- 16
Fanaticism,	21
From the French of Millevoye, (postry)	- 26
From the French of Victor Hugo, (poetry)	26
Editorial.—	
Salutatory,	. 27
Athletics,	28
Editorial Work,	29
The True College Spirit,	3.)
To Subscribers,	31
O Tempora, () Mores,	32
Business Manager's Card,	32
Explanatory Notice,	33
College and Campus,	34
Alumni,	42
Exchanges,	46
Grave and Gay,	48
Trade Notes,	50
Advertisements	

CONTENTS OF VOL. XIII.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.	Pagr.
Bayard Taylor	201
Burns	. 161
Chivalry and Barbarian Manners, and their Influence of	a
the Condition of Women	251
Classic Music	105
Contentment	108
Eloquence	72
Estimate of Aristotle	12
Fanaticism	20
Hamlet	. 51
Ideality and Enthusiasm	. 25 7
In Memoriam	112
Introcuorion	. 218
IntrospectionLeve the Essence of Christianity	. ATB
Madiations	. 165
Meditations Owen Meredith's "Wanderer"	. 101 . 271
Demon come Civil Domon	. 271 908
Papacy versus Civil Power	. 80 0
Quotations	. 16
Ratio Signorum Arcanissima et Illustrissima	. 63
Some Thoughts on Southern Periodical Literature	. 69
Terra Marique	. 157
The Great Pyramid	. 1
The Jews	. 262
The Reasoning of the Evolutionist	, 301
The True Poetry of the Present Day	. 266
William Cowper	. 815
POETRY.	
Corona Veris.	. 276
From the French of Millevoge	. 26
From the French of Victor Hugo	. 26
Jove Invoked	. 227
Platonic	. 170
Siddartha	. 76
Spring and Autumn	. 114
That Striped Thomas	. 110

EDITORIALS.

EDITORIALS.	
A Bad Practice	277
A Card	120
A Communication	231
A Correction	118
A Friend	230
Another Donation to Wash and Lee	228
Alumni Associations	279
Athletic	28
An Abuse	81
Boating	173
Business Manager's Card	32
Calicoing	280
College Examinations.	117
Editor's Valedictory	327
Editor's Valenctory	
Editorial Work	29
Explanatory Notice	33
Have we a Botanical Department to our Museum?	279
Meeting of the Association of the Alumni	332
Medals to be offered by the Board of Trustees	33 0
Minstrel Troupe	172
Our Societies	278
Our Sports	234
O Tempora! O Mores!	32
Question for the Literary Societies	119
Remarks	171
Salutatory	27
Some Friendly Advice	79
Sunday Calicoing	175
	78
The Boxing Club	
University	331
The Literary Societies	115
The Mess Hall	78
The New Endowed Scholarships	334
The True College Spirit	30
The Young Men's Christian Association	82
Time for Action	174
To Subscribers	31
Work of Our Alumni	176
	110
EDITOR'S TABLE—121, 177.	
College and Campus—34, 83, 124, 181, 235, 282, 335.	
ALUMNI-42, 89, 137, 196, 245, 290.	
Exchanges—46, 93, 141, 199, 247, 294, 343.	
Riff-Raff-48, 98, 144, 249, 299.	
College World—140, 293.	
CONVENCEMENT—320.	



THE

SOUTHERN COLLEGIAN,

Washington and Lee University.

"Quidquid praecipies, esto brevis."

Vol. XIII.

OCTOBER, 1880.

Number I.

THE GREAT PYRAMID.

"Gazing, rapt, awed upon that mighty pile,
The mind is filled with wonder, and we ask,
Is it a tomb or teacher? Whence its style?
What men, what age conceived, achieved the task?
Wonder of wonders in this land of Nile,
Of what great thought is it the type and mask!"

N speaking of the Great Pyramid, a well known lecturer on this subject has asked these questions: "When was the Great Pyramid built?" "For what purpose was it built?" "By whom was it built?"

We will now briefly consider the answers to these questions.

From the earliest ages of history this structure has been known. There is no time within our historic periods when it was not famous. It was classed as one of "the seven wonders of the world"; and it well deserved its place at the head of the list; for the vastness of the structure, even when its design baffled all conjecture, excited the wonder and admiration of the ancients, as their historians abundantly testify. Herodotus, who wrote about Four Hundred and Fifty years before Christ, mentions having visited and examined it on the outside; but

could form no idea of its age. He says that it was built in the reign of Shufu or Cheops, from whom it takes its name—The Pyramid of Cheops,

Wise men of many ages have endeavored to discover the date of its building, but that has been left for men of the present century to find out.

On the north side of the Pyramid there is a small entrance passage, which begins some distance above the ground and descends at a considerable angle into the interior. This passage is perfectly regular and, like all the rest of the Pyramid, is remarkable for the care and exactness shown in its masonry. It is said the stones which form the walls are so clesely fitted together that even after all the ages that they have remained in this position, it is impossible to slip a knife-blade between them.

In 1839 Sir John Herschel supposed that this long tubular passage, from its position and the inclination it makes with the base, was meant to be levelled at a polar star; but finding that at that time there was no star of importance in that part of the heavens to which it pointed, he began to count back to see if there ever was a time when a prominent star was in such a position, that it could look directly down this long tube. means of the processional cycle he found, that at one time the North Star had been in exactly this position, and that star was Alpha Draconis; and at the same time Alcyone, one of the Pleiades, was on the meridian above. He had only to find then how long it had been since Alpha Draconis had occupied this position. By astronomical calculations he found that it was in 2170 B. C. This is now supposed to be the date of the building of the Great Pyramid, which makes it more than 4,000 years old—older by far than any other piece of man's work which is now standing! It may look like assuming too much to say that this tube was made to point to Alpha Draconis, but this date coincides with that given to the Great Pyramid by other methods of computation. This also agrees with the tradition which Herodotus gives; for the best chronologists say that Cheops was the ruling monarch of Egypt at that time.

Let us now see for what purpose this immense structure was reared; and there must certainly have been a reason for erecting such a pillar as this, at the same time the oldest, the tallest and the most remarkable to be found any where in the world. The ancients believed it to have been intended for a treasurehouse or a royal tomb; but there was no known entrance by which they could explore the interior of this massive structure, which might be, for aught they knew, solid masonry from its broad base to its lofty apex. In the ninth century, however, a Mohammedan Caliph, instigated by the hope of finding valuable treasures, forced an entrance into it with great labor and expense, cutting a rough passage through the heavy masonry of huge stones. In doing so he came upon, and for the first time disclosed the tubular passage that enters from the northern face, and which had been carefully sealed up at the time of its building. But he found no treasures within; and so bitter was the disappointment of his subjects at this fruitless result of their labor, that it was with difficulty he prevented them from breaking out into open rebellion.

The theory that it was built as a royal tomb has also been long exploded. Many of the other pyramids of Egypt were built in imitation of this and were used as sepulchres. But in all of them we find hieroglyphic writings, whilst in this there is not one word written. Nor is there any other sign of its having been used as a tomb.

To give a minute and full description of the Pyramid would be out of place and useless, but it may be well here to mention a few of the most important points in regard to its interior. There is first the entrance passage, just mentioned, which begins some distance up on the northern side of the Pyramid and enters the solid masonry, descending at a considerable angle, and continues its downward course until it comes to the "bottomless pit," an unfinished chamber in the rock a hundred feet below the base of the Pyramid and directly under its centre. Just before this passage way reaches the base, there is

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another passage of the same size, which starts from this one in an upward direction, rising at the same angle at which the first This opens suddenly into a high, long and beautidescended. fully finished apartment, whose floor line is continuous with that of the passage of ascent to it, and which is called the Grand Gallery, being seven times as high as the passage which This Gallery terminates, as abruptly as it began, leads to it. against a wall, through which there is another passage way, smaller than any of the others, which leads into the King's Chamber, the highest and largest known room in the edifice. Here is the only piece of furniture to be found any where in the whole Pyramid, the celebrated granite Coffer, a large, lidless box, cut from a single block of stone. Above this room are what are called "the chambers of construction," indicating how the builders arranged to keep the weight of the superincumbent mass of stone from crushing in the ceiling of the King's Chamber, which ceiling consists of nine powerful blocks of granite, stretching from side to side.

Directly under the Grand Gallery, and running in the same direction as all the other passages, from north to south, there is a horizontal passage which starts on a level with the entrance of the Grand Gallery and leads to the Queen's Chamber, another large room, but which is not nearly so large as the King's Chamber. As the King's Chamber stands on the fiftieth course of masonry, so the Queen's Chamber stands on the twenty-fifth. This room is entirely destitute of furniture, and instead of its walls being all smooth, as are the walls of the King's Chamber, there is in its eastern wall a niche twenty-five inches wide and fifteen feet high, being composed of five stories or divisions.

A short distance from the beginning of the Grand Gallery there is a rough opening in the floor, which descends irregularly down through the masonry and the solid rock, until it reaches the "bottomless pit." This rugged, descending passage is called the "well," and is the only rough, irregular piece of work in the whole structure.

From a careful investigation of the position and measure-

ments of its various chambers and gallerics, lines and angles, it is evident that it was built for scientific purposes. It seems to have been intended as a teacher of both physical and spiritual truths. As a teacher of physical truths, it gives us a complete system of weights and measures, many remarkable facts in regard to astronomy and geography, and a number of geometrical properties.

By a careful study of all the linear measurements, it is found that the only measures, which will apply in all cases, are what are called the pyramid cubit and inch, the inch being one-twenty-fifth of the cubit. This inch is equal to one and one-thousandth of our inches, making the cubit twenty-five and twenty-five-thousandths of our inches. This coincides almost exactly with Sir Isaac Newton's calculation of the length of the "sacred cubit."

In 1795, long before the Great Pyramid had been studied scientifically, M. Ballet made objections to the French system of measures, because it was formed on the basis of the length of a curved line, and suggested that the polar diameter of the carth be taken as the basis of the unit of length, instead of the meridian. He proposed to take as the unit of length the ten-millionth part of this diameter, which would give one-and-one-thousandth of our inches, just what is now found to be the unit of measurement in the Great Pyramid! This pyramid or earth-commensurated inch is the only unit which is contained exactly in all the linear measurements.

Then the Coffer in the King's Chamber holds an amount of water equal in weight to a cubic block of stone, whose edge is a cubit and whose density is equal to the mean density of the earth. If we divide the entire contents of this coffer by two thousand five hundred, we will have an amount of water equal in weight to five cubic inches of this stone. Let this be our pint and pound, and they will be found to be very nearly equal to the English pint and pound avoirdupois.

It also gives a thermal measure. The King's Chamber is so far removed from the outer air and is surrounded by such an

immense quantity of stone, that its temperature is not affected in the least by the change of scasons, but is entirely uniform at 68° Fahrenheit. The mercury in a thermometer, in rising from the freezing point of water to this point, passes over just one-fifth of the distance it would have to pass over in reaching the boiling point.

Its teachings in astronomy and geography are no less wonderful. It shows that the architects knew of the revolutions of the carth on its axis and around the sun. In each of the base lines the cubit is contained 365½ times, or once for each day in the year. In the entire perimeter of the base the pyramid inch is contained just one hundred times for each day.

If the Great Pyramid was intended to give us a true symbolization of the universe, we would not expect it to overlook the precessional cycle. Nor has it been overlooked. We would expect it, since it is the longest of our years, to be symbolized in the longest lines of the Pyramid. If we take the sum of the diagonals of the base, we have just one inch for each year of this cycle.

In remarkable geographical features it is not behind its astronomical wonders. It is situated on the most remarkable geographical point in the world. It is in the very centre of Egypt—it is in the centre of all the land in the world—it is on that parallel of latitude which divides the whole surface of the northern hemisphere into two equal parts—it is on the isothermal line of mean temperature of the whole globe—it is also on that meridian of longitude which Commodore Maury selected, without the knowledge of its being the Pyramid's meridian, as that which was most suitable for a universal zero meridian, one which could be used by all nations in common, and thus avoid the trouble and inconvenience occasioned by each nation having its own meridian, according to which all of its maps and charts are prepared.

One remarkable thing about the measurements of the Great Pyramid is the frequent occurrence of the numbers 5, 7 and 9, and their multiples and powers. From this circumstance, those who have studied this subject thoroughly, think that they see many other remarkable things set forth in this Pyramid, such as the mean distance of the sun from the earth and the specific gravity and weight of the earth.

There is perhaps no better test of a sound, practical astronomy, than to be able to find the four cardinal points. This would probably seem to most people a very simple matter. But we may form some idea of the difficulty of doing so, from the fact that the Greeks, with all their learning, could not find the cardinal points astronomically within eight degrees; and even the most famous observatories of modern times, which it is so important to have properly oriented, are by no means so accurate as this pile of stone, put up in the Lybian desert at a time when it is thought that men knew nothing about astronomy, at a time so far distant in the dark ages of the past that a poet has said—

"Old time, himself so old, is like a child,

And can't remember when these blocks were piled."

It would seem strange, if, with such a knowledge of astronomy and geography, there should not be combined some knowledge of geometry. We find that what was unknown to any of the ancient geometers of historic times, before the time of Archimedes, who lived about Two Hundred and Fifty years before Christ, was known to the builders of the Great Pyramid. There is no problem in geometry, over which the ancient geometers labored more, than over the quadrature of the circle. If we take the vertical height of the Pyramid as a radius and describe a circle, its circumference will be exactly equal to the perimeter of the base. Thus, then, is the problem of the quadrature of the circle solved. Pi, the ratio between the circumference and the diameter, is also shown in various other parts of the structure, notably in the King's Chamber and the Coffer which it contains, and in the "niche" in the Queen's Chamber.

Dr. Seiss, Prof. Smith and other writers on the Pyramid think, that we should not stop here and suppose that it was in-

tended to set forth and embody only natural or physical truths; but that it was intended to be a great teacher of spiritual truths as well.

It would at least seem that God's inspired prophets knew of this pillar and considered it a sacred wonder. The Greeks, as early as the time of Alexander, place it at the head of the list of the "Seven Wonders of the World." But Jeremiah, before them, wrote of "signs and wonders in the land of Egypt," saying that they were placed there by "the Great, the Mighty God, the Lord of hosts." Isaiah speaks even more positively in regard to it. He says, "In that day shall there be an altar to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt, and a pillar at the border thereof to the Lord, and it shall be for a sign and a witness unto the Lord of hosts in the land of Egypt." Jeremiah says that it remains "unto this day," that is, to the time of his writing; and Isaiah says that it shall be there "in that day," where he is undoubtedly referring to "the day of the restitution of all things." If this be the case, it must be in existence now, and this is the only one which can begin to fill all of the requirements.

If it is a spiritual symbol, what do all its galleries and chambers signify? Mr. Casey has well said, that "unless the Great Pyramid can be shown to be Messianic, as well as fraught with superhuman science and design, its 'sacred' claim is a thing with no blood in it—nothing but mere sounding brass." Those writers just referred to think that it can be shown to be Messianic. This is about their theory briefly stated; and, to say the least of it, they bring out some very remarkable coincidences. Considering the inch as the symbolization of a year, they consider the floor line of the entrance gallery a scroll of history. Measuring from the beginning of this gallery down its sloping floor line a thousand inches, which represent the years of the deterioration of God's people before the Exodus from Egypt, the first upward passage is reached. This indicates the spiritual rise of the people, dating from the Exodus. From this point going upward for 1542 inches, the number of years from the Exodus of Israel to the birth of Christ, the Grand Gallery

is reached, which with its grand proportion sublimely symbolizes our Christian dispensation. Measuring back from this point 1542 inches more—making in all 2170 inches—we come to some remarkable lines cut in the walls of the passage. The peculiarity in regard to these lines is, that all the points of the stones forming the walls of this passage are at right angles to the floor line, except the last two preceding these lines. They are vertical, signifying they say, erection. Thus there is given us a second method of computing the date of its erection, which gives us precisely the same result as that given by the astronomical calculation. If we count back 630 inches further, we come to the beginning of this entrance passage; which signifying years would carry us back to the time when Aquarius, the waterman, instead of Alcyone, was on the meridian above. He is represented in mythology as holding a large vessel, from which he pours out floods of waters upon the earth. time the meridian passed just across the mouth of the vessel whence the mighty stream is issuing. This, they say, fitly designates the time of the Deluge, which the best chronologists put at 2300 years before Christ, or 630 years before the building of the Great Pyramid.

These writers then consider the Grand Gallery as the symbol of the christian dispensation, which is counted from the birth of Christ, and which they count from the entrance of this apartment. Beginning here and going forward thirty-three inches, the number of years from the birth to the death of Christ, we come to the opening, known as the "well." "well," as has been said, extends to the "bottomless pit." At its mouth the stones appear as though it had had a sealed covering and that this had been forced up from below. make the symbol of Christ's death, being sealed in the sepulchre, descent into the grave and finally triumphant resurrection and the bursting open of the tomb. They say that the symbolization does not end here, but that the Grand Gallery foretells the different states of the church through the generations that have passed since the birth of Christ.

Whether we adopt this theory or not, it is interesting to note

the many remarkable coincidences between it and the measurements and positions of these galleries. It would seem that there was some foundation for it, at least, however fanciful.

We may now well ask "whence this wisdom?" We have seen that the designers of the Great Pyramid were in possession of knowledge of which their cotemporaries were entirely ignorant. For there is no other indication of it exhibited in any of the other monuments of this land of wonders. The next Pyramid in size was said to have been built during the reign of the successor of Cheops; but it has no indications of any such knowledge, nor have any other of the scores of mountains of stone, with which the whole land is strewn. ing the case, is it at all improbable that the Great Pyramid was built under the direct guidance of God, even if we do not accept the prophetic theory? We know that God did direct the building of various structures on earth, for instance, the Ark, the Tabernacle in the Wilderness, and the Temple at But if we suppose that this Pyramid was built by divine direction, we must suppose that there was some one whom God inspired and commissioned as his agent. Have we any way of finding out who this agent was? We have no record of the land of the Nile at this time. The earliest history, except the Bible, which we have, is that of Herodotus. But even this "Father of History" did not write for Seventeen Hundred years after the building of the Pyramid. He records the traditions in regard to it as they were given him by the priests and people. According to these it was built by Cheops, king of Egypt, at the persuasion and under the direction of That it was built in the reign of Cheops, is proved by the fact that his cartouche has been found painted on one of the undressed stones of the Pyramid, in one of the "chambers of construction," which had never been opened since the time of its building, until within the last fifty years. The same traditions say that the Egyptians "commonly call the pyramids after Philition, a shepherd who at that time fed his flocks about the place." This would seem to imply that this shepherd had a prominent part to perform in connection with its building. He is, furthermore, said to have invaded the country and to have easily subdued it by his power "without a battle." He gained such influence over the heathen monarch, that he caused all the temples of the idols to be closed, the images to be destroyed, and made it an offence punishable by law to worship their gods in any way. The Egyptians say that during all the time of the building of the Great Pyramid this state of things continued.

How can we account for the fact that this stranger shepherd, belonging to a class of people so much despised by the Egyptians, could in so peaceable a manner obtain so great influence over the ruling sovereign? Has such a thing ever occurred, except when it was brought about by the direct control of God? We know that in later times Joseph, under the providence of God, was made second in rank and power to the king of Egypt. May it not, then, be supposed that Philition went to Egypt at the command of God? He is said to have come from Arabia, and his name is thought to mean simply an inhabitant of Philistia, a name which was then applied to a part of Arabia. see that Philition must, then, have been inspired; for, if he only made use of the knowledge which the men of his time had, why are there no other indications of such knowledge. We have seen that even those pyramids which were built in imitation of this one, and some of them only a few years later, show that their builders knew nothing of the signification of this "pillar of stone." We must, then, suppose that the architect was directed by God, as Moses was in building the Tabernacle. It would seem strange, however, if there were such a man as this, directly inspired of God, that he should not be mentioned in the Bible, which was not written till after this Is there any character in the Bible which corresponds to this Philition?

A modern writer has this theory in regard to Philition, which is quite an ingenious and interesting one. He says that there is reason to believe that Philition and Job are one and the same man. Job was a shepherd prince from Arabia, just as the Egyptian fragments testify respecting Philition. Job's own

account of his greatness, doings, and success, depicted with so much beauty in the 29th chapter of the Book of Job, grandly harmonizes with the account which we have of the strange power of this shepherd prince, obtained "without a battle." He held idolatry to be a crime to be punished by the authorities, just as Cheops was persuaded during the building of the Great Pyramid.

Whether Job be the man or not, it must be conceded that the designer of this mighty and wonderful structure had more than human knowledge; and it is interesting to trace the coincidences between these two men, if indeed they be different.

It must be left for future generations to discover whether its prophetic character will stand the test of time; but we may accept the scientific theory as well now as those who are to come after us. Whatever theory we adopt, or even if we do not adopt any theory in regard to it, still we can but admire the transcendent genius and the almost inconceivable mechanical skill displayed by the builders of this "Miraele in Stone."

ESTIMATE OF ARISTOTLE.

liancy and quick appreciation of whatever may be presented to them, others for their power of memory and taculty of eliciting truth by multifarious and deep research, and shaping and moulding, as it were, means to the desired end; but a degree of admiration altogether surpassing that which we accord to mere soundness of mind and correctness of reasoning, must be reserved for those grand intellects that, disdaining the narrow bounds of their predecessors, strike boldly out into the unexplored regions of thought, and hold up before an admiring world truths that have lain hidden for centuries. Such was the mind of Aristotle. In forming a somewhat rude estimate of his mind and character, I shall have no occasion to descant on his demerits; for though Aristotle himself was not infallible, yet such a course would not,

at the present day, be tolerated even in an experienced critic. Much more ludicrous and absurd, then, would be the spectacle of a schoolboy finding fault with the greatest of the ancients!

It is, therefore, of Aristotle, preëminently the philosopher of an age in which philosophy was widely known and zealously cultivated, of the sage whose greatness of intellect and enlarged views are so universally acknowledged, that we would speak. In his youth, being connected with the court of Macedonia through his father, he had, in his early studies, all the advantages which wealth could afford, and, later in life, he was enriched by the munificence of Alexander. But riches, which ordinarily prove such an obstacle to energetic effort, seem, by affording him the means of carrying out his plans, only to have increased his ardor in his chosen pursuits. Athens being at that time the centre of learning, the philosopher naturally turned his steps thither. Both his first stay at that celebrated place, where Plato used to call him the "intellect" of his school, and his subsequent sojourn there, when his esoteric lectures at the Lyceum were attended by distinguished men from all nations, must have been especially gratifying to his own feelings, and improving to the Athenians. But that restless spirit of envy and fickleness of mind which ever characacterized the democracy of Athens, and which had before condemned Socrates and so many other eminent men, did not fail to persecute Aristotle, and compelled him to die an exile from the home of his choice.

For profound thought and new and original ideas, Aristotle has had few, if any, equals. The admission of Kant and Hegel, that since Aristotle's time, to their day, logic had made no advance, serves to show how much he was in advance of the age in which he lived. It was not alone while grappling with the most abstruse points in science and philosophy, that this wonderful genius showed his greatness. He was equally at home in inventing terms for the technichologies of various sciences and in a learned discussion. The many words and phrases differing from those previously employed and always arising in the commencement or in the sudden progress

of a science at the rise of a great genius, he invented, and the modus operandi was of his own devising. Who that has formed any conception, however inadequate, of the difficulties to be surmounted in such an undertaking, but can sympathize with his efforts and admire his success. It is evident that he went at his self-imposed task with much care and diligence, and his example alone is sufficient to show the utter falsity of that too general belief that genius is flighty and careless, not to be restrained by set limits nor hampered by rules.

The writings of Aristotle are characteristic of the author. Unlike his contemporaries, who spent their time in idle and unprofitable discussions, and whose sole aim was to display their rhetoric and to triumph over their rivals, he theorized with care, and was ready to accept truth for its own sake. His premises were carefully stated, and his conclusions cautiously He founded his investigations on experience, and did not begin with an imaginary principle, so obscured in the expression as to render it, if not absurd and contradictory, at least fanciful and ambiguous, a practice much in vogue among the so-called philosophers of his day. For instance, Heraclitus took as the basis of his investigations, "Fire is the substance of everything," and "Everything flows." Pythagoras said: "The numerical proportions are the real substance." Thus, by assuming something which it would have been utterly impossible to establish, they were led into numberless errors, and their philosophy degenerated into specious emptiness and vain attempts to discriminate where no distinction could be proved. Aristotle justly thought that the conclusion which will be obtained is necessarily uncertain to him that is striving to ascertain the truth. Aristotle talked with his fellow-man, looked with delight upon the beautiful skies of Greece, scented the sweet roses of Attica, felt its bracing air, and recognized the existence of a Creator, the maker of so excellent a world. We give his cosmological argument for the existence of a God, both because it is a fine specimen of logical reasoning, and because it embodies the intelligent man's idea and defense of that conception, so scoffed at by certain individuals as unintelligible, namely, the conception of a Supreme Cause, causing but uncaused:

"Although every single movement and existence in the world has a finite cause, and every such finite cause another finite cause back of it, yet back of this infinite series of finite causes there must be an infinite immaterial being, a first something, unmoved, all-moving, pure energy, absolute reason, God."

In his own age, and for many generations after, Aristotle was known as the tutor of Alexander. Sophists were not ready to accept the truth, and the multitude was unable to grasp it. The generality was pleased with the show and glitter, the ingenious reasoning and subtle fallacies of the Stoics, the Epicureans and the Neo-platonists. Moreover, at the first introduction of his works at Alexandria (150 B. C), it was sought to construe them as contrary to the Christian religion, and consequently they fell into disfavor with the fathers of the It was not until the eleventh century, when the church. struggle between Nominalists and Realists was at its height, that Aristotle was brought out in opposition to Plato in support of the Nominalists. For three centuries previous to this, however, his works had been extensively read by the Arabians, and some of them we have received from that people. At the revival of classical learning in the fifteenth century, Aristotle received his share of attention, and since that time his ideas have been more fully developed and his methods of thought more fully exemplified in the writings of Bacon, Kant, Descartes and others.

Aristotle and Alexander, sustaining as they did the relation to each other of master and pupil, are naturally associated in our minds. They stand side by side as two illustrious, if indeed, they were not the most illustrious, men of all antiquity. The one is an example of the successful general, the other, perhaps, the greatest logician and general writer that the world has ever seen; and, though not always correct, though at times discriminating badly and again discriminating where no difference could be proved, yet he was far in advance of his age,

and we can but wonder at his immense labors, the great difficulties which he all but overcame in one of the most difficult branches of science, and the nearness by which he approximated the truth. Of the warrior—

Stat nominis umbra.

His works have perished with his frail Lody. But the writings of the sage live after him, and lapse of time but adds weight to their authority and enlarges the sphere of their usefulness. The name of the one may act as a charm to arouse the sleeping energies of a guilty ambition, but that of the other will ever be intimately connected with all that is elevated and refined in the human heart and mind.

QUOTATIONS.

In reading authors, when you find Bright passages that strike your mind, And which, perhaps, you may have reason To think of at another season; Be not contented with the sight, But take them down in black and white; Such respect is wisely shown, To make another's sense one's own.

A non.

T.

HE great number of authors that must be read in our day by every one that makes any pretensions to polite learning, fill the mind, if read aright, with noble imagery and express certain thoughts in such appositeness of language that, while we despair of equaling them in this respect, our minds, when filled with the same ideas, cannot but revert to them with delight and admiration. When this process is natural and unaccompanied with pedantry or desire of ostentation, it has the most pleasing effect both on the writer and his readers.

In the first place, to have a quotation that is not hackneyed, yet remarkable for aptness and strength of expression, occur to one naturally, is so far agreeable in that, while thinking of the same subject, even though we may have read beforehand what the distinguished writer has said, reflections will spring up such as will readily suggest what has already been expressed so ably and well. To the reader, provided he see no straining after effect, nor detect any inapplicability in the quotations themselves, encouragement is given; for, though the thoughts may be commonplace, he is induced to go on by the consideration that they will at least be useful, and is assured that they are orthodox, because supported and illustrated by the works of approved writers. This, however, is a satisfaction which the more pretending would scorn to acknowledge. Moreover, if the quotations are selected judiciously, they become means of affording us an acquaintance with celebrated authors; and, indeed, some authors, and often those the most deserving, are only known to the general public through such means.

It is a tribute which is paid to genius and the good sense of our ancestors to review their opinions even to recalling their very words; and, though I am aware that taste may be corrupted from nature, and even made repulsive to good sense by too great a subserviency to the manners and customs of a preceding age, yet while the danger is small, recalling the views of the most enlightened of past ages is, besides being a great source of pleasure, useful in that it causes us to reflect, to compare both sides of a question, and thus either confirms us in our former views, or enables us to arrive at a new and correct Quotations fill the pages of the writer of genius conclusion. with pleasing variety. Charmed by words of wisdom, we read on, looking forward to every moment when we feel sure that a new thought will be anatomized or an old one traced to its source and, by an apt quotation, irrevocably fixed. other hand, quotations often prove a god-send to mediocrity, to enliven the dullness and to enlighten the obscurity of its In the pages of genius they are like rubies and emeralds set in frames of silver; in those of the feeble writer like

diamonds on the bosom of an Ethiopian wench, that glitter and corruscate all the more brilliantly in contrast to their surroundings.

II.

Quotations, like all genuine coin, are liable to be counterfeited; and since, unfortunately, they can be utilized in so many different ways, the evil has become very widespread. The two chief causes which give rise to this false and spurious coin are: first, a desire of appearing learned; and, second, a wish to give dignity and importance to what we know to be very commonplace. A writer of travels, for instance, is describing mountain scenery. Let us suppose that he has blundered along (or written with fluent ease, if you please) a couple of pages. He has spoken of the lonely rock, the deep gorge, the precipitons cliffs and the eagle soaring above. He has taken his readers to the top of a lofty peak that overlooked half a continent. He has dwelt with rapture on the beautiful landscape and the lovely tints of the skies. Nature and good sense are satisfied; but art and a morbid and corrupt taste bid him add more. His mind reverts to Coleridge, to Denham. He hastily runs over in mind what he remembers of Wordsworth. mind, after fruitless search, returns dissatisfied. Now is he painfully aware that a quotation is of all things the thing necessary, and he fondly imagines that its long and pompous cadence will catch the popular ear. In this dilemma he goes to work and manufactures something like the following:

I stood upon the mountain's brow,
And looked upon the scene below;
The wild winds fiercely whistled by,
The strong-winged eagle soared on high,
And screamed defiance to the sky.
Fast-gathering clouds now rise apace,
And hide the landscape's smiling face.
All fiercely rolls the hollow thunder;
But far beneath are cleft asunder
The flying squadrons of the air;
And now 'bove all the din, more fair
By contrast, the high peaks uprise,
And seek to pierce the vaulted skies, &c.

It is only necessary to precede this sublime burst by the phrase, "As the poet says," or "We will close our description by quoting a celebrated author." Now, though no one knows the celebrated author from which it is taken, the reader is ashamed to acknowledge his own ignorance by confessing that to him the passage is not a familiar one. In this way the reader is often deceived and the writer worried with improvisations. The sooner we get rid of this false taste for over-quotation the better. Yet this is after all the most excusable of spurious quotations, and we have not words sufficient to express our contempt and detestation for the man that will in a polemical controversy improvise, garble and pervert quotations to advance his own selfish aims. There is another kind of false quotation, which is far more easily detected than any This is the learned quotation. In this the writer, however trivial his subject, will intersperse his matter with remarks like these: "As Scriblerius says," "As the grammarian of Alexandria has it," "To quote from Aristotle." The words of the quotation may be foolish enough, generally are, but the writer's purpose is accomplished. Let us examine some of these quotations. Here is one which a writer on natural history made from Aristotle: "It is wonderful to observe how divinely fashioned are all the parts of this world of ours, and how the ill effects of certain dispensations are, by ways which we sometimes discover only by accident, beautifully compen-This is seen in the case of birds and beasts. web-foot of the Goose and Duck was made to oppose the watery element, the long neck and legs of the Crane to fish for the mud-loving tadpole. The tale of the monkey, too, we see, is adapted to coiling around the branches of a tree, thus supporting its owner, for the Deity has not made a long tail to no purpose." He got along smoothly until he begun to tamper with the monkey's tail.

There is a certain class of writers as fruitful in the production of dull essays, as the soil once sown with dragon's teeth was of armed men. Their peculiar province is amplification, and they soon acquire a reputation for extensive learning.

Take, for instance, the following: Proverbs are the wrought diamonds of literature. A few words doverailed together form, as it were, the Corinthian pillar that supports the whole edifice of thought. They are rubles that sparkle and emeralds that They embody the condensed wisdom of a thousand generations. Your professional essayist would take this passage, and after expanding and repeating the thought contained in the first sentence, would close with that sentence as a quotation. In like manner he would amplify the second sentence into a paragraph and so on for a couple of pages. too had this art of arts, this happy art of writing! Though spurious quotation in all its forms is highly reprehensible, the usefulness of quotation in general is evident. Suppose it was necessary to act and the question was, How am 1 to get well off with being called a liar, without knocking a man on the head and getting my own broken in return? It would only be necessary to remember the conduct and reply of Falstaff on a similar occasion. Suppose we are pressed by some fair one to fulfill a promise which we have made in a gayer mood, and wish to get well off without being so abrupt as to forfeit her esteem and good wishes for the future. It is only necessary to remember the remonstrance of a certain dame and Falstaff's These are but isolated instances and might easily be multiplied. I need not adduce more. I think that what has already been said is sufficient to cause the sale of a hundred long, thick blank books and lead pencils, and to cause the midnight oil to sing and sputter, till something is accomplished in this direction.

FANATICISM.

HAT is fanaticism? Orators have often raised their voices against that irremediable evil; statesmen have often decommended it; philosophers have often devoted many pages to declaim against it, assuming, as it were, the responsible duty of exterpating it and banishing it from the earth. We have repeatedly seen examples of it. We have repeatedly striven to "stem a tide which could not be checked," but when we

come to be placed in a similar position, we also have been carried onward in that whirlpool of enthusiasm and excitement. What then is it? Fanaticism is a strong excitement of a mind powerfully acted upon by a false or exaggerated opinion. Now that the world has been brought to an enlightened state, fanaticism has lessened in a considerable degree. It has usually been associated with religious matters, but the term has become so broad in its signification as to be applied to anything with which it may be logically connected. The origin of fanaticism may be said to consist in the fact that men, when once impressed with an idea, devote their whole time and attention to the realization of it, disregarding every thing else, even though it be a great sacrifice to them. In order to understand this idea, and to fully grasp at its meaning, one must become acquainted with the times, and the effect that that idea, when fully planned and communicated to them, would have upon the people of those times. So there are a good many instances on record where fanaticism has wrought innumerable successes. Mahomet has always been considered in all ages as a religious enthusiast, The religious sentiments which he really and earnestly felt, when addressing the peasant tribes of Arabia, were those of a man who admitted no foundation for any other religion and belief but the one he was endeavoring to establish and propagate. These tribes were ignorant; they had never had any opportunity to come into contact with any people, either in war or in peace, that were noted for any polish of manner, or refinement of custom, or any literary or scientific Their minds were as barren as the soil they daily The only arguments he used were these: "You are here in the desert committing depradations on each other's property, threatening to destroy one another at the earliest opportunity. Why not join your hands in fraternal affection and follow me? I will give you riches and preferments in this and secure your salvation in the next world. There is but one God. and Mahomet is his prophet." With these advantages thus offered them, added also to the beauty of his person (which was very remarkable) and his flowing eloquence, which made an irresistible impression on his hearers, he induced them to follow him.

His appearance is thus described by an eminent historian: "Before he spoke, the orator engaged on his side the affections of a public or private audience. They applauded his commanding presence, his majestic aspect, his piercing eye, his gracious smile, his flowing beard, his countenance that painted every sensation of the soul, and his gestures that enforced each expression of the tongue. The son of Abdallah was educated in the bosom of the noblest race, in the use of the purest dialect in Arabia; and the fluency of his speech was corrected and enhanced by the practice of discreet and seasonable silence." Another writer thus eulogizes him: "How criminal soever Mahomet may have been in enforcing a false religion on mankind, the praises due to his real virtues ought not to be denied here; nor can I do otherwise than applaud the candor of the pious and learned Spanhemius, who, though he owned him to have been a wicked impostor, yet acknowledged him to have been richly furnished with natural endowments, beautiful in his person, of a subtle wit, agreeable behaviour, showing liberality to the poor, courtesy to every one, fortitude against his own crimes, and above all a high reverence for the name of God; severe against the perjured, adulterers, murderers, slanderers, prodigals, covetous, false witnesses, &c., a great preacher of patience, charity, mercy, benificence, gratitude, honoring of parents and superiors, and a frequent celebrator of the divine praises."

Could it be doubted that so many personal charms and such a powerful degree of oratory, added to a violent religious zeal, could fail to produce an impression on the hearers, especially when they formed part of a class of people, who were totally deficient in religious principles and sentiments? They immediately flocked to his standard; from all quarters they rushed, until that little band, which marked the success of his first endeavors, gradually accumulated, swelled itself into a grand army, which for courage, strength and bravery has never yet been surpassed. They followed him with a blind zeal, and reposed in him the greatest confidence, which could never be abated under any circumstances, not even after the severest

checks which they experienced. His principles, most of them were incapable of understanding; but his eloquence swayed their minds, and made them place the most implicit trust in him. Violent fits, to which he was constantly addicted, they mistook for heavenly inspirations. Legends, which were ascribed to him by his successors, completed the grand enterprise which it had been his ambition to have accomplished during his life time. Mahomet himself did not claim the power of working miracles; and while the vulgar are intensely amused with, and fully credit these marvellous fables concerning him, the wisest and greatest doctors of the Mussulman faith imitate the modesty of their master, and indulge a latitude of belief or interpretation.

But his successors, impelled by fanatical zeal for the success of their new religion, and prompted by ambition, invented them in order to inspire the soldiers with that same ardor and enthusiasm for such a holy cause, which, they pretended, filled their own breasts. It is altogether unnecessary to go into detail in order to state the reasons for which the people joined Mahoinet's standard; for they are many and various, and it is not the object of the writer to discuss them at full length; but let us not be prejudicial in our opinions of that famous man, and let us well and distinctly remember that it was not always by the sword that Mahomet converted people. Let us now draw aside (for we have already spoken sufficiently on that side of the subject) and view the state of affairs just when Peter the Hermit, who was destined to play a prominent role on the world's stage, appeared in Europe, and exhorted the Christian nations to wrest the Holy Sepulchre from the sway of the Mussulmans, into whose hands it had but a few years previously fallen.

The wars of the Crusades have been the theme of much comment and blame. We behold therein men leaving their wives, children and dearest relations to engage in a bloody conflict with the hardened and inured veterans of the East, in order to seize from their hands the sepulchre of Him who died for the redemption of mankind. In a certain sense, one cannot but admire those brave men, who willingly forsook, per-

haps forever, those pleasures and luxuries which it had been their wont to daily enjoy and experience; to leave every thing that was dearest and best to them, in order to go forth and combat, and shed their blood in the Holy Cause of Religion. This is the general appearance and charm which the Crusades wear in ones own estimation, without going into an investigation of the origin and causes of it. But the romance soon disappears; for when we make a special and careful inquiry into the facts which led to such an expedition being undertaken, our mind is soon completely metamorphosed. Admiration gives way to disgust; the noble deeds of the Crusaders are considerably lowered in our eyes. To drive the Mussulmans away from Jerusalem was a mania with them; superstition was prominent according to the spirit of the times; and those who thus ventured to brave the sultry and oppressive climate of the East, and expose their bodies to the envenomed javelins and arrows of the Asiatic warriors, were induced to participate in this bloody conflict, which almost annihilated the whole of Christendom, by promises of absolution for their past offences, and future rewards of heavenly enjoyment and glory, which they would undoubtedly acquire by fighting in the holy cause The poor and the rich mingled together in one mass; the former, ignorant in their superstition, seized and took advantage of the opportunity to show their fervor and love for their Church and Saviour; the latter, prompted by ambition, saw in the dim future brilliant prospects for enriching themselves and acquiring new and fresh laurels on the field of battle. Above all, towered fanaticism, harsh, cruel and vin-Similarly to Mahomet, this ardent and enthusiastic enterprise was created by the fanaticism of a hermit, named Peter. "When he (Peter) started from the shade of obscurity, his small and mean person was macerated by austerities; his face was thin and care-worn; but his eye spoke thought and feeling, and at oned for the general insignificance of his appearance." * * "He fancied himself invested with divine authority, and what in truth was but the vision of a heated mind, he believed it to be a communication from Heaven.

expressed self-abasement and mortification; it was only a coarse woollen shirt, and a hermit's mantle. His mode of living was abstemious, but his qualities did not consist of those selfish penances which are the usual virtues of the recluse. He distributed among the poor those gifts which gratitude showered upon himself; he reclaimed the sinner, terminated disputes, and saved the germs of virtue. His exhortations to vengeance on the Turks were heard with rapture, because they reflected the religious sentiments of the day."

Such was the man who incited nations to send their warriors to fight the enemies of Christendom. It cannot be astonishing that those expeditions failed, when we come to consider the want of unity, the unbridled insolence, the unabated licentiousness, the unprincipled ambition of the Christian leaders.

Although fanaticism is an evil that is justly to be hated and despised, still it would be very unfair to charge a religion with falsehood, simply because fanatics are to be found in its bosom. It would not only be devoid of justice, but even of policy; because there never has yet been found a religion exempt from staunch and bigoted as well as enthusiastic adherents to its cause. If we were to desire to crush fanaticism, we would have to aim still higher, yea, even at the religion itself; because its seeds, which have spread themselves so successfully, can be discovered in the bosom of every church. Nor ought any religion to be condemned because it has them; but what we find fault with is, that religion condescends to lower itself by urging them on, and offering them many inducements to continue in that line of conduct. Human nature, we are aware, is replete with fanaticism; every step we make in the investigation of science and the human mind, convinces and assures us more and more, that at the bottom of human nature we find an abundant source of it.

The remedy for this evil is unknown; it cannot be exterminated. As long as the cycle of years rolls on, so long will every religion harbor fanaticism, and nestle it closely and fondly in its bosom.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MILLEVOYE.

His feeble lamp, now flick'ring low,
Lit up a dying poet's brow.
He, like the flame, about to depart,
Wailed forth the sadness of his heart:
"Withered for me are all life's flowers—
Alas! how swiftly pass the hours!
All cloudy was my natal morn:
The shades of twilight touch the dawn.

"A lone tree stands on a distant river, Where death and pleasure sort together. Beware! unhappy traveler: Who sleepest there, sleeps forever! Pleasures of love thine image see! Alas! too near the fatal tree Unwary trav'ler, I reposed, And so have merited my woes.

"Break, break, my ever tuneful lyre, Survive not the poet's holy fire! The singer and his songs, unknown, Shall gently slumber in the tomb. Before the throne I shall not stand, Where dread posterity's command Will judge the glories of the land, Like Egypt, as the poet sings, Once judged the manes of her Kings.

"Dispersed companions of life's way, Ye that my comfort was and stay, Collect my legacy of song: O save it from oblivion!"

The poet sung; with hollow sound His lyre from his feeble hand fell down. His lamp went out; with its last ray The poet breathed his soul away!

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

The tomb said to the rose:
With the pearly drops of morning,
Which are given thee at dawning,
What doest thou, flower of love?
The rose said to the tomb:
Doest thou what with those that come
Never-ceasing to your cheerless home?
The rose said: Somber tomb,
From these drops, at night,
Perfume sweet of amber and honey
[Make I. Doleful flower, said the tomb,]
Every soul that hurries to me,
I make an angel of light!

EDITORIAL.

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SALUTATORY.

E congratulate our fellow-students and all our wellwishers that the Collegian, relieved from the pressure of debt and aided by its friends, enters upon its thirteenth volume with fair hopes and renewed prosperity. With the hearty coöperation of those who may be chosen to aid us in the work, we will strive to uphold the reputation which it has already won, and, so far as we may be able, to enlarge the Under our managesphere of its influence and usefulness. ment the Collegian shall still continue to be a medium through which all proper feelings and sentiments of the students shall have an outlet, and one in which their interests, so far as we may know them, shall be advocated. Whatever abuses, therefore, we see fit to raise our voice against, whether in the case of individuals private or corporations private, we shall do so with that freedom which the state of the case seems to require, and which honesty impels us to observe. aware that there are certain feelings and sentiments which ought to be suppressed in their very inception, and others which it were best to lock within our own breasts. apprehend that this is not a matter about which such obnoxious opinions are liable to be entertained; and we think that concealing our real views, while flattering our superiors with orthodox confessions of faith, is the worst form of crafty servility, and liable to lead to even worse consequences than a free and open avowal of our thoughts. We shall, therefore, unless the Board of Trustees, at the recommendation of the Faculty, abolish our periodical as they have abolished the medals of the Societies, continue its publication in the same spirit that prompted its establishment and has since pervaded its pages, which spirit of freedom and independence alone can insure its permanence and vitality.

This is, perhaps, the proper place to invite our friends to aid us by their subscriptions, and to recommend to the members of the Faculty and the Board of Trustees, in particular, that such of them as were subscribers last year renew, and such of them as were not, if such there be, hasten to add their names to our subscription list, so that, if we are to be condemned, we shall at least have first a fair and impartial hearing. For the rest, the work itself will be our praise or condemnation; and our sole ambition, however we may be judged to have performed our part, is to be placed among those of our editors that have tried to do their duty.

ATHLETICS.

IIE interest in foot-ball cannot, and indeed there are reasons why it should not, be kept up for the whole term, so that the students find themselves obliged to provide some other means of recreation. What better than gymnasium exercise? This revives the recollection of a long train of experiences. We contrast the brilliancy of the gymnastic performances previous to '77, the splendid apparatus, the great interest awakened in strangers and visitors at Commencements, with the supineness manifested in that direction of late years, the broken apparatus, and the general neglect and contempt with which this sport is now treated among us. But it may be objected that only a few wish to take any regular exercise, and that for them boating and base-ball is sufficient. Now, that only a few wish to take exercise is no reason why the

many should not. Against this sophistical reasoning we have, in addition, the strength and more perfect physical development which must result. The second part of the objection is even more untenable than the first. In the first place, no one will say that gymnasium exercise is detrimental to the baseballist. Then, too, the boat crews must have a place and means to go in training. It is true that they must have a place for running elsewhere; but it is also true that for the greater part of their training they must depend, as they have hitherto, on the gymnasium and the apparatus found there. It is, then, to the interest of the boat crews more especially, and, as we have before shown, to that of the students at large, that the gymnasium should be put in order. Let some one, therefore, take the lead, and let us convert the material which we possess in posse in the frames of so many robust young men into gymnastic skill and vigor in actu.

EDITORIAL WORK.

T would, assuredly, grieve those who first instituted the COLLEGIAN for the improvement of our students, as well in abstract thinking as in the expression of thought, to see the manner in which it is at present conducted. We will say nothing of the irregularity in choosing persons on the staff, and of the obstacles which intervene to prevent many of the editors from performing the duty required of them, so that the greater part of the work devolves on a devoted few; but we simply remind those that seem to be ignorant of the fact, that the COLLEGIAN is not established in the interest of a favored few, nor yet designed to contain only the productions of those few, but that it is published in the interest of the students at large, and that its pages are freely open to all. do not mean that every composition written as a Junior English exercise will find ready publication; and literary excellence, up to a certain degree, is indispensable; but we do say that every essay or other composition that may justly lay any

claim to merit, will be gratefully received by the editors. Leaving the essay, which is necessarily more pretensious, nearly any one may at times submit us trifles in prose and verse, which, by varying the matter and style, will infuse into our periodical both life and vigor. Let no student, then, refuse to take his College paper because it is published by those who have nothing in sympathy with him. They make a great mistake that reason thus. If any shall say that the Collegian has nothing of interest to him, it is because he will stand aloof, and because he will not exert himself to make it so. There is another practice which, unfortunately, is become too common of late years. We allude to the habit of writing prize essays for insertion in the last number only. Why not rather prepare them for the first issue. We are assured by the Faculty that they will give equal consideration to a prize essay in the first issue and in the last. We hope that we shall not have to speak on this subject again. Now let those that cannot take interest in a paper gotten up wholly by others come forward. They shall have an even start and a cheer with "Devil take the hindmost!"

THE TRUE COLLEGE SPIRIT.

E are pleased to note the sociability and good nature displayed by our students so early in the session. They seem to have entirely forgotten the petty broils that were productive of so much disturbance towards the end of last year, and we cannot but think that almost every one regrets, not the course he pursued, but the intolerant spirit which he may have manifested. Every one on reflection must recognize that of three courses the golden mean is the best, and a sensible writer advises us to moderate our love for our friends by the thought that they may one day be our enemies, and to temper our hatred for our enemies by the consideration that they may one day become friends. This may be called cold and heartless logic, but it is a thought suggested by the actual results. Let

us, then, by the force of that urbanity, innate in our Southern people, pave the way to the making of solid friendships among ourselves and cherishing pleasant recollections of one another. Youth is often rash and inconsiderate, and does things which in cooler moments it would gladly recall, but which false pride is a sufficient obstacle to prevent it from doing. It is evident, then, that moderation and the fraternal feeling is the true College spirit. Our hopes and fears are similar. We have a com. mon object in view. This ought to be sufficient to form a bond of sympathy between us. Let us continue to treat those that come among us with kindness and courtesy, so as to make them feel that whatever good qualities they may possess will not be wholly unappreciated. This is the only way to engender and to foster that spirit of harmony and concord so essential to an institution such as ours.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

S it is supposed that every student, at least, will take his College paper, the first number is mailed to each now in attendance. As to the course that will be adopted by the Business Manager with regard to the Alumni and others, we do not know; but we feel certain that this part of the management will remain as heretofore. Even if the Collegian did not need the support of all, we would hesitate to offend any one of our number by not sending him a periodical in the success of which, before he declares otherwise, it cannot but be supposed that he takes the greatest concern, as advocating his interests and serving as an exponent of the views of the student body of which he is a member.

As we have remarked in another connection, we wish every one to understand that the Collegian is not an exclusive sheet, published in the interest of a favored few, but one in which the voice of each and every class of our students, if they will but come forward, shall be heard.

O MORES! O TEMPORA!

T is with exceeding regret that we note the decay of College spirit in the students of Washington and Lee University. Zeal for manly recreations and sports is being gradually replaced by a morbid desire to attend D. P. and other places of public resort. Why this change? The most potent reason is the destruction of the Mess Hall. instead of being collected in the Dormitories, in Paradise and in the before-mentioned popular resort for the typical University man, the students are scattered through the town in private families. Their leisure is spent either in the company of a select few or in the society of ladies. They no longer meet each other on the Campus to discuss freely and openly questions of general interest; but their convictions receive definite shape from the opinions of "papa," which are continually quoted to them by their lady friends. Thus their spirit is imbibed from the spirit of Lexington society whose narrow views are bounded by House Mountain and the Blue Ridge. That buoyant spirit of youth and independence which is wont to hold in esteem no superstitious fogyism, though handed down even from the time of our Norse ancestors, which is wont to reverence nothing that has the mustiness of age only to recommend it, is become so soft, so mild, so gentle, so effeminate that the "billy" of a Lexington policeman is seldom necessary to curb it. We will not discuss the question whether Lexington society is superior or inferior to that in which most of our students have been accustomed to move. What we want is a change from the old to the new. This is an evil that is felt. Paradise calls to the ashes of the Mess Hall, "Change!" the aslies of the Mess Hall respond, "Change!" the sounding walks and grassy. Campus echo, "Change!"

BUSINESS MANAGER'S CARD.

T is hoped that every student who can afford so to do, and very few cannot, will enter his name among the subscribers to the Collegian. Remember that of late years it is

a matter of much difficulty to run the Collegian at all, and if those who should be most interested in it—the students of the University—neglect it, there are small chances for its existence.

A copy of the first issue will be sent to each student, and those who take them from the post-office will be expected to pay for them. It is not intended by this mode of procedure to force any one who is not inclined to subscribe to take the paper; but it is made use of as the most convenient and expeditious method of ascertaining the wishes of the students. It is impossible for the Business Manager, even if he had the time, to make a personal appeal to all the persons addressed in this card, many of whom are necessarily, at this early time in the session, total strangers to him.

And now a word to the Alumni. We know you are away from the old Alma Mater, and are apt to lose interest in her to a great degree; but rather than make that an excuse for not taking the Collegian, why not prevent your interest from decreasing by the knowledge of affairs here through the medium of the College paper. Not only take the paper, but make it the recipient of your favors in the shape of letters, bits of news, personals, and any other matters which you think will be of interest to its readers. Above all, every one, when you do subscribe, pay promptly on demand.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

N unusual abundance of material compels us to leave out of this number a portion of the "Exchanges" department, as well as part of "Grave and Gay." Want of space makes it necessary also to omit entirely "Other Colleges" and "Book Notices."

College and Campus.

Foot Bal ¹ .
Freshies!
Have you matriculated?
What is the price of second-hand books?
What is calico?—Freshman.
"No more galige for me after this week"

No more calico for me after this week.

All persons wishing to see Ike, our fighting editor, will please remember his address, Main Street, No. 7046, Room 250615.

- G. W. would like to stay at the Springs all the year. I saw an angel standing On a wavy rack of cloud, But the tiny wreath expanding, Passed swiftly by with Maud.
- Q. T. B. has almost recovered from the effects of attending that camp-meeting(?), but he still has a slight fever which threatens to be permanent.

Freshmen are at their old tricks. Go ahead, boys, get the Catalogue down fine. You must make a reputation at something you know.

H. of Texas prides himself on his "muck," Vive le bord de Texas!

A. of Texas wishes to know if a certain event transpired in the year 56 A. B. Live and learn.

Ask L. of La. what the pyloric orifice of a thermometer is.

L. T. B. of Ga., wished to put *filium Confucii* in a hogshead of water as a *grand finale!*

Will C. of Ohio please rise and explain the derivation and meaning of Snacks? We suppose he has been south of "La Belle Rivière" long enough by this time to be educated in the elegancies of the Southern vernacular.

When the enterprising Freshman isn't "freshening" he is cramming up the catalogue for the purpose of standing the exam. for matriculation.

Will D of Louisiana please explain how it is that abuse is non-use long continued?

Are there any more oysters in town? If not, why not? Ask of the three young men who the other evening spread devastation through the town.

We are at a loss to account for the presence of the handsome A. B. from Ky. B. came back, we think, to collect the "skads" for a scholarship, but we won't vouch for it.

Query.—Why do the young ladies frequent D. P.? We know one Y. L. who thinks she can account for it.

THE FLUNK'S GOOD NIGHT.

O why (hic) was I (hic) made
To tread (hic) this mun-(hic)-dane sphere,
Doomed to vile (hic) punchade
Instead of (hic) whiskey straight
Seven (hic) hundred times a year?
The world's (hic) all out o' tune;
I've found it (hic) out too soon.
See, those chairs (hic) spinnin' round the room,
Like june-(hic)-bugs in the days o' June!
Ole Fran-(hic)-cis Bacon was an ass,

Like all the (hic) schoolmen of the schools;
Aristocle (hic) could'nt ha' made a "pase"
Under Nick's (hic) and Alex's rules.
The world (hic) is full o' gas,
And all the (hic) Greek's were fools!
Degenerate race: drunk-(hic)-en world,

1 can (nic) promise and conclusionize. I can w-a-l-k and stand up straight and tall, And I can (hic) lean against the wall. Move the chairs Dick, the floor and all. I think (hic) Pard I'm goin' to fall! What a fall was there, O Pard, Now you and I and all of us are down-Ole Barleycorn has triumphed over us! Lift me (hic) easy, Dick-vile ass, refrain!-D—n you and d—n the boot— I don't wish (hic) power and fame. Give me (hic) whiskey (hic) straight (hic) and "goot." Oh! (hic)—all fools—yes (hic) all of 'em, Peter (hic)—Noah (hic)—and Bee-(hic)-thoven! Toddy (hic) hey Dick !—if a body Drink (hic)—Ole Fel—a little toddy, Made o' good (hic) ole rye-I say (hic) Dick—if a body Taste (hic) a 1-i-t-t-l-e bit o' toddy Need a body die?

We defend not the metre of the above, neither do we vouch for the sense in every instance. It is evident that for him the world was out of tune. Let us wish him pleasant dreams and a quick translation to the paradise of flunks, where they study not, neither do they read philosophy.

B. of La., strolling through the Museum the other day,

The above gentleman is a member of the Zoölogy class.

M. of Ky. says copper is an alloy of zinc and tin. "Hig" looks lonesome since his old pard has retired to Sing Sing.

B. of La., after having a "shine 'em up," desiring to sell a railroad coupon, asks the boot-black to show him a scalper office. The b. b. leads him to a barber's shop.

"Filii Confucii."-Give us the grip phi delta tau.

L. of La. wants to know if Miss — is an alumni of ——Institute.

"Little T.," who is taking a special course in zoology, finds the femur of the Camel on the fore leg.

"Old Jim" is the awe of the "Hoi Barbaroi" in his burnsides.

"Fatty" says he won't need this law in La. nohow.

B. of Ga. and "Dix" took the J. B. degree the other day. Hurrah for "Crig!"

P. of W. Va. still stands without a rival, the handsomest man in the University.

Economy.—"Hig" buys two railroad tickets because they are cheap.

In Impation of Ossian.—O Wash and Lee of halls! I come to thy dread abode. Fair art thou on the hills, thy pillars stately. Tall are they as they look upon the rising sun. The beams of morn kiss them in their strength. The noonday misses them not. About their classic circumference the shades of evening fall. The dews of night touch them not, but the rains of heaven lick off their whitewash! But when the joyous voices of the sons of books and the firm tones of the fathers

spears. Then do they rejoice. But three months each year they mourn for the sons of books. They smile not upon the strangers that come among them, but their love is for their own! Glad are they when the sons of books return and the bricks send up the sound of many feet.

O Wash and Lee of halls! three dost thou stand in one. On the north and south square are thy pillars, in the middle round. On one side Purgatory holds the king of lore. His arms hang upon the walls. Keen are his weapons, which he has won from the corners of the earth. Afar have I heard them clash together. Fearful is the clang of their steel. His habitation groans under their weight. A long crack is in its sides. rats and mice once played in it. But the wind no longer whistles through the chink. It is filled with mortar. the father of Alchemy dwells. They come to him rejoicing, but sorrowful they go away. The potion which he mixes is deadly. Sprung from heroes of spears, beware! Through the windows of his dark abode I heard the winds whistle upon the wires. I saw his instruments of death. He stood beside them. Dark was he and tall like the blasted pine. He moved. He was like a giant striding over the heath. Here also dwells Fingal of spears, Fingal the mightiest among heroes. strikes his shield. His warriors crowd around. Dreadful is his wrath. His foes tremble. His words are few. His glance is a flame of fire. But when he weeps for his fallen warriors, his eye is a buttercup filled with dew, his face, the sun shining through a fog.

O Wash and Lee of halls! Purgatory is on the south, but on the north is Paradise. Happy are they that gain a footing there. Pleasant it is to dwell among the clouds. Pleasant it is to sip nectar in Paradise! Before its sparkling draught, cares and troubles flee like the mists of the hills before the rising sun. On the morrow repentance comes and headaches. But the dwellers there are often disturbed by sounds from

below, for there dwells one of Fingal's heroes of shields. He teaches the young warriors to hold a shield before wounded friends. The arguments, which he weaves are tough as rhinocerous hide. Like the mists of ocean his enemies gather around. His voice is heard in their midst like the rushing of many winds. They flee and are no longer there. damp is the ground floor. Here witches inhabit. The sounds of their revels are heard. Soncie are they at times, but again terrible. One of Fingal's youths saw a black mist gather at Fierce as ten furies it stood and shook its dusky spear. The young warrior advanced with the clang of steel. Darkness closed around him. The bard strikes the harp in A green mound marks the place where he was This told me Malvina, daughter of Toscar of spears. Once when the dews of night were falling, I saw within. Dismal and foul was the abode of witches of spells. On the oaken shelves and on the floor strange flowers did fatten on the unwholesome air. Paintings there were uncouth of the deeds I shudder when I think of what I saw of witches of spells. there. Trembling I fled away.

O Wash and Lee of halls! thou lackest not physic, and thou hast a museum in the old Cat's Tail. But lately didst thou call to thee a doctor of Physic(s). The hero is young, but already the bard has sung his praise. He no longer follows in the chase. His bow is unstrung. He has taken down the shield of his fathers. His sword hangs by his side like a beam of light. His weapons are many. The hero of arms loves the bright-eyed Oina-Marul. At times his mind wanders. hall is built like a hemiamphitheater, and from the topmost benches the flunks lock down on the struggles of imaginary enemies. He loves the shade and valiant is he in the warfare O Wash and Lee of halls! Cat's-Tail which of shadows. once did rejoice thee is still thy pride. Instead of the sounds of harps, silence dwells now in the hall of shells. weep for heroes slain in the battle of spears? They are no longer there; but instead-grinning cards of pre-adamite monsters, stuffed vertebrae! To what base uses has it come at last! Many are the wonders of earth. Many the dark-rolling waves of the sea give forth. Here a pliosaurus, there an ichthyosaurus, here a mastodon, there a glyptodon stands. A stuffed elephant is over the door. Here are woodpeckers ready to peck, snakes ready to bite and lions ready to pounce upon their prey. Here are the bones of the warhorse of the father of Fingal of spears, yclept by the vulgar the skeleton of a camel. Here also is the skull of one of Fingal's heroes. Cold busts look down on the whole, and "busts" look at the whole through the windows. Unmusical now is the whilome hall of shells. Strike thy harp in sadness, Malvina, daughter of Toscar of spears.

O Wash and Lee of halls! ever dest thou look down upon thy chapel built by the father of Fingal of spears. The foundation is of the stones of old, that helped to support Loda's everlasting hills. Of brick is it made above, and slabs of slate keep out the evening dews. From the belfry the sounding brass warns the sons of books that it is time to grapple with their enemies. But demi-semi-occasionally its deep-toned notes ring out on the mists of night. Then the ghosts that wander on the Campus may be seen to skulk away to the retreat of shadows. Here, too, is the tomb of the father of Fingal of spears. His heroes of battles did not raise a green mound to his memory, but a mausoleum of brick and stone marks his last resting place. Green turf grows on a bank near it; and, if Loda of winds had placed a rivulet there, it would have murmured sweetly by.

O Wash and Lee of halls! noble art thy front, spacious art thy halls. Within the sons of books and wooers of the God Mercury band themselves into two corporations, which are both hostile to one another, and each is divided against itself. A periodical they publish, and they annually join together to elect an Editor-in-Chief, to show the world through the medium of the said periodical that they are all fools. But let us retire from the abode of Fingal's heroes in bliss. They spread the feast for strangers but hate prying scribblers. O Malvina, daughter of Toscar of spears, finish the song. Sing of Nick

and Hatchet and Doc and Jim and Alex. Sing of the Father of his country, carved to life, that surmounts the lofty dome and watches over the glories of Wash and Lee. Sing of its mountains and blue skies. Ossian saw them in his youth, but these eyes have failed. My harp no longer gives the sweet strains of its youth. Put me in a sunny spot and let the bard sing a song to the memory of Ossian.

"We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, like thin air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery."—Hamlet.

A certain one-horse sheet, published in the town of Lexington, is ambitious or foolish enough to try to provoke a contest of words with the students of Washington and Lee. Its statements, which are characterized by malice and a total disregard for truth, include in their censure the cadets of the V. M. I. The manufacture of campaign material is evidently the object of this mean and unjust attack. As we think the contest beneath our dignity, we shall guard ourselves from speaking further on the subject.

The most notable (society) event of the season occurred on the evening of Thursday Sept. 30th, at Clifton, the residence of Col. W. P. Johnston. At 8 o'clock on that evening Miss Rosa D. Johnston was married to George A. Robinson of Louisville, Ky., a graduate of Washington and Lee University. The ceremonial service, conducted by the Rev. Dr. Pendleton, of the Episcopal church, was witnessed by a large number of the friends of the family. A beautiful marriage bell was suspended from the ceiling of the parlor, and the mantel-piece before which the bridal party stood was a solid bank of lovely flowers. The bride was dressed in satin and brocade, with point lace flounced, and wore as ornaments a splendid pair of solitaire diamond earrings, the gift of the groom.

The bridesmaids were Miss Breckenridge of Lexington, Ky.,

Miss Anna Barr of Louisville, Ky., Miss Mary Johnston, Miss Hattie Campbell, Miss Sallie White, Miss Belle White, Miss Gertie Tucker and Miss Laura Tucker of this place.

The evening was spent by the company in pleasant conversation and in admiring the presents, which were numerous and beautiful—reminders, many of them, of absent, but thoughtful friends. At eleven o'clock the bridal party bade farewell to family and friends and started on a trip which we hope may be in its enjoyment but a foretaste of the happy life which is to follow. After visiting Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston and Niagara, the couple will take up their residence in Louisville, Ky., where the groom is in business with his father.

The Collegian offers its best wishes for the future success of the married pair.

ATTIMNI

has need a visible accume in the demand for bice.

- Wm. T. Leavell, A. M., B. L., winner of the prise in the boat race '75, business manager of the Southern Collegian, occasional critic and censor in the Wash. etcetera ad libitum, is doing business in Louisville with the firm of Messrs. R. A. Robinson & Co. He is as sedately sober as ever. We forgot to mention that his reign lasted from '72-'78 with the exception of one interval of repose.
- J. W. Devore, '74-'5-'6, having found that the *mills* of mortals as well as those of the god's grind slow, left that business and embraced the lucrative profession of Law. He holds forth at Edgefield, S. C. Since his departure no one has made any anxious inquiries as to the origin of the fillilooloo bird.
 - J. H. Dillard, '73-'4-'5-'6, A. M., B. L., is in Norfolk teach-

ing the Rodman School, which is now in a very flourishing condition. He still remembers with pleasure the Peaks of Otter trip. He expects to join "the two in one" club this fall.

Gov. Stokes, '73-'4-'5-'6, A. B., no longer teaches the young idea how to shoot. He prefers learning how to doctor the body, and is studying medicine in Orangeburg, S. C., at which place he expects to practise his profession.

- J. C. Calhoun, A. M., '67-'8-'9-'70-'1-'2, is Professor of Greek in the University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa.
- J. M. Dawson and J. P. Bocock are both practising law in Cincinnatti.
- Ed. Randall is attending lectures at the College of Medicine in Philadelphia.
- J. S. Wilson, '76-'7-'8, passed a fine examination before the Supreme Court in S. C., and is now practising law with his father in Yorkville. He still finds time upon occasions to be "a raging, raving, tearing calico man."
- T. S. Purdie is practising law in Leesburg, Va. We believe his favorite perfume is still Attar of Roses.
- Wm. McMiller, A. B., '76-'7-'8-'9, is teaching in Brownsville, Missouri.
- Ab. Sydenstricker, '75-'6-7'-'8, is now a Missionary in China. We are not informed as to his exact whereabouts.
- Ed. Campbell, '76-'7, is practising medicine in Lexington, Va. With patients and perseverance he will undoubtedly succeed.

Ben. Bettis, who graduated with the degree of B. L. in '75-'6, is now successfully practising his profession in Edgefield, South Carolina.

- A. L. Nelson, an ante-bellum graduate of the Institution, is now Prof. of Mathematics. His fine steeds as of yore appear at the Rockbridge County Fair. They say, old Alex. still flunks In. Math. men.
 - W. H. Tayloe, '69-'70-'71-'72-'73-'74-'75-'76-'77-'78, A.

M., B. L., Lat., Greek and Math. Medal, Mod. Language Medal, Cincinnatti Oration, adjunct Professor Mod. Languages and Mod. History, is practising Law in Demopolis, Ala. He finds time for calico and we understand "sips sweets from every flower."

Josiah Winchester, '75-'6-'7, is also practising law. His shingle may be discovered in Natchez, it properly inquired after.

- E. B. Hollings, from the same place, was studying Law when last heard from.
- D. E. Moore, '59-'60, we are credibly informed, is still "on the ragged edge." He occupies the position of Commonwealth's Attorney in Lexington, Va.
- J. G. Paxton of Va., B. L. of '80, has gone West, where he will probably commence the practice of the law. May all success attend him. If he is as successful in life as he was at College he will have small reason to complain.
- II. C. Getzendanner, A. B. '79, B. L. '80, is practising law at Lexington, Ky., with Marshall, an alumnus of this institution. We hope they may "Getz" many cases as they can attend to.
- W. B. McCluer, '75-'6-'7-'8-'9-'80, is in business in Chicago, Ill. We hope, Pansy, you will not soon have cause to make a "short stop" in your career of success.
- W. F. Paxton, Miss., is attending law lectures at the University of Michigan, and we hope will have the honor of taking "first stand." He will do so if he will banish from his mind the visions of flying feet, which are so familiar to it.
- A. G. Paxton, B. L. '80, has retired to his home near the city of Greenville, Miss., but will probably practise his profession at the latter place. Don't get excited, Galla.
- W. D. Carter, B. L. and Law Class orator '80, is living on a farm near Louisville, Ky.; but, unless Madame Rumor is mistaken, will not remain long on *that* farm. Watching meteors is a dangerous business, Jack.

- J. H. Hamblin, former editor-in-chief of this influential publication, and Santini medalist 1880, is "taking law" this year at the Univ. of Va. It is a pity he had to forego his Alma Mater, but circumstances were insuperable. Requiescat in pace.
- J. J. Minter, '77-'8-'9-'80, after a trip to Louisville to see some of his old friends, has gone to the classic shades of Sing Sing (not the prison) to prepare for West Point, to which he has the appointment. Follow the advice given to a former room-mate, "Miz," and you will be happy.
- J. C. Bullitt, '77-'8-'9-'80, is in the iron business in Louisville, Ky. We hope he will accumulate much "lucre."

Helm Bruce, A. B. '80, will pursue the *tutious* ways of legal knowledge at the University of Louisville, Louisville, Ky. We hope the remainder of his life will be as bright as his smile—when he smiles.

- A. W. Gaines, A. B. '79, B. L. 80, Graham Debater medalist, is making his headquarters at his father's house, near Burlington, Boone County, Ky., but is looking for a place to locate and practice his profession. Success to the head fiddler.
- E. F. Paxton has gone to Chicago to engage in business in that thriving town. We think it is reaping machines, and hope he may find plenty of employment for them.

Richardson, the prospective alumnus, is in business with his brother in Mobile, Ala. We are sorry he left, and hope he may repent.

EXCHANGES.

In looking over our various exchanges we are disposed to pride ourselves on our own merit. Some of them seem not to have the least idea what a College paper should be. Instead of writing something that would interest students, they crowd in interminable extracts, which after having been "cut and dried," have, perhaps, been slumbering among waste papers for years. These discourses are of universal application, since they apply equally well to all men and all times, and they seem to be especially intended for translation into all languages, so destitute are they of any reference to particular individuals, so devoid of any local application that might puzzle the foreign translator or foreign reader. Some of them might have been used by Aristotle in his address at the first meeting of his class in Rhetoric, and by Spartacus in the training of his gladiators. "Glittering and sounding generalities" are mere tricks in words, but these periodicals seem to act on the principle that he is the greatest and most profound writer that can produce in a given time the greatest number of intricate and meaningless periods. Who would not rather read a short essay of a College student, however lacking in orthodoxy, than to follow your L. L. D. in a long dry discourse which has been, like an Egyptian mummy, preserved for years in the particular cranial cavity assigned to it, and which, like a mummy, has lost all trace of any freshness or vitality which it might once have possessed?

We have on our table the *Berkeleyan* for September 20th. The first thing we notice is a mention of a certain *worthy* associate editor. Alas! those words strike us in a tender place. The editor of the *Berkeleyan* cannot see why only the handful of students, less than two hundred, take advantage of the educational improvements offered by the University. Did it occur to him that he might just as well have said something less than

five hundred? He is right, however, and, aside from the particular influences which may be at work against the University of California, the small number of students that attend our Colleges certainly do not go to attest that general diffusion of knowledge which the advancing state of civilization demands. Ozymandias, as an imaginary account of the personage alluded to by Shelly, whose epitaph is:

"My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings: Look on my works ye mighty, and despair!"

has merit. The picture of man's degeneracy and the consequent rise of despotism, is one entirely imaginary, but no doubt true. We think that the *Berkeleyan* gives too much space to the reports of societies. The article about the phrenologist is not one of its happiest efforts, and the drilling of the freshies is abominable. In *Quiddities* it shows enterprise if it is not always careful to preserve the *tone*.

The Pennsylvania College Monthly is a neat, well-edited sheet, though its matter is not always provided by the students—a thing which we cannot approve, since by this course. instead of being a journal smacking of youth and College spirit, it degenerates into a mere advertising medium for Pennsylvania College. Among many other dry details, we have a Schedule of Recitation Hours, and long lists of the different classes. It has a goodly number of Alumni Personals, however, and we would do well to imitate it in this respect. The Local Column is, also, a good one. The Monthly would fain introduce another way of criticising exchanges, by making such suitable extracts as would show their different views on various subjects. This method of criticism, it seems to us, would be wholly unsatisfactory and often unfair. Periodicals would be placed in a light at once just and true or false and ludicrous, in accordance with the good will or the caprice of the critic. Let us, then, go on in the way which experience has proved to be the best, and, instead of making a single extract which proves nothing, let the critic give an estimate of the whole, so that others may either approve his decision or condemn his prejudice and unfairness.

The College Transcript for Oct. 2nd is at hand. The first number is promising, and the matter shows care and thought. A poem by H. H., entitled Spinning, is remarkable for simplicity and power. The rythm is almost perfect. Muscle Versus Brain is a sensible article. The Transcript has eight editors. This accountse for the excellenc of the matter. In writing, as in every thing else, we need division of labor, and in writing, as in every thing else, skilled labor is productive of more satisfactory results. When the burden of editing a college paper falls upon two or three men, they find it impossible to give the necessary care and thought to each article.

Grave and Gay.

Prof., learnedly: "Light is made up of waves or undulations of the luminiferous ether, supposed to pervade all space. These vibrations are like those that I am now making in the air of this room—" "i. e. useless and unprofitable vibrations," sang out a Junior from the back bench. Members of the class collapse. Prof. furious.

I'm a Freshman, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a year;
Then I'll pass into a Soph-o-more,
And I'll tarry, yes I'll tarry, one more year.—Ex.

Ladies' Matrimonial Clubs are being organized at many colleges. Why not organize one here? The boys are all anxious and the ladies—well, indifferent.

Why are roses red?
For roses once were white.
Because the loving nightingales
Sang on their thorns at night;
Sang till the blood they shed
Had dyed the roses red.—The South.

Prof. to student in history: "Mention six animals of the frigid zone."

Student, eagerly: "Three Polar bears and three seals."—Ex.

This is the way a Vassar girl tells a joke: "Oh, girls! I heard just the best thing to-day. It was too funny! I can't remember how it came about, but one of the girls said to Prof. Mitchell—Oh, dear, I can't remember just what she said; but Prof. Mitchell's answer was just too funny for any use, I forgot just exactly what he said, but it was too good for anything!"—Amherst.

Student, suddenly, to Prof. of Logic, who had been lecturing slowly and continuously but withal very emphatically for some time: "Pardon, Prof.; but is any detriment liable to befall one's physical organism in giving expression to the monosyllable "vile"? Prof., pleased with this promising fluency of speech; No, my dear sir, no." "Nor any in the utterance of the three-lettered "ass"? Prof. surprised; "Why, no!" "Nor any in the discharging of the dissyllable "refrain" by means of the epiglottis, tongue, dental apparatus and lobial organs through the orifice of the mouth?" Prof. very excitedly, "No!" "Then, vile ass, refrain!" roared the student. Fortunately, the door was open, or the said disciple of Aristotle might have been compelled to undergo a process through the alimentary canal of the irate Prof. As it was, the Prof. soon became calm, and, after the question had been put to the class and the remarks of the impatient youth set down as an example of the Fallacy of Composition, went on with his lecture, first devoting a few minutes to the expression of his regret for the decline of patience manifested in man since the days of Job.

While sitting on a sandy shore,
And when no human eye looked on,
She asked the youth, a sophomore,
To make for her a polygon.
Full merry twinkled then his eye,
And hastened he to make reply;
I'll make of you a polygon,
A circumscribéd polygon.

— Transcript.

A sweet-faced, blue-eyed damsel of L—— was recently strolling along one of the suburban walks of her native village, when she suddenly met a young farmer on horseback, carrying a pig in front of him. As soon as the young lady saw him, she burst into tears. The young man naturally inquired the cause. Whereupon she replied: "I'm so afraid you might kiss me." This of course aroused the young gentleman's indignation, and he cried out in not a very gentlemanlike tone: "You fool! How do you expect me to hold the pig and kiss you too?" This was a poser, but the young lady soon cleared away the difficulty by sobbing out: "Oh, I'll hold the pig." It is said that the pig rolled over and remained perfectly still for half an hour out of sheer sympathy. We turned away in jealous rage. We heard the first smack and then quoted savagely the words of the poet:

O Love, O fire! once he drew With one long kiss my whole soul through My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.

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THE

SOUTHERN COLLEGIAN,

Washington and Lee University.

"Quidquid praecipics, esto brevis."

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Number II.

HAMLET.

T is with reverential awe and anxious solicitude that we approach this, one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, of Shakspeare's masterly delineations. We are like the bashful lover that stands trembling by with downcast eyes. He hears his mistress' silvery voice and sees her sparkling eyes, and despairs of ever possessing so much loveliness. fascination of her beauty causes him still to linger, and he is fain to make his pabulum from a few smiles of the many which affect thousands with entrancement and delight. In such a spirit do we approach this play of Shakspeare. We hope not to intercept and enjoy the full benefit of all the dazzling beams that emanate from his effulgent sun. But if a wandering ray or two, falling upon the camera obscura of our mind's eye, leave an image not remarkable for clearness or distinctness, still we shall be satisfied. Vain, indeed, would we be to imagine that we had fully comprehended Hamlet. mind can never fully understand or appreciate the productions of a great one. About all works of genius there is a sort of sacred glamor, an indescribable, inapproachable something, peculiarly their own, which meaner authors never attain; or, if they do, it is only at favored moments, and their inspiration

comes and goes like the fitful fever of a dream. Like the expelled Peri at the gates of Eden, we hear the ravishing music within and catch glimpses of radiant forms, but for us the happy portals are forever closed.

We are not like a great many who believe that Shakspeare, when he meditated writing a piece for his theater, sat down and, after having fixed on some great object to be accomplished, bent all his energies to that end. On the contrary, we think that, being guided in the main by facts found in Saxo Grammaticus, or his translators, he begun this play with no definite end in view, but that, the matter growing under his hand, he from time to time introduced those powerful agencies which make the story a thrilling one of madness and of love. we believe, both from the nature of the plot, in the complexity of which it was not possible for the author to foresee every trivial incident that was to befall each of his characters, or at what time a change for the better in his conception of any one of them might be happily made. This opinion is still further confirmed by the two very different characters given to Polonius. In the earlier stages of the play, he is represented as a wise and judicious states nan, giving to his son counsel such as would have done honor to the masculine mind of a Tully or a But further on lie degenerates into a miserable scholastic pedant, prostituting his great abilities in mere word-trickery. The explanations of those editors who seek to remove otherwise this inconsistency in the character of Polonius are, it seems to us, more specious than true, more ingenious than exponential of sound judgment. But that Shakspeare was principally guided by the historical facts, may be gathered from the closing scenes of the play, where strict poetical justice is not meted out, the guilty King and Queen being punished only by accident, and Hamlet perishing at the same time.

The three great agencies employed in this play are the ghost, madness and love. As regards its efficiency in producing dramatic effect, the ghost yields to neither of the others. Man will not willingly believe that his fellow-man perishes like the swine, or that the future for himself is oblivion; and,

Himlet. 53

inasmuch as he has never been able, even by the insatiable desire, which he manifests, of prying into things unknown and obscure, to fathom the mysteries of death, he naturally invests it with all the awful terrors which are either conjured up by a fertile imagination, or suggested by the superstitious tales and legends handed down by successive generations. favorite form taken by these superstitions is that which relates to ghosts, or the appearance of spirits of persons deceased. Strangely enough, while reports of these appearances are comparatively common, yet any particular instance of such a supposed appearance is esteemed a prodigy; and while even according to the vulgar theory, ghosts appear only on extraordinary occasions, they are looked for with fear and trepidation in every corner and dark place, and at all times. However little foundation these pretended appearances may have, they have at times exerted great power over the minds even of persons of unusual intellectual ability, and correspondingly more on the mind of the ignorant multitude. To trace this influence in its different degrees through historical times, would be to form an interesting chapter in the history of the superstitious weakness of the human race. This influence, often acting as an unanswerable argument in completing conviction, confirming resolution, or augmenting fear, seems to be derived from the mysterious horrors associated with the tomb. Man, however he may theorize on the abstract, can never avoid all consideration of the concrete. We cannot imagine a ghost without at the same time reverting to the dead body of the tomb. can imagine the worms wriggling through the sockets of the eyes and passing from one part to another. Being unable to see how this is able to manifest any vital power, we fear a something all the more terrible from being undefined, since few of us can feel with Hamlet in the first part of his remark, or trust sufficiently in the second, when he says, on his friends dissuading him from following whither the ghost led:

> "I do not set my life at a pin's fee; And, for my soul, what can it do to that, Being a thing immortal as itself?"

A grinning skull, though we know the life that animated it has long since fled, has about it a sort of fascination, as it were, which irresistibly engages the attention. Men love to speak with bated breath of unsubstantial shadows that haunt the night, but flee away at the first rays of dawn, take delight in recounting how,

"In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets."

It follows that, into whatever this occult agency is judiciously introduced, it cannot fail to be productive of great effects. Shakspeare was deeply versed in all the hopes and fears of a superstitious humanity. It was not to be supposed that he would not utilize so powerful an agency. But to return.

It has been said that the story of Hamlet is the history of a moral poisoning. To understand this it is necessary for us to come to a just appreciation of the character of Hamlet, as depicted by our author. His is a delicate nature, and so keen are his susceptibilities that a hair in one of the scales will disturb the balance of his mind. Reared by a fond parent in the cultivation and indulgence of his refined tastes, he had not yet experienced the stern realities of life. Accustomed to order and beauty in the moral world, the crime of his mother appeared as a monstrous deformity exaggerate l ten-fold. Hamlet, his mother seemed not only criminal, but wholly To him she appears as a wife that had wicked and unnatural. murdered her husband, and before two months had elapsed, so eager was she to "post to incestuous sheets," had married that husband's brother, the accomplice of her crime. unnatural wife appeared to him in another light. She was his mother. We are able to look upon the vileness of others with a certain degree of indifference; but when we suddenly discover deep baseness in parents and kinsmen, we are in great danger of losing faith in ourselves and in mankind in general. Prepared beforehand by such an insight, Hamlet sees none but hypocrites and villains. His uncle is a villain, an arch-villain; Polonius is self-seeking and hypocritical. He always agrees with the Prince.

HAM.—"Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?"

Pol.—"By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed."

HAM.—"Methinks it is like a weasel."

Pol.—"It is backed like a weasel."

HAM .- "Or like a whale."

Pol.—"Very like a whale."

So Osric.

HAM.—"Your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head."

Osr.—"I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot."

HAM.—"No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly."

Osr.-"It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed."

HAM.—"But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot, or my complexion—"

Osr.—"Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as 'twere—I cannot tell how."

Even Ophelia does not escape his mood. At one moment he is thinking of her innocence and chastity, the next he is broading over his mother's perfidy—that mother that once seemed to him the sum of all womanly perfections. His mother tells him not to mourn so deeply for his father, that death is common.

HAM.—"Ay, madam, it is common." -

QUEEN.—"If it be, why seems it so particular to thee?"

HAM .- "Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems."

Here is his soliloupy about this time:

"O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely."

A man can have such thoughts and not be mad, and wish, like Elijah, that without incurring sin he might die. Such a state, however, shows an unsettled condition of the mind. To despair of humanity is to distrust the Eternal Wisdom, and

cannot but be accompanied by a wandering of the intellect. This species of mental aberration is common. It is induced in different individuals by various causes, though in some it seems to be to a certain extent innate. According as it exists to a greater or less degree, or according to the direction in which it operates, it produces the misanthropic recluse, the cynic or the suicide. Hamlet's madness was in the embryo state, and his short career prevented it from fully developing and manifesting itself. There be men that can dream of human perfection and rejoice in an ideal humanity, but when they cast a glance within, when they are hurried into contact with the realities of every day life, it lacks little but that the milk of human kindness should be soured in them, and all the honey of their nature turned into gall. However we may disapprove of such a character, it is a reality. Whether the misanthrope and the cynic are placed among us as a punishment for our sins, or as agents for the amelioration of humanity, by causing us to avoid faults which, together with much that is good, they hold up to derision and ridicule, we shall not stop to inquire. Suffice it that we have in the world many characters bearing a general resemblance to that of Hamlet; if, indeed, we do not degrade Shakspere's conception by placing it in the same class with these disturbers of the world's peace. These, perhaps, do not act a part where kings and grave councilors are among the dramatis personæ; but often resemble their great prototype in seeing all the vileness, the bitterness, the meanness of humanity. They are commonly men of lively emotions and keen sensibility, so much so that their minds are liable to be affected out of all due proportion; so that Dryden's line, written in the spirit of satire, is in this sense literally true:

"Great wits are sure to madness near allied."

A nature that, on suddenly seeing all the vileness of its kind, is unable to keep its balance and sustain the shock, is almost as little to be desired as that which embraces vice as a mistress, or that which meets every phase and vicissitude of fortune and every insight into itself, however shocking to its finer feelings, with a "sicklied smile of self-satisfied imbecility." Happy is

that man that, knowing both extremes, can avoid them, and thus achieve the work which God and nature seem to have marked out for him!

Hamlet hears with wonder, though, as it would seem, not with incredulity, the story of his father's ghost. He inquires the place of its appearance, what its aspect was, declares

"I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape, And bid me hold my peace."

Near midnight Hamlet keeps watch with his two friends, Horatio and Marcellus. This part of the conduct of the play has been justly praised by Faine. Shakspere, unlike inferior artists, never studies to prevent the mixture of great things with small. Hamlet does not walk up and down with wildly-expectant face and glaring eyes. He is not excitable. He inquires the hour of Horatio, says it is very cold, and, while waiting, converses otherwise familiarly with his two friends. At last the ghost appears. Hamlet accosts it. It does not reply, but beckens him away. He follows, now more than ever suspecting foul play. His worst fears are realized, and his father's ghost exhorts him to revenge his "foul and most unnatural murder." Hamlet swears compliance, while listening to the harrowing recital of treachery and murder. At the disappearance of the ghost, he is left to his own thoughts:

"Holl, hold, my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixed with baser matter; yes, by heaven.
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables—meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain."

His resolution is taken. He will not reveal what has been

communicated to him. He answers them with assumed gayety:

"Hielo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come."

He must relieve in words the tension of his mind, and he steks at the same time to allay the curlosity of his companions. He speaks the first thing that comes uppermost, telling them that this is what the ghost said:

"There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Denmark, But he's an arrant knave."

After this he hids them go cach about his own business. for himself, he says he will go pray. He needs to. A man of the highest genins and most refined sensibility has been suddenly changed by the force of circumstances into the slave of one of the lowest and most direful passions of our nature. The man of delicate and cultivated taste no longer takes delight in the things that once were pleasing; the man of wit turns his random though deadly shafts at all that ought to be respected as sacred and venerable; the philosopher no longer revolves in his mind his favorite themes, but the whole being is concentrated into the one idea of revenge. But he is not altogether decided. A sudden and complete revolution of character is a rare phenomenon in the moral world. It costs his heart many a bitter pang, his mind many a fearful struggle for a once upright man to get his consent to be a murderer. Hamlet has promised, but the contest between his good and evil nature is still going on. In the meantime, he will go pray. See that he does not return bereft of reason.

There was another obstacle to Hamlet's fulfilling his promise. He was in love. As in every thing else, so in love his keen sensibility and impassioned imagination made his devotion as superior to that of other men as those qualities of his mind were superior to the same qualities in other men. His mind reveled in the celestial virtues of Ophelia, and his passion was a blind and idolatrous admiration for his "soul's idol." Have you seen burning lovers with their pockets full of rhymes? He is one. Have you seen enthusiastic, unreasonable lovers? Watch him leaping into the open grave and challenging Laertes

to the proof of love. But if he was a lover, he was also a madman, or had determined to demean himself so that the King, his uncle, should think him mad. It was agreeable, perhaps, to ascribe the real derangement which his mind must have suffered from the discovery of his mother's baseness and from the consciousness of the hopelessness of his own love to the general plan of his revenge. Having resolved to sacrifice every thing to revenge, his love must go too; but his irresolute purpose, his mad words and singular conduct form a thin veil through which his real feelings are often visible. Ophelia, on her part, is much distressed, but in a different way. meek, submissive to her father, her mind is made not to act, but to receive impressions, and she feels more than her words Unsuspecting she adores her lover, and her whole heart goes out in sympathy with his supposed misfortune. Hamlet's mind is similar in the strength of its attachment, but he has greater power of will. He sees what he imagines to be his duty towards his parent, and, in order to accomplish it, he deliberately tramples upon the affection of another, while his own heart is breaking.

We will throw, in passing, a casual glance at the character of Ophelia. This is one of Shakspere's characteristic creations. Never has our great dramatist showed his genius more than in his female characters. In them he rises above the mediocrity of his contemporaries and the vulgarity of his times. He strips woman of every repulsive attribute, and paints her, as she naturally is, full of love, tenderness and devotion. Ophelia, Juliet, Desdemona—these are glorious conceptions and more glorious realities, doing equal honor to him by whom they were depicted and to the sex to which they belong. Ophelia is a flower that has spread its blushing beauty to a wintry sky and which a killing frost has blighted. Such, as long as they are prosperous, we admire; but when they fall into adverse circumstances, we feel for them a deep and holy sympathy.

"Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile."

If the outward circumstances connected with his father's death brought Hamlet to the verge of madness, grief for her unfortunate lover and sorrow for a father, slain by that lover, completely overthrew the delicate balance of Ophelia's mind. The huge oak is scorched by the burning of the forest leaves, but the tender sapling is blasted. Living but to love, her soul overflowing with tenderness, when troubles come and hope for akes her, reason takes her leave.

"Nature is fine in love; and, where 'tis fine It sends some precious instance of itself After the thing it loves."

This contains a beautiful centiment which even gruff Sam Johnson deigned to notice and put in characteristic verse.

Notwithstanding Hamlet had promised that his revenge should be swift and sure, he continued to put off from time to time the fulfillment of his promise. In the meantime he must act a part, so as to disguise his real feelings. He casts about in search of some wild irregular speech. But, indeed, it is not necessary to depart from himself. He finds in his own mind a boundless luxuriance of thought, wild flowers that spring up spontaneously in the fertile soil and bud and blossom with the richness of exotics. The bizarre crudities of feigned madness are mingled with gleams of reason that at times seem more than human. Listen to him:

"This goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave overhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilential congregation of vapors. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me."

Such are his words. At first glance they seem the words of a madman, but there is a powerful coherency running through the whole. Though this be madness, there is method in it; and we can easily see what prompted Polonius to speak of "a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of." The fact is, his mind was made for eloquence and philosophy, and lacked that fierce energy necessary to an avenger of murder. He dreams,

soliloquizes, and, though impaired in mind, seeks to reason. He must have other proof than that afforded by his father's ghost.

"The spirit that I have seen,
May be a devil; and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits,)
Abuses me to damn me."

The arrival of the players is opportune. He will have something like the murder of his father played before the King. Meanwhile he will watch his countenance and act accordingly. He grows merry over the prospect. His facetiousness respects not the majesty of the King. He makes a jest of Polonius and would like to ruffle his venerable wig.

Some time after the King had been unmasked, Hamlet came upon his uncle while praying. His first thought was to run him through, but on deliberation he puts up his sword for fear, if he killed him then, he would send his soul to heaven! It is difficult to understand this change in Hamlet's character. He that before had found it impossible to kill one who he was all but convinced was his father's murderer, now not only resolves to do it, but deliberately sets about the accomplishment of his revengeful purpose in a spirit the most revolting and at a time when his victim would have no chance of forgiveness. He will take him,

"When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage; Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed; At gaming, swearing; or about some act That has no relish of salvation in't."

He has on a sudden become a monster. This change which the character of Hamlet is made to undergo, agrees with what I have before said, that Shakspere often found it convenient to change the conceptions of his different characters. After this we shall see Hamlet killing Poloriius and causing Rosenscrantz and Guildenstern to be beheaded, seemingly without the least "compunctious visitings." We need not speak further of Ham let's revenge, which was delayed even after this, of the argu-

ments which he made use of to prick him on, nor of the reappearance of the ghost to "whet his almost blunted purpose."

In closing we wish to say a few words in reference to Hamlet's erroneous system of philosophy. It is evident that he saw the world through a colored glass. Every thing assumed, at his approach, the dark and forbidding hues of his own somber imagination. The effect resembles that produced by a combination of lenses. Things are not seen in their true and natu-Only the things, especially brought forward to ral relations. be examined, are seen, and these greatly magnified. We listen with great interest to his remarks in the churchyard. effect of this grouping together and this powerful expression of all the satiric and scoffing arguments leveled at the fame and glory of this world is wonderful. But is it to be inferred from all this that life is not worth the living? When it reduces to this, we feel that there is a fault somewhere and that this is not a true account of human life. Surely the necessity of dying is no reason why we should not strive to live well. The possibility that our skulls may at some future time be knocked about by a sexton's spade is no reason why we should not strive to improve the mind and soul which we are taught to believe have but an incidental connection with these bodies of ours. When it is said that Hamlet is Shakspere painting Shakspere, we must not take that assertion too literally. Hamlet was a dreamer, Shakspere a man of action. Further, Hamlet's madness is his It is the method chosen by our author and the excuse, which seemed in some sort necessary, for giving expression to those thoughts on death and the grave, on human vanity and human infirmity, which purpose he has accomplished in a manner more striking, we may say without exaggeration, than any one either before or since. Now when it is said that Hamlet is Shakspere, we must understand that assertion to apply, not to Shakspere as he appeared to the external word, but to Shakspere in the expression of the inmost thoughts of his soul, the ideal, the spiritual Shakspere and, moreover, Shakspere the disappointed lover and avenger of murder. But even with this explanation the assertion is not true.

sentiments may be emanations from Shakspere's mind, but these emanations are made up entirely of reflections from one side only of a prism that had a thousand reflecting surfaces, they are rays constituting a single strongly colored beam which refused to lose its individuality on entering, or was accidentally reflected from, that mistic prism which usually gave out, however variously colored the rays which might have entered, the pure light of heaven.

RATIO SIGNORUM ARCANISSIMA ET ILLUS-TRISSIMA.

DRAMATIS PERSON.E.

The Prof. Satan.

Witches.
Spirits.

Mysterious Beings, &c.

TIME—Midnight.

Scene—For the whole play laid in the witches' laboratory.

PROLOGUE.

We look abroad for all things dark and hidden, For sprites mysterious and men hag-ridden; We never think, when we begin to limp, Of charging it to devil or or imp, Or oft as marks and grades prove sore vexations, Of charging them to magic incantations. Even our eyes see not things very near; So we our greatest dangers never fear. But in the narrow circle of yonder walls Strange things do nightly hap in the mouldy halls; And since we have the "cheek" to be so bold, We will proceed and to thee a tale unfold, Whose lightest word will make you chill and cold, And freeze the blood corpuscles in your soul; E'en cause your kinky hair to stand on end, Your eyes to pop out: so listen and perpend.

ACT I.

THE PROF.

At this the very witching time of night Am I alone; now let me strike a light, From this nook I'll take the lamp with damned liquor Filled: this, when God for angels holy ichor Made, he caused to flow through the veins and arteries Of devils and th' infernal coteries Of all the kindred tribe of unclean spirits, Each of whom the semblance tenfold vile inherits Of this vile blood. Hecate gave it me For secret service done her Majesty. Its slightest flame will solid steel devour; Platinum even, quickly yields to its power. Nothing have I found to bear it, save alone This uncouth cupel, made of witches' bone. To certain mixtures it does power impart, Revealing future fate to hellish art.

(At this point the Prof. takes from an inner pocket several little plates of brass on which he has etched with nitric acid the initials of the several members of his class, which he drops one by one into the mixture, saying):

Chorus of Witches—(repeating):

Cupel boil and bubble Get over double trouble, &c.

THE PROF.

Lo! a hollow murmur, an unearthly sound That greatly frights my heart and shakes the ground, Passing through the fearful hollow of mine ear To fall upon the tympanum in there. Ah! the charm's at work: I hear the dying moan Of wretches, emerging, as it were, from the telephone, In which, since time its rapid flight began, Have lain concealed the miseries of man. Lo! now the awful noise grows loud and clear, Like sounds that strike us, when we're drawing near To thundering torrents, or the hourser roar Of the multitudinous sca-waves, as they pour Their waters on the beach, or once again Like myriad bisons tramping o'er the plain. Above I hear the night-hawk's scream, and rush Of vampire wings, and harples dire that push And jostle one another, with talons foul To rend and beak to feast on human caul. I hear — oh! save us Belzebub!

(A mighty grand rush. The mystic lamp goes out. Witches and their train retire from the presence of a superior spirit. Prof. who hasn't quite "cheek" enough to face the devil, faints, as Satan himself comes upon the scene.)

ACT II.

HESSOPROLOGOS.

In act the first the Prof. began, In this old satan talks to man: Now listen and prick your ears up well, For the devil's going to give him h--ll.

SATAN.

(Addressing the Prof. who is gradually recovering.) Wretched mortal! not content with what's revealed, You seek to pry into things for age concealed

From human eye. The sciences before you spread Their gifts in vain, and the stream of learning, fed By thousand rivers, goes unheeded by, While to the abode of the damned your scrutiny Is turned. While others in wisdom make advance, It seems that you will burst in ignorance.

PROF. (humbly.)

August and reverend King of the cloven foot, Who rulest spirits vile in the realms of soot—

SATAN.

Seek not to raise a voice in your defence;
Naught that you say will prove your innocence.
Vile mortal, go, be zealous to amend,
And for past faults I pardon will extend.
But if e'er again you tempt me to my rage,
And in these dread and mystic rites engage,
I'll to a thousand flinderations blow
Your cupel, and higher than the stars I'll throw
Your carcass vile: I'll hang it on the gray
Moon's horn to wait e'en till the judgment day,
Suspend its carrion to the dog-star's tail,
Or through the infinite heavens make it sail,
Companion of the Bear.

(Exit his Satanic Majesty.)

ACT III.

THE PROF. (recovering.)

Am I alone?

Was it a dream? and is that nightmare gone,
Which all my bodily senses late oppressed?
'Twas a phantom weird by subtle fancy dressed,
Or mayhap 'twas some trick of fairy revel;
Yet that voice, that look was dev'lish like the devil.

(Suddenly the room is filled with tigers, lions, leopards, wildcats, &c., that fawn upon, and lick the hands of, the recumbent Prof. They are his fumiliar spirits taking a visible form for his encouragement. Meanwhile a chorus of spirits is heard in the distance singing:)

CHORUS.

Now, witches, mind your eye:
Let our brother lie;
He'll come around bye and bye.
Let us swiftly, quickly hie,
Up through the black'ning sky:
This night's work, as I descry,
Will breed us many a sigh.
Straddle broom and straddle toad,
Make the bullock bear his load,
Use the whip and use the goad:
The devil, as he strode,
I saw: beware his mood,
If he take us on the road.
(Exeunt witches.)

THE PROF.

Whose sweet and silvery voice is that I hear, That falls like tinkling music on my ear? Ah! I well remember: now the charm's dissolved! O that from this last sin my soul absolved Was free! But vain and useless all regret, For each one in the final count must get Alas! my precious fluid's spilled, And my cupel's with a useless mixture filled. However, what has been so dearly bought May still yield to me the information sought; And here I vow that that name etched in brass, Whichever may brightest shine, shall lead my class, Eclipsing all his fellows; and I'll show That whom fate honors I will honor too. Lo! look where Baalam's Ass resplendent shines, A halo bright now hov'ring o'er the lines. Give him first! let me see: it's true he seems

At times a little stupid; but there gleams

From 'neath his eyelashes a fiery glance

That plainly could not come from ignorance.

What though he be not first? all fair and square:

It's clear we all must yield to genius rare.

The second Numbskull is, and No-account [mount Comes third. Who would have thought that they would So high? But so it is. All arts we try,

Till comes careless fate and seals our destiny.

But now my limbs are tired and need repose,

And in my couch I'll soon forget my woes.

(Exit the Prof.)

EPILOGUE.

And now our little drama is complete, And though far surpassed by Greek or Roman feat, Yet those that have right reason to discern it, Will find, at least, that there is meaning in it. And some will say a right good thing and able, While some will call the whole abominable. To friends we bow our hearty thanks and say, We may have something better another day; While those that frown on this our first attempt Will find that they themselves are not exempt From attack, and who knows but we'll make them feel That safety's nowhere and their only weal Lies in submission? But we'll say no more Than that this is not all we have in store, But that our stock is like a thrifty seed From which the tall oak towers in the mead.

THOUGHTS ON SOUTHERN PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

FHE periodical literature of the South is certainly in a most deplorable condition, in consequence both of its scarcity and its inferior character. There is not one magazine in all the South that can claim the most meagre recognition or acceptance. Neither are there but a few newspapers in the South which we can acknowledge to have arrived at any degree of journalistic prominence. A great many reasons can be given for this, which are worthy of consideration, and certainly bear some weight in its explanation, but a great deal of what is strange and mysterious will be connected with it still.

I suppose that the poverty of the South is one reason for the dearth of good literature. A literary life requires leisure or perfect freedom from ordinary care or employment. the noblest characters that the history of the literature of every age can claim, have sprung up in the midst of want and discouragement; yet no one will attempt to maintain the position that poverty is an incentive to literature, or that it is a fortunate or beneficent attendant upon a literary life. Especially does it require wealth to become a leading character in the Periodical Literature of the South, because of the low ebb to which it has fallen; and to live a literary life at the South is to surmount difficulties encountered nowhere else, and to choose it as a means of subsistence or maintenance is a thing utterly preposterous, and which would result in the bitterest disappointments, and leave the unfortunate laborer to starve while lamenting over his fruitless inspirations.

A literary character of to-day—especially at the South—is dependent not more upon genius than upon the slightest circumstances of most variable fortune. He can accomplish nothing without having written something-meritorious or not, as it may be—which has caught the public ear, given him an extensive reputation, and rendered him acceptable to the

largest number of people; or he must occupy some position peculiarly advantageous and conspicuous by accident or by birth. The opportunity offered to the Southern writer for distinction is very slight and insignificant, and that is one thing which discourages every adventure in that direction. But that is not the reason, yet, why we should not establish a good literature of our own. It is not because of the political oppression under which we have lived since the war. circumstances were different before the war, with no better We will not say that it is because of the heat of our climate, as being unproductive of literary talent. It cannot be that no man or woman in the South has the disposition to engage in an occupation of that character. It is not because the Southern people would not lend their support to good magazines if once established. The Northern journals are circulated in the greatest abundance everywhere throughout our whole country, notwithstanding their continued and repeated slurs at the South, which cause them to be execrated by all Southern readers. It is more certain that it is not because no man or woman of the South possesses the literary ability to be a leading member of the journalistic order. There is something else. I do not know what it is, but until our periodical literature is improved, or rather created, no literary effort in any other direction can ever be attempted with success.

No literary talent is sought or discovered at the South. It is not in demand anywhere. There are a great many literary people at the North whose talents are immediately recognized and afforded all of the favor and encouragement of which their abundant magazines are capable. While at the South, everything that partakes of the nature of discouragement and hindrance is heaped upon them till they are crushed out of that paltry and pitiful existence which a few might have gained by a more than ordinary demonstration of intellectual strength. Edgar A. Poe's life, on this account, was a sad and melancholly struggle from its beginning to its close, and if he had not proved a star and a wonder, and struck his name into the annals of American literature with that wild force and freedom

that characterized his genius, we should have lost the golden fruit of his life, as we have of others as great as he, who have left no mark behind them, but whose thoughts and lives have passed away together. Paul H. Hayne has suffered from poverty ever since the war, and although he is engaged in constant literary labor, he is hardly able to live by it; yet he is considered one of the first literary men of the South. Ryan is not the possessor of that splendid fame which his noble and rare genius merits, and how many others who might have descended to the remotest ages of time and lived in the hearts of all succeeding generations, have buried their lives in speechless mausoleums and are numbered with the nameless. is not one woman in the North whose genius can bear a moment's comparison to the strength, the brightness, the sweetness and the power of that of Mary Ashley Townsend; yet how seldom do we see her name or her work? Longfellow alone deserves equal praise with Edgar Fawcett; yet, if any one at this University has met with more than a few of his compositions, it has been but by a fortunate accident. name of Barton G. is but feebly supported in the memory of any one, in consequence of the infrequency of its appearance: yet the tenderness of Burns and the melody of Moore characterize every measure of his composition.

The prose works are comparatively few at the South. notes of travel pass through a single edition. The novels and romances live a little summer among the immediate friends of the authors and languish; yet what would most probably be the result if we could claim the existence of a good number of respectable magazines? There would be an immediate expanse of every industry. Strength and freshness would be immediately manifested in every department of life and labor. there would be a practical reward for the labor and time expended on intellectual culture. There would be some use of an education at the South. (Now there is very little, except for the pleasure and private advantage of its possessor.) Then from silent obscurity would be brought to light the splendor of that universal talent which we know is now latent in the

Then our few books which have hitherto straggled into a worthless existence would no longer—and our new books would never—be branded with the stigmas which the natural hatred and prejudice of Northern reviews have delighted to stamp upon them immediately upon their appearance.

These would be a few of the advantages consequent to their introduction, but the question, why our periodical literature is in the condition that it is, still remains without a satisfactory answer. We speak of our periodical literature of a general, and not of an ecclesiastical character. The latter compares well with that of the North, or of any other place.

But let us hope for a new day to dawn upon us that will bring with it the blessing that we ask; and the first appearance of anything in this line, that bears the genuine marks of worth upon it, should be hailed with supreme encomium, as the earnest of a fuller reward for the patience of our waiting.

ELOQUENCE.

N what does eloquence consist? Ask the silver-tongued orator, as he dwells with soont modulated intonations of his own sonorous voice. probably tell you that it depends upon fluency and the discursive faculty. But it is evident that fluency and the gift of continuance cannot constitute eloquence. There must be something besides mere high-sounding words which please the ear, but do not persuade, which do not set forth thought, but give grounds for the taunt of Voltaire that men employ words only to conceal their thoughts. Pope was right when he said:

> "Words are like leaves; and where they most abound Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found."

It takes a genius indeed to supply great fluency with thought, but on the contrary that mind must indeed be poor, which is not able occasionally to let fall words of wisdom. He, then, that affects to have unfailing subjects for conversation cannot always preserve his reputation for sense, especially if he seek to be at the same time entertaining, yet, on the other hand, be not content to remain always silent, like the owl that rarely makes a sound, but is now generally conceded to be the most stupid bird in the world.

Not only does eloquence not consist in fluency, but we cannot concede it even to appropriateness of diction; for what avails it to speak well, if we do not speak about the right things. One might give a lively and faithful description of the various animals of the arctic zone, but would that prevent a man from wishing to throw off the galling yoke of dependence and servitude? Then something else is requisite besides clearness and force in speaking. It will be found that discrimination is the groundwork of eloquence, that fluency of speech and attractivenes of style are useful, though not always necessary auxiliaries. To learn eloquence then we must learn The little boy at play, as he makes trial of to discriminate. what will please or offend his companions, is acquiring the rudiments of the art of Demosthenes and Cicero. As he grows. he learns; and if great powers of discrimination are united to the necessary but more regular qualities, he bids fair to ripen into an orator, thundering liberty over an oppressed land, or shaking Senates by the magic of his eloquence. You see that in this we defend the character of the orator. His gift is no His mind must be no common mind. For what is the orator's task? It is to collect, to compare, to arrange, to seize at once upon what is most suitable to his purpose, whatever that purpose be. The orator's mind, then, must be marked by great tenacity of memory, must have a capacity of adapting itself to many and very different subjects, must be endowed with great power and concentration of thought. Who shall declare himself equal to the requirements? Let the candidate for immortal honors step forward with due meekness and reverent modesty.

Now we have said that discrimination is the groundwork of elequence, and that fluency of speech and attractiveness of style

are auxiliaries sometimes useful, though not always necessary. Indeed, it is often better that the last two should be entirely absent. We often want not only to adduce reasons which our hearers will admit, and bring to bear cousiderations which, unaffected by foreign influence, would have great weight; but we want to disarm jealousy, to avoid the display of that manifest superiority which is often so fatal to the interests which the speaker is advocating. Thus men have on occasion produced more effect by a few simple words than all the labored flights and studied curls of the so-called highest grade of oratory could have done. Our train of thought leads us to what may seem to some a remarkable decision that a stammerer may be eloquent. To bring the proper points before the minds of the hearers, to do this forcibly and thoroughly, this and this alone is eloquence.

Then let no one despair to attain the art divine on account of slight impediments of speech or poverty of rhetoric. If he is assured of the possession of a great mind, let him go on, for success will crown his efforts. Every man must judge by the effect which his speaking produces, whether he has the gift of eloquence—whether he is capable of persuading.

Andrick

It is our sad duty to chronicle the death of Dr. EDWARD D. CAMPBELL, son of Prof. J. L. Campbell, and an old alumnus of this institution. He died at the residence of his father, November 2d. The funeral services were conducted in his father's house, after which his remains were followed to the grave by a large concourse of sorrowing friends and students and officers of the University.

Deceased had only recently established himself in the practice of his profession at Lexington, and already his youth gave flattering promises which his early death will prevent his age from fulfilling. A recent graduate of the Richmond Medical College, his application was only exceeded by his enthusiasm in his chosen pursuit.

Mr. Campbell had been for several years a consistent member of the Presbyterian church. His last moments were tranquil, and he passed away quietly,

> "Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

His parents and relatives have our sympathy in their sad bereavement.

SIDDARTIIA.

The moon was by the Crab-a sign foretold By priests and sages, at which Buddha, sprung From seed divine, should choose between two ways. The one was fraught with every woe to man-The cries, the tears, the groans of human souls, While bloody conquest was to strike all nations With remembrance of their conqueror; The other promise gave of blessings rich And lasting from Him, the father of us all. But Siddartha's heart was sad, and in the whispering Winds he heard the wail of human kind: His great soul in his god-like bosom throbbed, Giving earnest proud of joy to world's unborn. O Yasodhâra, loveliest of all The dark-eyed maidens of the Sakyas, Siddartha's eyes now seek thy shapely form Beneath the purdah's golden fringe: he starts, Now stops and gazes on that brow where smiles And playful frowns were wont to chase each other, Making a countenance as beautiful And changeable as Indian skies in summer: The cheeks are rosy with young health, the lips, Vermillion-tinted, parting slightly, show The teeth of pearl, while a bosom soft and fair Falls and rises like the gentle swell of the sea. Siddartha lingers long and bends his eyes Upon her feature's perfect symmetry. Then stoops to snatch a last and rapturous kiss From off those lips on which he oft had breathed The amorous sighs of love and ecstasy. The sleeper sighs and slumbers on, and prince Siddartha parts the sacred curtains of The nuptial couch and steals in silence through The midst of beauties, lightly slumbering, Whose office 'tis to carry gladness through His finely wrought and spacious palace halls. 'Tis said he paused, with look irresolute-Such power hath beauty even over gods-But only for a moment, then he bade The faithful Channa his proud charger bring, And good Siddartha, since Light of Asia styled, From forth his gilded pleasure-palace rode At midnight on his jeweled steed Kantaka.

EDITORIAL.

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Washington Lit. Society: Chas. Porterfield, W. Va. A. J. Dufour, La. Graham Lee Society:
L. PEARCE, C. A.
H. T. HOUSTON, Vs.

W. K. CARLISLE, Ky., Business Manager.

REMARKS.

THE assurances which were reiterated in last issue that the Collegian should be made, so far as the Editors are able, a true representative of the students at large, seem to have been not without their effect. We believe that there are fewer students who have refused to take their Collegian's from the Post Office this year than ever before. We are grateful at seeing such general interest manifested, and we hope that all will continue not only to give us pecuniary aid, but to submit to us scraps of prose and verse, so as to keep up by diversity the vigor and interest of our periodical. In looking over our exchanges we find many periodicals, no better than ours, indeed, but with eight and often ten editors each. We see, then, that with us one man must do the work performed elsewhere Now while we do not think it expedient to increase the number of Editors, we do think that the work of the regular staff should be lightened by hints and occasional contributions from outside. These will be of more benefit to the contributors than to us, and since the Societies are shorn of their ornaments and the ambitious can no longer hope for golden honors in the cultus of the god Mercury, Chrysostom must address his prayers to the Muses or take up his pen in the service of Clio, and seek to rival the greatness of the past.

_THE BOXING CLUB.

THOUGH we are painfully aware that the suggestions of the Collegian are seldom acted upon, we think that one should never weary of giving good counsel. Foot ball is fast becoming unpopular on account of the disagreeable weather, and many feel the need of something to beguile the long rainy evenings. What more manly or healthful exercise than boxing! Boxing is deservedly popular among English and American In England especially the pugilistic science has been so well cultivated and so zealously supported that the fame of its disciples has penetrated to the remotest parts of the earth. Not confined to students, the art was practised by the sons of the wealthier families, who formed themselves into clubs which aroused great enthusiasm and were attended with immense success. Did a stout churl who depended solely on his muck, give trouble, a man was brought out that had seen practice with the gloves, and seldom did science have to yield to mere brute strength. In those good old days proficiency in boxing was as necessary to the student as a knowledge of Greek or Latin, and it was often an accomplishment which he took infinitely more pride in. He cultivated it as a distinguishing characteristic, as an instrument for enforcing his individuality and for the manifest superiority which a knowledge of the art The American student has shown no disposition to be behind in anything. Let us not be behind in this. The expenses of organization are merely nominal and rooms can be ; easily obtained. Foils might also be had and fencing made a part of the exercise. We are confident that some step will be taken soon in this direction, and we predict even greater success than has hitherto attended such efforts among us.

THE MESS HALL.

EVERAL times have we taken up our sacreligious pen to disturb the fatal quiet of a chronic ulcer which has been festering in the body of our corporation politic for more than

one year past. Our old Mess Hall is reckoned among the things that were. The rains of the changing seasons have fallen to a depth of perhaps eighty inches on the site which it once occupied, since its demise. The dews of melting Heaven have wept their moisture on its ashes, but its desolation changeth not, changeth not! A voice of silent protestation declares that it is not the Phænix and cannot rise from its ashes without external aid. If the Board of Trustees are waiting for this much-wished-for event, it cannot be.

Our old Mess Hall was advantageous in at least two ways. In the first place, it furnished a cheap boarding house for the poorer class of students and, in this way, was a great inducement for them to attend College. In the second place it furnished a hall, well-nigh indispensable, for the accommodation; of hoppists and others that seek by hilarity to increase the longevity of their lives. The Society halls which have been of late used for Final Balls and other entertainments are insecure to the extent of being dangerous. The question arises, why is not a building the need of which is so generally felt rebuilt? Some say that money is not to be had. If we believed this, we would say no more; but we understand that the loss of the old Mess Hall was fully covered by the insurance. Has the insurance company failed? We hav'nt heard of it. Where then is the money gone? Let those whose duty it is to supply this needful building answer.

SOME FRIENDLY ADVICE.

HERE are men in almost every town and city of the United States, that do not advertise, yet derive profit from the efforts of the local press. There are men in every city that oppose all city improvements, however useful, that involve the outlay of a few dollars. They walk sometimes in the public parks; but they take no notice of the children laughing and playing upon the green grass that skirts the smooth gravel walks or the merry groups, so busily chatting on rustic seats. The soul of such a man is not touched, even

when he inhales the genial breeze scented with flowers, and hears the sweet music of singing birds. He has a close, stingy look out of his eyes. He is thinking what a fine lot of groceries the money thus spent would have purchased. recognize one of Dickens' "squeezing, wrenching, grasping, covetous old sinners." He wants some of the cream of everything, but doesn't want to pay anything additional for it. He thinks that the butcher ought to let him have steak at the price that others pay for the meaner parts of the beef. Now, it is our opinion that it was intended for these men to have been born some hundreds of years ago, but that they were delayed in the hatching. Either the shell membrane was too tough for them to emerge in their own day, or there was some defect in the quantity or the quality of the original protoplasm. The above is the picture of these men as they appear in the But they begin to develop qualities early. Some of them are fortunate enough to have the advantages of a collegiate education. At colleges they do not join any boat club. base-ball club, or any other club which would necessitate the outlay of a single dollar. They attend, perhaps, the literary societies, but never get their consent to join one; they read their college paper, but never commit so great a blunder as to subscribe for it. Such persons never take a degree, and they leave college firmly impressed with the idea that everybody they meet is trying to take advantage of them. We do not write this article to hurt the feelings of any one. whom it applies are too callous. But since their feelings are no longer accessible, we appeal to their reason, and ask them is this a wise course to pursue? You see that in connection with this subject we dismiss entirely the question of financial ability. Surely the young man that is considered important enough to be sent to college, can command in the course of a term two dollars and a-half of pocket money. Now, we do not press these considerations upon any one, but we assure every one of our readers that there is something in what we say. We advise those that are fast contracting parsimonious habits, to get rid of them as soon as possible, as impediments that will continually hinder their progress in life.

AN ABUSE.

E are not one of those who take delight in raising their voices against imaginary abuses. We hope that it is not ours to be unreasonable in theory or erroneous in practice, but we believe in giving every man his due. All are liable to make mistakes; the wise alone set about correcting them. He that persists, after being shown the error of his ways, must be looked upon as having insuperable difficulties in the way of his reform, or be regarded in the unenviable light of an obstinate and prejudiced blockhead. Now, it is our opinion that for several years the Latin, Greek and Mathematical Medal has been placed beyond the reach of the highest college minds. The hope of an honor is held out to the student who has necessarily given but a limited time to each of the subjects embraced; whereas the nature of the test examination might well suppose him a universal expert in all. It would be a great deal more charitable to nip his ambitious spirit in the bud by giving him such marks as would effectually preclude his aspiring to higher things. We do not believe that a man who has all but acquired his A. M. should be "flunked out" at the merest caprice of the professor, and be reduced to the humiliation of waiting on each member of the Faculty in private, begging a new examination and all that sort of thing, or else lose the well-earned rewards of five or six years of hard study and diligent application. No doubt some take delight in humbling human pride. If this, speaking with reference to our subject, is the aim of the Faculty, we can only say that they adopt a refined method and one eminently suited to give pleasure to the professional mind, animated by the memory of its own glorious "flunks." The plan with respect to so-called favorites seems to be at first to shower "flushing honors thick upon him," then to cause "a frost, a killing frost" which,

> "When he thinks, good, easy man, full surely His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root, And then he falls."

The method in which the examinations for the above-

mentioned medal are now conducted, give coloring to what has been suggested, that in some way the means for purchasing the medal have been exhausted and that members of the Faculty are careful not to place in the reach of applicants something that they would not have the means to purchase. We do not imagine that these remarks will have any influence on that incorrigible body, the Faculty; but we think that it is well that our views on this point should be known.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

HE Sunday afternoon prayer meeting, as is usually the case at the beginning of the session, has so far been well attended. But we are sorry to notice that but few of those present take part in conducting the services. Why such is the case we are unable to explain, unless it be from diffidence. We are not prepared to say that so few take an interest in their Master's cause, that so many are unconcerned about their own spiritual welfare. The condition of the association indicates the character of the students as a body. If its pulse beats low, we may expect the card table and billiard room to receive a corresponding vigor. No society or college association has a broader or nobler field of work than the Y. M. C. A., and if such be the case none should so engage the attention and care of the students.

College and Campus.

"God be praised and the ladies pleased!"

B. of La., still continues to give the scripture on disputed points.

A freshman applying for entrance into Greek said that he had read Homer, Anabasis, Plato, Xenophon and Crito. He passed.

A certain well-known character says that there are too d—n many smart men in this college for him.

"Paradise" has but one occupant, who is monarch of all he surveys.

"Carl" has buried the Hatchet, but mourns over his Grave(s).

S., of Va., says as "old Nick" has been grinding his teeth all morning, he is going to be chawed.

H. P. S., of La., wants to know if it wasn't *Herodotus* who ordered John the Baptist's head to be struck off.

S. C., of S. C., says that the "Woman's Right's" bill was passed in Penn. in 1854.

M., of Ky., says he is such a crack shot, that he once hit the target 13 out of 14 times with blank cartridges.

S., of Va., told a Y. L., that he was full of curiosities, and he proceeded to explain.

P. of Va., when seen last, was rushing up the street to procure a copy of Shakspere's "How you like it."

Our Business Manager is indefatigable. Stir us up C.

THE JUNIOR'S LAMENT.

Hy head is aching sore,
My pony leaves are tore—
Heu me miserum!

I'll plump through any way, Just as I do every day— Heu me miserum!

Latin won't do to sing in,
But I like it to complain in—
Heu me miserum!

What will they think at home, When my report shall come— Heu me miscrum!

His last words were muttered, But the lamp loudly spluttered— Heu me miscrum!

And still, like the beating rain, Came the sorrowing refrain— Heu me miserum!

P., of Miss., wants to know if the "Judge" was an "Alumni of the University.

Who is the Soph. that mourns the loss of a middle sex.

P., of Miss., inquired if Cincinnati, O., stood for Cincinnati Oration.

"Carl" speaks of a girl in lowa transferring her land to another man.

M., of Ky., asks if everybody are invited to the Hop, and thinks that everybody who are invited ought to attend. M. prides himself on his grammar.

It is said that the Faculty spend much valuable time in leading the Collegian.

Long Alex. S., of West Va., says that he can manipulate "two oars" with great freedom, but that "one oars" gets the better of him.

J. W. W. G., of Ala., says that he is ambidexter, and proceeds to prove it by showing that he can use his feet as well as his hands.

Guff, alias Freshie, alias J. G., of Va., 'lows how that is all sanscript to him.

Who was it that said, Mr. Bugg is a very good fellow, but he is rather too long, frequents Meadors and has Eels for his friends?

C., of Ky., says that Justinian's general Narses was a man that had been a eunuch.

Prof. H. tells us not to translate too literally; hence S., of Va., rather than translate "Deutsche" Dutchman, translates it Irishman instead. That man deserves to be a beer-drinker rather than Paddy's cousin.

B., of Va., wishes to know if Old Hatchet would make Smith quit making faces at him if he were to ask him.

Our indignation was stirred by the numerous typographical errors in the last Collegian. We thought to correct them, but caste aside our cards in utter despair, when we felt the axes of the world move. We promise to premise only this, without going further.

P., of Ky., asks H. of Roanoke, whether in Virginia they cat hickory nuts boiled or roasted.

L. P., of C. A., says that Society Celebrations bring profit to the apothecary shops. He probably meant confectionery shops.

'Tis said that some members of the Faculty can only make out their marks by the aid of the black art.

"I'll give her up, Stony; I'll give her up." We wonder that the mild suggestion was not mutually adopted.

M., from Greenbrier, is decidedly interested in the art of elecution, and we hear that he stops occasionally on his way to College to take lessons.

The Editors run up to Washington every now and then.

the Grecian History.

L., of La., when asked by a young lady what kind of music he liked best, replied that he was very fond of *vocal songs*.

Don't the top of "Old Jim's" head look (h)airy?

D., of La., finds the quotation, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth," in the book of *Hesiod*. Search the Scriptures.

At the solemn hour of midnight, when the moon looked down upon the peaceful burg of Lexington, a student, who was hovering near the gate of a fair one's domicile, was heard to utter: "Whose ducky art thou? Thou art my ducky. Come sweet ——, let me clasp you to my manly bosom." Sad to relate, it was the old "gent." The spot which was once so dear to that student has lost all its charms. He says insanity. runs in the family.

Don't forget the address of the fighting editor.

Notice—"Fatty" has moved his law office into town, where he can give special attention to clients.

North Dormitory, much to the delight (?) of its occupants, runs two fiddles every night. Music! Oh, music! how many discords are committed in thy name.

SUNTAXANOMA.

The eye of heaven, closing,
Was winking at the Land;
The very Buggs were dozing
In the Meadors close at hand;
Beyond a Brownfield lay,
All flanked about with Towers,
Through which a Bear his way
Did Steele in the twilight hours.
With his eyes he seeks to Pearce
The darkness of the Parks,
While at something huge and fierce
The 'frighted house-dog barks.

The flocks detect their Bain Afar, nor Barrett long, But headlong flee amain The hills and Craigs among. But a Bowman seized his bow, And a Christian joined the chase; Three Smiths, too, with hammers go To 'tend to bruin's case. Through Mountcastle bruin pasted, While making Goode his flight; For one can make Hay as fast In sunshine and at night. But the beast 'mid many bothers, And oft at fearful odds, Gained the Seats of his fathers And the Temples of his gods.

ALUMNI.

- J. T. Akers, '74-'75-'76-'77-'78-'79, A. M., medal-taker and scholarship man, has returned from Texas, and is now engaged in teaching at Fincastle, Va. He isn't married yet. Isn't "zat" funny?
- W. H. Barton, A. B., no longer cheers us with his smiles. He is teaching "the young idea how to shoot," at or near Eureka Mills, Charlotte county, in this State.
- W. S. Campbell, A. M., (?) member of Y. M. C. A., treasurer of Graham Lee Literary Society, has gone to Tensas Parish, La., to fill a position as private tutor. "Wooly's" indefatigable energy, unfailing resource and popularity with the ladies will always carry him through.
- J. R. Jordan, A. B., has a lucrative position as teacher at Clinton, La. Buzz's genial smile is missed from the Campus.
- Wm. D. Brent, an old Alumnus of this College, is now a member of the well-known law firm of Fish & Brent at Covington, Ky.
- E. C. Day, A. B., prize-essayist, '77-'78-'79, is reading law in Cynthiana, Ky. He hopes to return next year. He still mashes the *calic*.

PHILADELPHIA, November 3d, 1880.

Dear Collegian: Perhaps you have noticed how soon an Alumnus finds all his college acquaintances scattered. There are very few men at W. & L. U. this session who know me, I suppose—in fact, hardly any beside the delegation from Lexington proper. So I will confine myself to Alumnus news, for fear of boring somebody. I don't meet many, up here the most stalwart of northern cities, and saw more during a week's vacation in September than in a whole year in town. Passing through Charlestown, W. Va. I saw Francis

Leavell, (A. M., Santini Medalist, and several other incumbrances,) who told me he was going in a few days to the Episcopal Theological Seminary at Alexandria, where he probably is now. Francis was looking well, and when he becomes a preacher he will probably give the heterodox some hard blows every Sunday.

At Staunton I saw Robert F. Campbell, another A. M. of recent date, who was looking about town because it was Saturday and he had no teaching to do. Bob is instructing the wayward rural small boy at Tinkling Spring, and looked dignified enough to lick a whole school room full of him on a moment's notice.

In the course of my further wanderings I struck Charleston, the capital of West Virginia (that is, if the said capital ever gets tired of scooting up to Wheeling and back again) on a court day, and found two Alumni who had just made themselves famous, locally. They were William A. McCorkle, '73-'4-'5-'6-'7 &c., stroke of the Harry Lee first crew, and popularly known as Fireman Billy; and James W. Kennedy, another B. L. They were in high spirits, having just won a \$700 suit for damages against the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway Company, which corporation, of course, had employed the best lawyer it could find in Charleston, among the old men. But the young men got away with him this time. McCorkle and Kennedy are rising youths around Charleston, and don't you forget it.

James R. Winchester, A. B., Debater's Medalist W. L. S. 1874, is a full fledged Episcopal preacher now, and has been laboring in Hale county, Alabama. He is very much liked, and is rising in the estimation of the Bishop.

Lon V. Stephens, 1876-'7, who is an officer of the Central National Bank, Boonville, Mo., got married there not long ago. Look here, Mr. Intelligent Compositor, if you don't set that name "Lon" (not "Lou") I'll brain you with a composing stick.

J. Harvey McCleary, B. L. 1872-3 or somewhere along there, is now Attorney General elect of Texas. The Collegian always said Mac would rise, and watch out for him in Congress some of these days.

Well, brethren, I have nt any more news for you, and so I will wait till you come again with news for me. Kiss the Faculty for me, and greet the calico in conformity with the statute in such case made and provided. I am happy to observe that the Sons of Con-

fucius, like D. Webster, ain't dead yet, but I hope that "George" is no longer decorated with ancient hats and retired dusters. Some Professor might see it and say "I wonder if they mean this for wit!"

FLICKER.

NEAR LOUISVILLE, October 6th, 1880.

Messrs. Editors: — Having an evening unengaged by calico, or otherwise, I will send you a few personals gleaned by hearsay in some instances, but reliable enough to be of interest to readers of the "Collegian."

The first chronicles the death of an old Alumnus of Washington College; the Rev. Francis Thornton, at the age of eighty-five. It would be as futile as it is unnecessary to attempt an eulogy on such a life as his.

Arch Robinson, Sen., '75-'78, is in the hardware house of Robinson Bros., Louisville, and is one of the partners.

- Geo. A. R. (The Old Gent), will doubtless receive attention from the local editor, and therefore need not be mentioned here. Hope the local Ed. is a young man, or at least, not gray.
- O. W. Thomas, "Perg," is in the Pork business with O. W. Thomas & Co. Perg accomplished the wonderful feat of sitting his bicyle, motionless, for an hour. Perg can't do it on all occasions though.

Josh Billitt has hung out his shingle, and is also commander of Co. E., of the Louisville Legion. Company E. is the crack cavalry corps. Josh got a case by threatening to prosecute a man for beating a mule. "Fid" says "good scheme."

A. W. Gaines, "Fid," session '77-'80, has been visiting Louisville with a view to settling here. Mrs. Gaines likes Louisville, and we hope her influence will be used to bring him to our city. Come on, Fid, old boy, we'll appeal every time we get fined by a magistrate, and give you the case. Dern our eyes if we don't.

Harry, Don and Roy McDonald were encountered near the Courier Journal building recently.

Hunter McDonald, session '78-'79, is in Natchez. "Hokey pokey minkey fum" &c.

W. H. Dulaney, "Pupe," contemplates studying law again this winter. "Rah for the 'merchants and mechanics."

Tom Shreves is still in Louisville.

W. S. Forrester was here recently, but present whereabouts unknown to us. Possibly tidings of "Dick" might be had in Lexingington. Dick didn't get the Int. Math. but still —.

For some time John Bullitt and your servant have been trying to discover what amusement Noah had in the ark rainy days, when he couldn't stay on deck for a chicken fight, and it was too dark in the hold.

No tidings of Geo. A. Sykes, the "curver;" fowls of the air probably sprang up and devoured him. If heard from will notify you.

I remain yours, to command,

W. D. CARTER, "JACK."

[Mr. Carter's communication contained some who were noticed in last issue.]

EXCHANGES.

Again we come to the rather unpleasant task of reviewing a few of our exchanges. It is so hard to give a just and impartial estimate. It is so easy to censure. From our earliest infancy we begin to find fault with others, and we may detect in the fretting babe the incipient critic. The method of criticism now in vogue is faulty in the extreme. We should not cry out with such vehemence against the bad. What we should condemn is the absence of good. We are far from wishing, however, that the editors of the collegiate press should form among themselves a mutual admiration society for the purpose of lauding merits that are, equally with those that are not possessed by the different members. A critic should be above all things just. He should be one

"That would not flatter Neptune for his trident, Or Jove for his power to thunder."

From the pile of exchanges on our table, we take up one at random. It is the Acta Columbiana. We live in an age too fast for improvement, and this is exemplified by the Acta. We are afraid that we won't keep up with the times, and we run hither and thither in search of news. Now, this curiosity to know what is going on is to a certain extent praiseworthy, but beyond a fixed limit it is puerile and beneath the dignity of any one, more especially the student. Why should we manifest a fever-sh desire to learn and conform to the ways of the world? Let us, rather, quietly pursue our own good, reflecting that such as press forward for their own improvement in an independent course will one day be representatives of the world's progress. The Acta, as usual, has no essays. The

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Acta says give us something short and racy. It would be trite to say that we are preparing for future life, and that this life is not made up of things short and racy, but it would, nevertheless, be true. There are three possible kinds of College Journal—namely, one filled chiefly with essays, representing student progress and improvement in essentials; another filled with base ball and athletic sports, with a minute account of how the thing was done at the latest boat race, serving as an organ for college gossip and college idleness. A third is a judicious combination of the other two. But on this point our views and those of the Acta are diametrically opposite.

The Nassau Lit. of Princeton is a ponderous magazine. Of course no one ever reads it entire. The motto of its first essay is, "Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitae." Alas, too much sweetness is fatal, as the fly said when he fell into the jug of molasses. We are pleased to note that the Nassau Lit. appreciates essays at their true value. A Principle of Criticism is sound. If genius was so entirely original as to be incapable of learning from others, the discoveries of thousands of years, which we cherish so fondly, would go for nothing. The author quotes from Emerson: "What is a great man but one of great affinities, who takes up into himself all arts, sciences, all knowables as his food? * * Every book is a quotation; and every house is a quotation out of all forests and mines and stone quarries; and every man is a quotation from all his ancestors."

We have received the Seminarian for October. The Seminarian is an eight-page sheet, published at the Virginia Theological Seminary. It reflects honor upon its projectors and supporters. We clip the following:

"Mr. F. K. LEAVELL has been appointed by the Trustees of the Seminary an instructor in the Preparatory Department.

"Mr. Leavell is a Master of Arts and Medalist of Washington and Lee University, and we congratulate the gentlemen of the Preparatory Department in obtaining so thorough a scholar and cultivated gentleman, such as we know Mr. Leavell to be, as the successor of Mr. T. J. Packard, whose ordination rendered the appointment of another instructor necessary; and the Seminary, in having so brilliant an addition to the number of its students."

The Richmond College Messenger, though not one of the most pretentious, is one of the most substantial of our many exchanges. The article "Aunt Winnie," is pathetic and appreciative. The author knows how to elaborate and bring out by appropriateness of expression little touches of feeling. We are wholly unable to account for Aunt Winnie's death. She was no doubt subject to apoplexy, which the author forgot to mention. De Cimice is better than the average parody, but otherwise vile.

What influence can be at work upon college students, that has already created, and is still increasing, the mania for holding up to laughter and ridicule all that has hitherto been held meritorious and worthy of respect? Their efforts in this direction often serve to show their unskillfulness and lack of appreciation of that which is essentially valuable. All will admit that there is very little room for the exercise of talent in writing a parody. It has become the last refuge of stale humor and diseased wit. A man that can do nothing else can write a parody. A better name for it would be catody or hesody. No doubt the first parody that was ever written was entertaining, but don't poke straw all day to a well-fed horse. Will college editors give us a rest on this miserable, pointless hesody?

The essays in the Virginia University Magazine are rather pretentious; but we beg to be excused from the task of reading forty pages of such matter. The editors "seriously and emphatically object to being cussed out, as is often the case, by every ass that takes it upon himself," &c. Such language shows desperation, and we suppose that the editor's digestion was bad, or at least that he had the gripes in his stomach,

caused by the "hairy, stale, tough, indigestible grub," brought forward in so pathetic a manner on the next page. no doubt that the editor will cease to be "cussed out," for we think that it would be quite ungentlemanly in "every ass" not to discontinue under the circumstances. A little further on we find: "Why is the University now like the hills about the Sabine farm of Horace? Because it is full of 'goats.'" We beg pardon for not understanding the allusion, but we thought the answer was going to be: "Because it is full of sheep." The remarks of the editor at the beginning of the exchange department confirm the opinion before expressed of He picks up the Princetonian; his extreme desperation. praises its taste for having just "twelve pages of advertisements, and the same number of reading matter." Doubtful what to say next, and still desperate, he extols it for containing a parody of Poe's Raven! Good Heavens! to write parody oneself is bad enough, but to hear it praised in another is beyond the limit of human endurance.

DOOTE TOTAL

essentially reliable. It is hardly fair to the Collegian, however, as it makes no allowance for our progress in the last two years, but still describes us as we were in the session of '77-'8.

The book is published by Gco. P. Rowell & Co., New York, cloth \$5.00.

Happy Songs, published by Thomas Kane & Co., Chicago,

is a small book containing a number of beautiful songs for the school room and family circle. It is something which is of continual use and is well calculated to perform the functions allotted to it.

The Western Farmer of America is sent to us by Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., from London. It seems to have been written by one of the Cobden Club, and of course advocates free trade as the true interest of the Western farmer. The American farmer must feel flattered by the missionary zeal displayed in his behalf by members of the Cobden Club. The book no doubt contains some sound doctrine.

Grave and Gay.

It is said that a certain professor of chemistry, who is accustomed to make annual experiments for his classes on a jet of burning hydrogen, introduced successively into glass tubes of various shapes and sizes, has come at last to believe that each tube gives out not one only but many separate notes, varying in both compass and quality. The explanation is this: The members of his different classes have not, for years, failed to imitate, each in his own manner, the sound given out by each tube; so that it has always appeared to the professor, who is a little deaf, that several sounds issued simultaneously from the burning gas. Moral: There are many things in heaven and earth, Johnnie, that are not dreamt of in your philosophy.

Scene in Chapel during the Sermon.—Dr: "I'm in——" (Dreaming Junior interrupting:) "Cost yer five more to draw cards."—Ex.

A friend tells us that a gentleman connected with the telephone office, down town, kneeled down to say his prayers one night and, in a fit of absentmindedness, commenced: "Halloo! Halloo, there! Halloo-o-o—oh!!—Messenger.

A juvenile's version of a familiar passage in history: "Queen Candas was *inverted* to christianity and all her *objects* followed suit."

LAMENT OF MORAL:

"We know not if we know we know, We know not if we be, Then surely we can never know About Psychology."—Review.

Talkative young lady to tourist who had been reading in public an account of some of his travels: Mr. II., there were times in your reading when I found myself quite unable to

hear. (Mr. H. slightly nettled:) I heard you however very distinctly all the way through.

THE HAMMOCK.

In a hammock, 'neath the maples,
Swung a junior and a maid,
While the golden autumn sunset
Flecked the grass with light and shade.

From the nature of a hammock
Both reclined with easy grace,
As the wind her auburn tresses
Softly blew across his face.

Light they waved as on his shoulder Nestled she her curly head, And the soughing of the breezes Half concealed the words they said.

But I thought I heard him whisper "Only one kiss, Mabel dear,"
Then came softly back the answer,
"Harry, you've been drinking beer."

Columbia Spectator.

"A LUTE UNSWEPT AND A HARP WITHOUT STRINGS."

"This song of soul I struggle to outbear
Through portals of the sense, sublime and whole,
And utter all myself into the air;
But if I did it—as the thunder roll
Breaks its own cloud—my flesh would perish there
Before the dread apocalypse of soul."—Mrs. Browning.

Let me be silent till heaven-taught,
I purge the baseness of a sin,
That would with words but freeze a thought,
That breathes a painful joy within.

I blush to say that could I tell,
All of my dream in all my breath,
The shock would come so tempest-like,
I'd perish in a nerve-wrought death.

But know I, whether speak and die
Or hold a life—there's little choice—
In dreams without their eloquence,
And deep, deep love that knows no voice.

I lay a worthless hand among
The silver strings that fain would flow
In wilder torrent-burst of song,
Than these slow fingers ever know.

But let me sigh, 'twill never come,
Strange thought that burns for aye alone,
Hot as some strong man's tears choked back
Within the bosom of a groan.

My soul's a vacant wool where clouds Obscure a day that's never fair; Where lonely birds steal in to die, And leave their dying echoes there.

And oh! how darkly comes the night,
With all his great brow washed in blood;
From sleep the nighthawk wakes to scream
His awful dirges in that wood.

Alas! my lips bring but a breath
That thinks to blow that forest down,
With hardly strength to lift a tress,
That wanders from the clustered brown.

THE

SOUTHERN COLLEGIAN,

Washington and Lee University.

"Quidquid praecipies, esto brevis."

Vol. XIII.

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NUMBER III.

MEDITATIONS.

T is related that the holy Buddha, when first he bethought himself of saving the race of men, sat cross-legged for many months under a mango tree, wrapped in silent meditation. At last, amid the war of the elements, rain, winds, hail, thunder and lightning, and while all manner of unclean spirits were trying to divert him from his great object, he attained the truth, and thereafter went forth to preach it to kings and peoples, supporting himself by asking alms. this day, in imitation of their great founder, the Buddhist priests sit cross-legged in raised niches in the temple walls, resembling so many statues of stone, gazing into vacancy. Worshipers at these temples prostrate themselves before the niches, without so much as a wink of recognition from the But though they sit like Buddha sat, they do not occupants. think as Buddha thought. It is said that Mahomet was of a very despondent nature, and often wandered alone in the deserts of Arabia, now revolving wild thoughts of suicide, now of man's mysterious nature and fate after death. What was at first wild incoherency, gradually emerged from chaos and confusion, and finally that was given definite form and shape by the soundness of his judgment, which was afterwards supported by the natural or artificial enthusiasm of his mind. And so many other examples might be given, showing the importance of secret thought and silent meditation, and that this importance, arising from the advantageous results ensuing, has been recognized by all men and all times. Jesus often retired to pray. The Catholic priests, including the monks and nuns of the Middle Ages, were firm believers in ecstasy and raptures, which could only be felt when alone. Now, though our meditations be of little value to any but ourselves, still it is characteristic of good sense, and also necessary that we should, in order to meet fairly and squarely the issues of life, consider our own nature, the character of our circumstances and surroundings, and our probable fate. Such a course enables us to estimate aright the quality of actions, frees us from disproportioned thoughts, and thus causes us to add our mite to the production and perfection of harmony in the universe. that never stops to think is guilty of very censurable and very unaccountable conduct; he that cannot think is a fool.

The thinking mind has ever been forcibly struck by the rapid rise and premature decay of all things earthly. He pores over the history of former times. He is surprised at the number and the power of the kings that have arisen and fallen as the ages have lapsed. He journeys into Egypt, into the deserts of mid-Asia. He stands awe-struck before the stupendous, though fallen, majesty of ruins that might have been, so it seems to him, coeval with the world. In Europe, under the shadow of the Alps, he stumbles upon the villas of ancient magnificence, now time-ruined and covering the earth with debris. In the wilds of America he meets with mounds to whose antiquity the forest trees on their summits bear witness. He reflects that all these are the works of beings like himself, and that, though

"He lose himself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save its own dashings—yet—the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of ages began, have laid them down
In their last sleep."

But what is the world, and what is man? Who says that he shall reign for a brief season, then die and be forgot? This question has been often proposed, and differently answered. According to the character of the answer given by various individuals, we have diverse views of life and mutually divergent and inconsistent theories with regard to death and our final destination after death. To enumerate all the different religions that have appeared in the world, and to describe all the different shades of opinion that have been entertained, would be an endless task. It seems that in this department of thought, as in all others, man has been making continual improvement. The crude and necessarily imperfect notions of Deity, which in the earliest ages were held by savage and semi-civilized races, have given place to conceptions more just, more perfect and more reasonable, such in short as are in accordance with the clearer dictates of civilized and enlightened minds. Now some may think that that capacity for improvement, and that reason which is able to lead from rude and imperfect beginnings to higher things, is no longer necessary, since we now have a revelation, embracing rules of action and conceptions of the Deity, the perfection of which a mind that was only human could never have reached. But there are many things in the Christian bible which are left in a great measure to the interpretation of the reader, and in which his good sense alone can afford him aid. Yes, the greatest of English divines was right, though his thought must be a little modified. son must come, not to the aid of the word of God, but to the aid of our poor weak human minds.

Man is after all the votary of love and pleasure—supremely selfish even beyond belief. If you would win him, it must be by holding out to him the hope of pleasures which he himself could never attain. The religion most suitable to his reason and inclination in this life, and the one that promises him the greatest pleasure in the life to come, is the one most likely to convert him. We would gladly believe otherwise, but alas! the conclusion forces itself upon us. There is an apparent exception. So closely is the idea of sin and retribution con-

nected in the human mind, such firm believers are we in the truth expressed by the sententious maxim, "Every rose has its thorn," that we find it impossible to eradicate it. Yet he that would introduce a new religion must not make the penances for sin too great, and must be sure that the rewards seem sufficiently bountiful. This last is generally attained by saying that the pleasures of the good in the future state are greater than mortal can declare. In all religions, as we have said before, selfishness predominates, though often disguised and converted by enthusiasts into an imaginary love and reverence for a supreme being. Hypocrites and enthusiasts differ in this, that the former perceive that their religion is selfishness, while the latter do not. The one class is made up of wise men insincere, the other of earnest fools. Now there is no question as to which of these classes it is preferable to belong. the hypocrite falls into misfortune, he has no way of comforting himself except by incurring the charge of inconsistency, while the fool in earnest can be happy, and indeed he is never so happy as when all the world hiss him. This consideration should teach us not to be lavish of our disapprobation of fools. Hisses, which correct the wise, confirm the foolish.

Love is undoubtedly the strongest principle of our nature. Nothing can be done without it. It enters into everything, determines everything.

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove, And men below and saints above; For love is heaven, and heaven is love."

Please do not pronounce the above inappropriate just yet. Love enters into and is one of the chief supports of all religion. It may be sensual love, we may call it the pure and unselfish love of a supreme being for erring creatures: we will not discuss that point. The followers of Buddha say he is great and pitiful, that he entertains unbounded love for the race of men. On their death, Nirvana is the portion of his followers. According to the Buddhists, to sink into the bosom of the Lord, to lose oneself by such annihilation, were happiness indeed.

"He goes
Unto Nirvana. He is one with life,
Yet lives not." He is blest, ceasing to be,
OM Mani Padme, OM! the dewdrop slips
Into the shining sea!"

Mahomet thought it necessary to depart from this ideal and subtle standard of love. From the refinements so hard to realize, he passed to the base and sensual. "In Paradise every pleasure that can gratify the senses awaits the faithful. Seventy-two Houris, or blackeyed girls, of resplendent beauty, will be created for the use of the meanest believer, who will dwell in palaces of marble, clothed in robes of silk, and surrounded by the costliest luxuries." Christianity alone rises above the low sensualism of the one, and the imaginary character of the enjoyments of the other.

CLASSIC MUSIC.

LL who have given thought to the subject, admit that Music exerts a beneficial influence upon man; that it is as direct a gift of his Creator as Language; and that it was given to cheer and to purify, to reveal, where Poetry fails, the hidden meaning of Nature, and to lift man up from a mere intellectual machine, into an æsthetic spirit. To neglect and abuse this gift or to debase its ends, is no trifling offence. The parent who should put dime novels into the hands of a child on the ground that they were suited to his comprehension, and that works of a more elevated character would prove wearisome without creating a correct taste, would justly fall under the severest censure. Yet a mistake in the musical education of American children, equally great and almost as serions in its consequences, is daily committed without a protest. From this mistake it partly arises that we fall so far below Europeans in all that relates to the higher culture of our nature, that we, to speak plainly, are, as a nation, vulgar.

But the error arises, we are convinced, from ignorance. And this ignorance is of two kinds—Honest and Conceited. Let us consider first that ignorance which denominates all music other than the simplest songs and waltzes—"Scientific." The

man of this class is possibly a reader of Shakspeare, Milton, or Macaulay; and knowing many mere novel readers who can see no beauty in works where the plot is of comparative insignificance, the language and noble thoughts every thing, is willing to admit that there may be beauty in "This Scientific Music with no tune in it"; but as for him and his house, "The good old airs" are fine enough. He cannot appreciate all this bang of List and Wagner, nor the trills and turns of the Italian Opera (nor can any one else of sound mind). Confounding this bosh with Classic Music under the sweeping name-Scientific, as if all music were not formed in accordance with scientific rules, as all books are written according to the rules of Grammar, he gives up in despair trying to understand it, and in consequence neglects his own and his children's proper musical culture. They are allowed to run wild over a vast desert of waltzes and sentimental ballads, or, what is worse, of Operatic airs, which are in Music what dime novels, sensational newspapers, or Mrs. Holmes' and Mark Twain's works are in Literature.

We speak of Operatic airs as worse, because there is danger of one who dabbles in these, falling into that more deplorable and hopelessly irrecoverable state—Conceited Ignorance. To this class belong those, for the most part city people, who, having heard Il Trovatore, La Traviata and the Bohemian Girl, and knowing how to sing an air or two from each, set themselves up as persons of exquisite taste. They are surprised and quite incredulous when told that, with the exception of the Oratorios and a very few German Operas, no Operatic music is Classic. On this class arguments and facts are but thrown away. To the former we bring glad tidings. The bang and trilling which you have been called upon to worship, but to which no chord of your heart responded, is a false deity, an idol of stone. Look beyond—the true divinity rests in dignity, calm and supreme, above the noise of earth.

Give a child learning to read, the Bible; and to the daughter, after a year of scales and five-finger exercises, give a collection of easy selections from Beethoven, such as Nos. 758 or 142 of

Edition Peters, Leipzig. If lighter music she must have, to suit the popular taste of her friends, let it be Chapin's Mazurkas, Waltzes and Nocturnes. But it is a great mistake to suppose that no light and melodious music is to be found in the Classics. Weber, for example, is full of melody; and some of the divinest songs ever breathed by human lips are found in Hayden's Schöpfung (Creation.)

Many parents feel that it is a waste of time and money to have music taught for four or five years to children who will give it up a month after marriage. But if a course be given them, beginning with easy selections from Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, Music will have so entwined itself around their nature that not even death can sever the union.

New beauties opening before the students of these five fathers, lure them on in quest of more, every step giving strength for the next. And a woman whose soul is engrossed with a passion like this, will never seek matrimony merely as a refuge from ennui; nor after marriage give up the labor of years. But the sanctifying influence of her noble art will pervade the household, and the children reared in such an atmosphere will be pure and refined.

To the objection that few are able to attain excellence such as described, we reply that it is better to go a little way on the right path, than complete the journey on the wrong; for who knows what strength may be given the beginner as he proceeds in the right way, and but that he may soon reach the goal, which is, in the notes of the Masters of Harmony, to worship Him, by whose inspiration they wrote.

3

CONTENTMENT.

HEN an opinion has become deeply rooted in the prejudices of the people, and has received the sanction that antiquity grants, although baneful in its effects, it is a matter of great moment to attack it, and often the would-be benefactor of his race, instead of receiving the gratitude of mankind, only wins the reputation of a reckless innovator, and is looked on as an enemy to ancient institutions. one hears praises heaped without number and unceasingly on a vice mistaken for a virtue, he cannot refrain from raising his voice against it. During the whole period of our life we hear contentment continually lauded as a great virtue. The lectures poured forth on this subject are infinite and never-ceasing: they begin at the cradle, and end at the grave. Contentment as beneficial to man is held by public opinion, the christian preacher dcclares it from the pulpit, it is taught in the schools, and finds a place in glowing verse, "the honied lies of rhyme."

No doubt many an enterprising spirit has been completely subdued and all improvement entirely choked out by the rank growth of contentment, which diverts the mind from all desire of better things. This seems to be a strange sort of hallucination in some cases, which has different periods of continuance. Sometimes it clings to its victim all his life, and renders him a burden and nuisance to the community in which he lives, at others cures can be effected, and thus a sad lot is avoided. As to the relative proportion of the curable to incurable cases, no statement can be made at present, but it is most probable that the latter are in the minority. Now the other class of cases is the result of natural causes. Contentment here is effected by an innate dislike for any display of energy. It is what is vulgarly termed laziness, and has become alarmingly preva-Instances of it can be found everywhere, and it is so well known as to need no discussion here.

When contentment seizes a community, or an individual, but above all a community, the direful consequences soon follow. All progress is effectively barred, and a great calm hangs

over the late scene of glowing life. "'Tis as the general pulse of life stood still." In fact it does stand still, and remains so till the malady is removed. The contented place is like a man without an enemy. It never has anything about it, and never does anything to excite rivalry, or that is worthy of imitation. And when it once wakes up from its sleep of contentment, as is sometimes the case, it finds itself in the plight of old Rip Van Winkle when his long slumber was ended—decidedly behind the times, ignorant of everything, and remembered by none.

Suppose our forefathers had always been contented with the primitive modes of traveling, and had not troubled themselves about getting something better. The consequences would have been that we should never have had the benefit of railroads, with all their advantages. Fortunately for us, however, the monster contentment did not cast his eye of blight here; and perhaps at some future time a discontented boy will invent a means of locomotion in comparison to which the fast lines of the present day will seem to creep at a snail's pace. Of course no contented person would ever do such a thing, or even think of it. He would be satisfied if he never traveled at a more rapid rate than fourteen miles in fifteen hours, or never had a better conveyance than an ox-cart.

A tramp is a specimen of contentment, perfect contentment. Nothing ever discomposes him. He is content to roam about homeless and friendless, to receive kicks, cuffs and abuse. This should shine out as a beacon light to all young men who have any tendency to acquire this vice, and warn them against it. If man could but see it, contentment is a far greater enemy to him than a mother-in-law. The former is a siren that lures him on by "goodly prospects and melodious sounds," until she gets him within her grasp, and then, with the spell still over him, drags him on to a wretched fate. And the latter—well, the latter only shows men who are inclined to think that perfect happiness dwells on earth, that they are mistaken.

Then shun contentment, if you wish to prosper, as the devil does holy water, and bear in mind how great an ill it is to be

"Shut up In measureless content,"

THAT STRIPED THOMAS.

He was an old and striped Thomas,

Who 'woke from out of restless sleeping;
And from a workshop came he forth,

When all the stars began their peeping.

The dream of that old striped Thomas

Must sure have been a bloody thinking,

For forth he came as mad as fire,

And both his yellow eyes were blinking.

A few small chips still hung upon him, And spotted o'er his dusty coat, As down he went the darksome street, And chanted wild a martial note.

Right on he went; he was not slothful, But full he was of fixed intention; He seemed to know all of his business, And had no fear nor apprehension.

Forthwith he climed him to a roof— He was a most ambitious case, With Alexander in his breast, And Bonaparte shone in his face.

Full mad he sat there in the darkness,
And thought o'er all his bloody wars;
He clawed the roof with burning wrath,
And licked his deep aud many scars.

But soon there came a sound to him,
As 'twere the noise of lowing cattle;
A thousand cats came out prepared,
With storm and thunder, for a battle.

No fear came o'er that field of war— Each swore to conquer or to die— And far within the city's gloom Flowed forth the maddening battle cry.

And all began that direful strife,

Despite the darkness of the night;

Each fought for a distinct renown—

'Twas a most independent fight.

They chewed and bumped their bleeding heads,
Loose ears flew this way and flew that,
And now and then from off the roof
Would roll a tail without a cat.

But soon each cat discerned with pain Strange weapons flying through the air— Old shoes, and sticks, and rocks, and clubs, And bootjacks whizzing here and there.

Canes, shovels, tongs and razor-straps,
All shot from windows in confusion;
And soon the warfare of that night
Was sadly brought to a conclusion.

Strewn was that roof with blood and hair, And cold lay many a noble form; And all the shout of war was ceased At advent of this new alarm.

Yet fortune was with striped Thomas;
He bold and fearlessly withdrew,
And but one injury sustained—
A broken dish stuck in his jaw.

But as a bard, when first he sees
Famed Marathon's inspiring plain—
His bosom rent with martial song—
Pours forth a requiem for the slain.

So sang our Thomas as he went
Back to his bed without delay,
Where sat he on his pile of chips,
And sang his song till break of day.

But striped Thomas still was mad— His bravery oft had been to proof; But he resolved when next he fought, He'd surely try some other roof.

Bridge Willes

*Strike strike strike

[For the Southern Collegian.]

CHARLES RUTLEDGE WHIPPLE, DIED NOVEMBER 24, A. D. 1880, AGED
TWENTY-SIX YEARS.

"One of the fathers says that there is but this difference between the death of old men and young men; old men go to death, but death comes to young men." The visitation is peculiarly grievous when it chills the fair buds of promise, whose beauty is just opening and whose fruit may not appear to this world.

To Beaconsfield, now, crowned with the laurels of a double career of statesmanship and letters, death would be but the signal of triumphant immortality. The veil would be drawn over the dying conqueror's eyes, but to be withdrawn from his monument, more enduring than bronze, in the eyes of the world and hearts of a grateful people. But forty years ago, ere he plunged into the great world through the portals of Lady Blessington's drawing-room, while he yet peered through the barriers over the parliamentary arena, death would have cut him down only as one of the many, the many fair young flowers which must thenceforth bloom in a clime whence their perfume may not come back, to the music that was never heard on sea or land.

To the young, the young man rejoicing in his strength, in the rich promise of his powers, the thought of posthumous fame comes only as a spectre. With all that dim company which haunts the confines of serious thought, it is brushed aside, for life seems not only worth living, but worth living for its own sake.

The young gladiator must find his arena, and try his weapons. Pleased with their brightness, for a moment he plays with them, astonishing his friends and competitors with his skill, but if death comes now, "he dies and gives no sign." To intimate friends such a loss is specially distressing. To the general community, it is but a suggestion of what might have been.

Whipple was obnoxious to that criticism which mediocrity always escapes, in many opinions he entertained from time to time, and in the fugitive character of his action and course of life. Unsettled and impatient, he flitted from point to point, turned from plan to plan; yet it may be fairly said nihil tettigit quod non ornavit. Nowhere did he rest, for never so short a time, without forming and bearing away many links of "the lingering chain" of friendship.

He died in Nashville, Tennessee, November 24, 1880, aged twenty-six years.

One of the many bright and hopeful wons Virginia has sent out to the West, he is the first of that group, among whom a maturer friendship strengthened attachments formed at College several years age, to go down into the dark valley, "unde negant redire quenquam." Many pungs and bitter tears have testified the sincerity of these ties.

In 1872-3, these friendships were formed at Washington and Lee University, where he won the especial esteem and admiration of the talented and versatile Professor of Modern Languages, Edward S. Joynes. During the succeeding winter he taught in the McGuire School in Richmond, Virginia, where he soon became well and favorably known socially. At this time his attention was directed to the study of law, and in the winter of 1875-6, he attended law lectures at the University of Virginia, where he was again the central spirit of a congenial circle. After leaving the University, he opened a law office in Richmond, and during the years of 1876-7, was Private Secretary to the Governor of Virginia, and an esteemed member of Governor Kemper's family.

It was at this period of his career that journalism attracted his attention, and he connected himself with an afternoon journal in Richmond. Afterwards he became editor and proprietor of *The Intelligencer*, a Semi-weekly political and literary paper. His ability and energy were here developed and manifested. No man more than he had that strange faculty of making friends, the gift of charming young and old alike, the magnetism which makes friends of strangers. In him was verified an ancient legend of Brittany, that those mortals destined to an untimely death, have the power to charm children and old men. From the mirth of little children he turned with ready appreciation to the serious conversations of the old.

In September, 1870, he came to Cincinnati, where he found some, and soon made other congenial friends. After a few weeks he became a valued member of the editorial staff of the Louisville Commercial. In the interests of this paper he went to Nashville in July, 1880, and was in charge of its Southern department in that city, when seized in November following with his sudden and fatal illness.

So varied in social accomplishments, so wrapt in profounder thought at times, of him it was true as of the bright spirits of an age he might have adorned, that "he was so active you could not believe him contemplative, so contemplative you could not believe him active." His most intimate personal friends bear witness to the striking purity of his private life; he was refined by that true nobility which shuts men's ears against what should not be heard, and closes their lips with the sacred seal of honor.

"Observatum fere celerius occidere festinatam Maturitatem."

JOHN PAUL BOCOCK.

CINCINNATI, Dec., 1880.

EPRING AND AUTUMN.

How pleasant 'tis to lie

Beneath a spreading shade,
And listen to the melody

By chirping songsters made!

Around us gently wave
The tall trees, as they bow
Their swaying crests to the breese
That rustles in them now.

The grass so soft and green
That serves us for a bed,
The bright and sparkling sheen
Of the blue sky overhead—

These tell that Spring returns
To swell the fertile grain,
And dreary weeds to turn
To flowers in the plain.

Then breathes a spring-time freshness
In all the air around,
And the youthful spirit feels
A charm in every sound,

That tinkling tells of spring.

Awakening thoughts of bright
Elysian fields that ring
With gladness, flower-delight.

But now old Autumn's breath
Is nipping Summer flowers:
Alas! joy hath left the heath,
Gone all her rosy bowers.

And now the nodding corn Glistens in the rising sun, And the merry sounds of morn Show the farmer's work begun.

The grassy covert shakes
To the plow-boy's rustic tread,
When lo! up flies the quail,
As 'twere an arrow sped.

The woods are bending low
To loads of ripening nuts;
The squirrel on the bough
All proudly frisks and struts.

These make us love the woods
And fields, though brown and sere;
Such gladness gives the sights
And sounds of the inverted year.

EDITORIAL.

EDITORS:

GLOVER MOORE, Texas, Editor-in-Chief.

Washington Ltt. Society:
CHAS. PORTERFIELD, W. Va.
A. J. DUFOUR, La.

Graham Lee Society: L. Pearce, C. A. H. T. Houston, Vs.

W. K. CARLISLE, Ky., Business Manager.

THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

O observant student can truthfully say that properly conducted literary societies are not an important element in the complete scheme of a College education. Any student who contemplates a future participation in the professional occupations of life, must necessarily acquire some previous training in the art of elocution, not only in its theoretical but also in its practical form.

In the section room the first may be gotten by diligent application and careful study, but even at those schools and colleges where periodical recitations and orations are required as a part of the system of elocutionary training, there is afforded very little opportunity for independent effort.

What the mind needs is opportunity for independent action, untrammeled by the arbitrary rules of our text books and the restricting influence of such teachers as are usually provided in ordinary schools and colleges. None of our Universities, we believe, attempt to teach elocution practically, but rather leave it to the individual inclination of each student, the literary societies found in all of them being the legitimate forum.

These observations are of universal application.

Our own societies, we are afraid, while they are moderately well attended, do not receive that share of attention from the older students which they deserve, and which would have a tendency to elevate their tone above that into which, although there are many commendatory things to be predicated of them, they frequently fall through the heedless levity of some of the younger members, and we are constrained to admit also the thoughtlessness of men who should know better.

Some remarks on the past and present condition of the Graham Lee and the Washington Societies, are not out of place in this connection.

The session of '78-9, was not a prosperous one for the societies, growing, it was thought at the time, out of the fact that the medals which had previously been entirely under the control of the students, were that year controlled by a committee from the faculty.

Last year ('79-80) the faculty, at the request of the societies, relinquished the power which they had assumed, with results known to all who are sufficiently interested to care anything about it, and which none of us are willing to experience again. This year a new experiment has been tried, that of abolishing the medals altogether, and so far as we can see from what we have heard of the session of '78-9, with more prospect of succeeding in their aims without the disadvantages then incurred.

Whether the students feel that there is a difference in principle between their buying the medals and allowing the faculty to confer them, and having no medals at all, or whether there is a radical difference between the present and the old body of students with regard to inclinations to society work, we are not prepared to say, but are rather inclined to put it upon the former ground which we esteem well founded.

At any rate, the societies are both in good working order, with comparatively well filled treasuries, and considering our rather small number of members, accomplishing within their limited scope the purpose for which they are designed.

We urge upon those students who have not already connected themselves with one of the societies, the propriety of doing so at an early date, feeling confident that if done with an intention to conform to the rules and regulations, and work for the success of the society, they will feel proud in after life to be able to refer to the Washington or the Graham Lee as the foster mother of elecutionary powers which are so necessary in a country like our own.

Of the law society we need say nothing. It is a very necessary part of a law student's course, and no one should fail to take advantage of it. Nearly all the "bicks" indulge in speech-making with good results, which they themselves must see more plainly than we an humble member of the brother-hood can describe.

Let us see the membership of our societies rise to proportions more appropriate to the number of students in the University.

COLLEGE EXAMINATIONS.

E naturally feel loth to remonstrate with those who are our seniors in years and experience; but, as the subject of Examinations is one in which we are particularly interested, we beg leave modestly to state our objections to the present system, and to make a few suggestions as to the course to be There are two powerful objections to the present system of Examinations. They consume time unnecessarily in preparation, and the intense and long-continued application implied in this preparation is absolutely pernicious to the mind, as calculated to destroy its powers. We suppose that it is not necessary to enter into a discussion to prove this last. It is self-evident. But if proof were necessary, many examples might be cited to prove the ill effects that always follow the taxing of the mind to its utmost capacity, or even of longcontinued mental strain. But it may be said that reviewing promotes thoroughness, and to this we cordially assent; but, while we think that reviews are good and even necessary, we also think that the whole month spent in examinations in each session might be more profitably employed, and employed in such a way as not to leave lasting ill effects on the minds of those students who are only too anxious to excel. It is evident,

and all our professors will tell you, that mere marks ought to occupy a very secondary place in our thoughts while at College; yet strange inconsistency! the same professors compel us to spend one-ninth of the whole year in standing (to say nothing of preparing for) examinations, which, while productive of no good, are irksome and disagreeable in every way, and all merely to ascertain marks! which might be accertained just as well and a great deal more readily in some other way. Is this progress? Rather a standstill or retrogradation, and the little culture we have is using its strength to turn the wheel backward. This is no idle talk, but sentiments well matured and long entertained. One, or more than one perhaps, of our American Colleges have already taken a stand against the present system, and these will soon be followed by one of our great representative Colleges, representative, or rather we should say second to none, both in respect to the number of its students and the facilities which it offers for profound and extensive learning. We h pe to see the time when the present system of examinations will be abolished throughout American Colleges, and even in our own conservative Washington and Lec.

A CORRECTION.

E regret that the spirit of an editorial which appeared in our last issue has been misunderstood. Led by our sympathy for a fellow-student, and under a misapprehension of the facts of the case, we made an allusion, which we are now satisfied did grave injustice to a member of the Faculty. What we have since learned convinces us that the Professor's conduct in the case was all that could have been asked, and in the highest degree praiseworthy.

In the same article it is said that the examinations put up for the Latin, Greek and Mathematics medal were so difficult as to "give coloring to what has been suggested, that in some way the money for purchasing the medal has been exhausted. and that members of the Faculty are careful not to put in the reach of applicants something that they would not have the means to purchase.' The reference has been drawn that we intended to endorse this supposition, and to intimate that funds had really been misused, and the examinations purposely put out of the reach of competitors, to save the money which the medal would cost. The words are unequivocal, but we did not intend to say that they expressed our opinion, which is quite the opposite, or personally to impugn the motives of any one of the Professors in question, for every one of whom we have the highest respect. It is evident, however, that whether the object of the Professors be to raise the grade of the institution, and this object we are personally inclined to assign to them, or whatever else it be, ambitious students are the sufferers; and we believe from the fact that the best men have for several years past failed to secure this medal, and that others have been deterred from applying for it; that the requirements are such as to render it practically unattainable, and to that extent, to defeat the purpose for which it was instituted, if, indeed, we are right in supposing that it was meant for this medal to be conferred on such men as the College finds itself able to produce. This is our opinion; and where there is room for difference of opinion, we shall always claim ours. The students have their point of view in these. matters, and we regard the Collegian as the proper channel for its presentation.

QUESTION FOR THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

INCE the Honorable Board of Trustees has decided that we shall no longer bestow medals in the Societies, as a reward of merit, or otherwise, the question arises, What is to be the character of the joint celebration at Final? It is evident that the plan must be different from that of all former final celebrations, inasmuch as the remarks of the president and the replies of the recipients of the medals occupied a good portion of the whole time, which portion must now be filled

by something else. The orators will, perhaps, remain as before, and, of the several methods of protracting the exercises of the occasion to a reasonable length, none seems better than that of choosing two representative men, one from each Society, to debate some question of general interest. The difficulty of this method would be that of choosing representative men, and in the event of a contest for the positions, we would probably be prohibited from choosing any at all. Pursuing the line of thought suggested in the above sentence, we really do not see how the Trustees and Faculty are going to manage us, except by abolishing the Societies altogether. However, we leave that matter for their consideration. The above remarks have been made, not so much in favor of any particular plan, as to bring the subject more prominently to the notice of the members of the two Societies, in order that they may take some definite action in regard to the matter, and may determine upon some plan both suitable to themselves and creditable to the Societies.

A CARD.

T cannot be too often called to the attention of our subscribers that prompt settlement of their subscription bills will be very conducive to the well-being and well-management of the Collegian. Financial embarrassments exert a tremendous influence upon the character of any publication, and especially upon a College paper, which must be edited and managed during the scant intervals between College work which any student who properly attends to this duty can spare for extra labors.

It is the carnest desire of the present management of this magazine that all financial matters should be left, at the end of the year, in such a state as will make it easy for those who assume control next year to carry on the work, and not allow our paper (the continued existence of which should be one of the chief desires of every student's heart) to fail on account of

negligence in paying the small sum due for subscription. To every subscriber out of Lexington, and to a large number here, bills have been sent, but have in many instances been completely ignored. Let every subscriber hasten to add his contribution to the support of the paper.

There are frequent complaints of irregularities in the delivery of the Collegian to subscribers; and let it be understood once for all that the B. M. declines to be responsible for faults of which he is seldom notified at all, and even when notified, generally through some friend here, who has forgotten, or never knew, the complaining subscriber's address.

Notify the B. M., and you will be promptly answered. Let each man carry his own "end of the log."

Business Manager.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

I happened not long since to take an evening stroll with a friend. Careless of whither our steps should lead, we turned aside from the accustomed path and wandered on over hill and valley, now admiring one now another of the many beauties of nature, until at last we arrived at the base of a high but gently-sloping hill, whose elevated summit gave promise of affording us a fine view of the surrounding country and the varied glories of the setting sun. On nearing the summit we suddenly and very unexpectedly found ourselves in front of a large enclosure, surrounded by a high and rather forbidding wall. This would have decided us to turn about and descend, if a large gate had not stood open, as if ready to receive us. Once within, our ears were delighted with sweet strains of the most delicate music. Even the pebbles under our feet and the leaves of the strange trees overhead seemed to breathe soft

Our eyes, too, reveled in a succession of ornamental grounds. The most beautiful flowers shed their fragrance on the balmy evening air. The rarest shrubberies adorned the terraces and bordered the walks which led among silver fountains and exquisite statues, which were disposed in regular order and interminable profusion. Not far away stood a large and stately mansion, whose summit was lost in the clouds. Wondering at the wealth and magnificence of the owner of this goodly property, we passed on. Presently we became aware that, instead of one large building whose top kissed the sky, the unity of the whole was marred by the very many halls or compartments, having little connection with each other, into which it was divided. We now saw that it was the central hall which had at first impressed us with its superior grandeur, and that the rest were in no way to be compared with it in either size or beauty. We immediately pressed forward to the entrance, but were soon rather sternly accosted by an old man of venerable figure and otherwise friendly mien, who seemed to be acting as door-keeper or sergeant-at-arms. He informed us that his name was Daniel DeFoe, and that the palace into which we wished to enter was the home of the great orators, poets and historians, both of antiquity and of modern times. He then inquired our names, and on what great writings in prose or verse we rested our claim to enter. I immediately mentioned the title of one of my most elaborate essays, Pessimistic Tendencies in Modern Civilization—(See Chronicle of the Flunks, Vol. XXIX, No. 9, page 33) and was going on rapidly to mention others, while my friend was busy on his own account and already Coeducation, The Treatment Which College Students Should Receive, The Tyranny of Professors and many others, had followed each other in rapid succession. But we were suddenly stopped and informed that no production of this character would ever secure an entrance where Shakspeares and Miltons, Popes and Drydens alone were allowed to dwell. At this we held our peace, but felt very much aggrieved and indignant, and mentally resolved that the heading of our next editorial should be Partiality in

Bestowing the Title of Great. A building was now pointed out to us, of much meaner proportions, indeed, but still very respectable, and we perceived that in one place it was even joined to the great palace itself. By means of this connection we were informed that an occupant of the smaller might occasionally pass to the larger building, though this seldom oc-We afterwards learned also why DeFoe occupied the position which he did. His peculiar genius raised him far above the crowd, but failed to place him on a level with the great poets and writers of elevated history and fiction. So he was placed where he would occasionally come in contact both with the great and the humble. Through the entrance we passed unchallenged, and read in flaming gilt letters on the wall, Hall for College Editors. At the center of the room, on a platform slightly raised above all others, sat two youths, whose countenances had a pale and thoughtful cast, and whose brows were lightly bound with slender fillets, in which were curiously wrought two shining names, Yale and Harvard. They seldom spoke, but occasionally turned a rather sickly and patronizing smile on a few who were but little below themselves, and who were plainly using all their art in flattering them. As for those more than two or three degrees below themselves, and the vast crowd that filled the main floor of the building, they seemed to have the greatest contempt for them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

College and Campus.

	Salve!						
	Xinas is gone.						
CI	L. of La. was agagement." (?)	very	much	delighted,	but	had	a "previou

The class in Law has received the large addition of Dr. M. Hereafter no aspersions will be allowed to be thrown on the size and dignity of the Law class.

After the battle of Lignitz, the Tartars filled nine sacks with the right ears of the slain. What a fine lot of souse for a cannibal!

Who had a sword? Simon Peter.

Crowd of footballists—Hurrah for Guff! Guff, excitedly—Hurrah for me!

Excited Freshie, trotting along with foot-ball in his arms—Here comes a buck!

The curiosity of the average cadet is wonderful. Our students cannot build a bonfire at 12 o'clock at night, without the whole of the V. M. I. turning out to see it blaze.

The Editors are no meaner than they are represented to be.

The Freshman mind is ever active. Here is the latest, posted on the bulletin board: "A. M. Smith, A. M.—A' M'." The man that said that will never get through Intermediate Math.

Prof. of Junior English to Freshie—Mr. C., correct this sentence: Hand me them books.

Mr. C., promptly—Hand them books to me. Freshie smiles triumphantly; Prof. looks foolish.

A professor was seen during Xmas week holding on to a lamp post with both hands, crying out against the bad weather and slippery street. Too thin, too thin!

The improvements about the Episcopal church, opposite the President's mansion, add greatly to the general appearance of the Campus.

The Alumni editor takes this occasion to acknowledge his indebtedness to Mr. W. S. Currell for Alumni notices in this and previous issues. The other Eds. would like to have occasion to thank him also.

Several of our students could not resist the temptation of rolling in the snow on Christmas. It looked so nice and pretty, you know.

"Hig," who is studying Chemistry, wants to know what is the formula for congelation.

Why were Mahomet's soldiers so much feared by their enemies? Because they were accustomed to Hashem.

It had become absolutely necessary to get off a joke or two on the Freshie. See elsewhere.

Isaac must have been a great eater, since even in his old age it required two kids at a time to make him savory meat.

"Collierstown" says it isn't true that he vomits every time he sees a mathematic.

A student who had been *smelling* a bottle several times on Xmas day, met a rustic swell with a pair of No. 7 shoes in his hands and said, "Hello, are those your shoes or your sisters?" They clinched.

K. of Va., was seen weeping on the 28th of Dec. Does any one know what was the matter?

A puer went out one nox Puellam visitare; He ponit in his pocket rocks Canes flagitare. He aut whistled along viam Aut canabat tibiis, Thinking of the filiam, Quae erat domina cordis. He non spectabat terras, Sic intentus in amorem, But cast oculos in stellas, Id quod fecit mox dolorem; For he didn't see a flumen, Quod jacebat in semita, Et cum pluvia was boomin', Donec immersus in aqua. Now it cecidit that Phyllis In ripis ambulabat: She audivit a splash, then his Clamores, tum ipsa clamabat. The lover fond in fundum Coepit sidere festinanter, The rupes their mother mundum Quaesiverunt instanter; Sed Phyllis grabbed his crines, Et tantus she was et sic stout, Crying, while ostendens dentes: "Does your marm know you're out."

MORAL:

Pueri, cum you go out at nox Puellas visitare, Ne ponite in your pocket rocks Canes flagitare. W. P. of Va. speaks of the Parabola of the Sower. Evilldently he has Intermediate Math.

Mr. C. of Ky., what is the pluperf. of the verb lieben? Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh.

Young Gent.—S. is an awful f—l. He rolled over in the snow six times for a dime. Young Lady.—Goodness! I would have charged at least a cent a roll. Y. G.—They have changed things now. A dime is ten cents, not five. The Y. L. grins as only that Y. L. can. (Fact.)

Calico is as scarce as hen teeth.

J. W. Goldsby, whom his frankness and genial smile had endeared to his friends, has left for the South, at the recommendation of his physician. It is not true, however, that it took him four hours to tell a certain young lady good-bye. He hopes to return to College next year.

Prof., after submitting a thin platinum vessel to the inspection of his class: These bells that you hear ringing around—

(Tremendous knocking on the platinum vessel from the back seat.) At this point the Prof., who is a little deaf, smiles, strokes his beard, and tries to recall whether he has said any thing funny.

"Good-bye, J—, now don't you stay long,
But come back to see your own Chickabiddy, &c."

North Dormitory is still musically inclined.

"Oh! come with me and roam afar,
And listen to my sweet guitar."

A. R. Cocke, a promising young clergyman and an old alumnus of Washington and Lee, was recently married to Miss Jeannic Leyburn, daughter of the late Dr. Leyburn, long rector of our Board of Trustees.

"That little friend has something the matter with him at last, and I'm glad of it." She actually said it.

- A Y. L., wanted to know if locomotives really had wings; says she was told so.
- H. of Ky. refers to A. of Texas as the Secrentary of the Y. M. C. A.
- P. of W. Va., says he is smashed on a certain young lady in this town. Wrong. He only has a penchant for her glasses.
- B. of La., says those Sallie-Loyd Collars which the freshmen are sporting round College, captivate his eye.
- D. of La. says that it was not the book of *Hesiod*, but the book of *Gideon*, from which he quoted scripture.
- S. of Va. told a Y. L. that "Steele is a very hard substance, but it has finally been Pierced through and through."
- B. of Va. wrote in his note-book, "Ye banks, and brazen streams around," and said that the Prof. quoted it in his lecture.
- S. of Va. alias "Collierstown," says he read that every liver had his day, and wants to know if he lives no longer.
- "Harry Peter" says that one warm night he saw a man completely developed in an overcoat.

On the evening of the 10th of January the friends of Dr. J. L. Kirkpatrick were gathered at his house to greet his son, Mr. J. L. Kirkpatrick, and his bride, who won all hearts by her bright face and pleasing manners. The brilliantly-lighted rooms and happy faces contrasted pleasantly with the bleak winter evening without, and proved how successful the kind host and hostess were in entertaining their guests. We offer our sincere congratulations to the young couple, and hope that their present happiness may be but a foretaste of the future.

Society Events.—On the evening of Dec. 23d, at the elegant residence of Gen. G. W. C. Lee, was gathered a company of merry-makers, who carried their fun into the night. The occasion was a party tendered by Gen. Lee to Miss Gertie Tucker, whose recent departure has left a blank in the circle to which she lends her presence when here. It would be superfluous to say every one who was present was delightfully entertained until far into the night.

The table bore all of the luxuries of the season, and was bountifully supplied with substantials. It is impossible to mention in detail the ladies who were there, or to describe the costumes that were worn. Suffice to say that each lady was constantly surrounded by a bevy of admirers, and conversation grew fast and furious. When at last the crowd separated, it was to pass from a scene of brilliance and warmth to an atmosphere full of Christmas snow flakes, and penetrated by a biting frost.

On the evening Dec. —, the Misses White gave a party in honor of their fair visitor, Miss Hanna, and it is remembered by all who were present, as a pleasant and enjoyable evening. From early evening until late at night, the parlors were crowded with young "folk," whose whole hearts seemed occupied in those pursuits most appropriate to youth.

An elegant supper broke in for a time on the conversation, which was soon renewed with fresh vivacity, interrupted at intervals by the sweet voices of some of the musically proficient ladies of the assembly.

Many will remember with pleasure this occasion, where so many pleasant moments were spent and so much tender passion was engendered.

Miss Sallie and Miss Belle White have gone on a winter visit to friends in the East, and many are they who regret their departure.

C—n of Va., writes "every body knows that G.W. was the farther of his country."

TERRIBLE CONFLAGRATION—DESCRIPTION OF THE SCENE.— The flames swept on. The scintillating sparks and tongues of livid flame shot upward with tremendous power. The stars and the Milky Way soon became involved in the general conflagration. The moon fortunately was below the horizon, else our satellite must have been consumed. As it was, however, when it rose a few hours afterwards, it was very red in the face, and no doubt barely escaped ignition. As for the sun, it was perfectly livid next morning, and rose up like a dull red ball of copper. Virgo began to weep, Leo began to roar, Taurus began to bellow. Aries, uncertain what to do, ran up behind Gemini, and began to butt the Twins most unmercifully. The Little Bear, which continually gyrates around the end of his tail, as if the true centre of Cosmos was therein, accelerated, never so little, the rapidity of his backward motion, growling fiercely the while. Meantime Canis Major and Canis Minor were barking furiously. The giant Orion, thinking his time had come, at first tried to jump into Job's Coffin, but found it too small, and in the last stage of despair seized the Dipper by the handle, notwithstanding the growling of the Great Bear, held it up to Aquarius, who quickly emptied his jug in it, and deluged the heavens with it. The fire was extinguished. But what before was lurid flame was now changed to darkness, which was even more appalling. The remedy, indeed, seemed only to consummate the evil; for the air, which was before impure, now became on a sudden doubly charged with Sulphuretted Hydrogen, small quantities of Carbon Disulphide in its crude condition, and, in short, it seemed that all the evil-smelling substances in nature had blended together in one infernal stench. The exact quantities of the substances mentioned, that were present, may admit of doubt; but that the stars contain Sulphur, Carbon and Hydrogen can no longer be questioned. The above is not intended to be witty.

The mechanics class don't think the Potential Function is Pi; Bartlett to the contrary notwithstanding.

The Prof. is about to burn a watch-spring in the Oxy-Hydrogen flame, when 'Hig' getting excited, exclaims, "Now look out for the skintillations!"

Levi wants to know what the technical name for fire-crackers is.

H. C. B. of La., has got the "Blues." Ask him for an explanation.

A young lady at a glass-ball shooting the other day was heard to exclaim: "Oh, how strange it is that they don't shoot till the ball is already thrown from the trap!" Sweet simplicity.

- "Woods," who prides himself on being something of a critique, gives it as his opinion that Hamlet will compare very favorably with Shakspearc.
 - T. T. of La., wants to know the weight of a pound of water.

L. of La., would like to know where to find the twelve commandments.

M. of Ky., proposes for debate in the Graham the question: "Should foreign emigration be prohibited?"

S. (A. M.) wants to know if a lion is not an ephemera. He has seen somewhere that every lion has his day.

Prof. of Math. to Mr. F. "What is the sign of that expression?" "Plus." "No, Sir." "Minus, Sir." "Ah! Mr. F., somebody has been telling you."

S. of Va. asks the Professor if Xenophon's edition of the Anabasis will do for a text-book.

Watch your overshoes when "Brown" is around.

"Le Cheval a une taille elegant." A. of Texas, translates this "the horse has an elegant tail."

L. of La., was observed the other day patiently turning over the leaves of the Book of Psalms in search for that good old song, "How Firm a Foundation."

B. of La., getting a little warm in a debate in the Graham, asserted that lawyers were liars and tricksters. At this point the enthusiastic young 'Bie' from Ga., interrupts him: "Mr. Pres. I object to the grave reflection that the gentleman casts on our profession, and——" Mr. B. "What I said, Mr. Pres. was with all due respect to the profession." The apology was deemed sufficient.

B. alias "Buck," of D. C., wants to know if they call anybody else "Bics" besides the cadets.

I must most respectfully decline your very kind invitation for this evening, on account of a previous engagement.

Very respectfully,

Entirely two previous "Freshie."

C. of Tex., innocently enquires who wrote the Odes of Anacreon, that one sees so often referred to.

"Buck" knew he would not get an invitation, but just wanted to have his excuse ready in case he should.

At a meeting of the Editors of the So. Collegian, our worthy Business Manager was unanimously elected Assistant Fighting Editor. The gentleman's physique renders this a most excellent choice. He and our old fighting editor, Ike, we are sure will faithfully attend to this department of the Collegian. It is not necessary to add that the worthy B. M. was not present at this meeting.

The following rupturous effusion was found on the table of a certain Freshman, whose name we suppress on account of his expressed desire to always keep his name out of the Collegian. His modesty will not permit us to say more than that his initials are J. R. L., his home La. The poem will explain itself.

I love thee dearly, love thee Like flowerets love the dew, Like the moon beam loves the billow Swelling beautiful and blue.

There is a heaven in thy eyes soft beaming, Thine is a fond love, ever sweet and true, Deep as the ocean thy love lies dreaming In the depth of thy eyes, heaven's own blue.

Fair as the pink that blushes at morn, Pure as the lily that sweetens the vale, Fair as the rose, but devoid of its thorns, Thee, sweet Maud, my muse doth hail.

L. of La. asks why Miss —— is like a hinge. Because she is something to adore, he explains.

C. of Texas bribes "Peenic" and little T. of La. to prompt him. No wonder he gets along so well.

A Junior gives three cognates, Greek, Latin, English: hals, sal, (prompted from behind) sally.

What a nice thing "copy" is (when you've got it, not when you have to get it.)

The Editors sometimes embellish their remarks with quotations from Shakspeare.

We acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. W. S. Currell. "A friend in need," &c.

N. B., a freshman, thinks that Anon. stands for any one No wonder he is encouraged to write poetry, when any one does so well.

Ask for his most worshipful mighty Grand High Master, G. P. S. R. H.

Quite an exciting scene occurred at Withrow's corner, not long ago. Two ebony urchins, heights two feet eight inches and two feet nine and a half inches respectively, engaged in a fisticuff that threatened to terminate seriously. The Hercules of the Lexington police stepped up just in time to quell the affray, and demanded, in a voice of thunder, the cause of the disturbance. Thereupon No. 1 asserted that No. 2 had called him "a thick-headed devil." (Who can blame an American citizen for avenging this insult?) "No matter," replied sternly the Herculean possessor of the club, "the public peace must be maintained." It was maintained, and the discomfited urchins withdrew sadly fr m the scene of action.

Addison, seventeenth century, had but one fault, it is said, and that was indulging a little too freely in wine to enliven his conversation. Hig, nineteenth century, has only one fault, according to his own statement, and that is he likes dressing a little too well.

A DREAM.—And in those days a strange word and full of meaning came up from the devils' country, and that word was "copy." Seek not, ye uninitiated, to know the meaning of this word, for it is one full of trouble and sorrow. Now when the editor heard this word he was sore troubled, and at first wot not what to do. All day he sat in his sanctum, his head between his hands. He heard not, neither did he see anything. The little bird unnoticed chirped at his window. The sun pierced the pane and fell upon the end of his nose. He started up, groaned, then resumed his former attitude. He looked up once more. He gazed fondly and sadly upon his table groan-

ing under its pile of exchanges. He thought he heard a lot of them chuckle. But others looked grave, seemingly in sympathy with him, and all at once, opening out their ample pages, a score or more of them addressed him, saying: "Clip me, clip me, clip me, clip me!"

At this the editor jumped so high that he hit his head against the ceiling. Any one that had seen him just after, laughing and dancing around the room, would have thought him mad. After the first transport had subsided, he seized the aforesaid exchanges, the scissors and mucilage bottle lent their aid, and soon nothing disturbed the stillness, save the sound of paper rudely torn or rapidly cut, and a soft prayer now and then, in the shape of an ejaculation to the editor's patron saint. Thus the evening wore away. But what is the matter now? The mucilage bottle stands idly gaping, while an unseen hand seems operating with the brush to fix the editor's hat and several minor articles of wearing apparel fast to the floor. scissors have ceased their musical ring. The editor's brow is He is like a boy that has been visiting and found all but the young lady at home. "Copy" is still ringing in his ears. Anon he rises, seizes his hat, but finds it fast to the floor. To-morrow he will heat some water and subdue its obstinacy. For the present he will wear his old one. out in the deep night, beneath the cold gray sky. The dogstar is out, and in the stillness he begins sirius-ly to reflect on the uncertainty of all earthly things. A thought strikes him. He will arise and go to those who ought to have "copy." will fall down before them, and he will not get up again until they have assured him of the speedy fulfillment of all their copy-ous promises. He knocked at the doors of three or four houses, but the lights were all out, and no responses were given him. At one, indeed, he heard a muffled voice growling from the interior that there was no "copy" there. At length he turned his steps homeward. He had not gone far on his return before he met a man, who asked him if he had found any "copy." He told the man no, and passed on. Presently a stranger stopped him and inquired if he had found any "copy." He told him no, rather crabbedly, and pursued his way. A little further on a tall fellow in a cloak stopped him and inquired whether he had found any "copy." He told him to go to th-d-r! and doubled up his fist to hit him, but the tall fellow in the cloak ran off and eluded him.

After this he strode on wrathfully, until he heard two or three voices crying "copy," and saw a fellow dodge behind a lamppost. He threw a brick-bat at the figure and broke the street lamp. He followed up his advantage, but the figures were gone. Just at this point he awoke. It was a dream.

Let no one think that the above is an attempt at wit. If our aim had been of such a character, do not doubt but that we would have succeeded. We have told the dream as we dreamt it. Our inventive genius would have found out many ludicrous incidents, and have given such turns to our thoughts as would have made a piece highly interesting, if we had not resolved beforehand to tell only the truth.

ALUMNI.

Blair Pegram, '72-'3-'4, is in the insurance business. His post-office is Petersburg, Va.

Wm. J. May, '72-'3-'4, is engaged in mercantile pursuits. He is connected with the large firm of Addison, Allison & Co., Petersburg, Va.

Julius Kruttschnitt, '70-'1-'2-'3, is chief engineer on the Extension Railway, Berwick City, Louisiana. Shakspeare once implied that there was nothing in a name. The following mangled spelling of Kruttschnitt's name shows that his correspondents found much in it that was puzzling. They are authentic, and speak for themselves: Krustnit, Cruchinet, Kruisnicht, Krutchnac, Kruchnitts, Krutchnic, Crusnet, Kruschnecht, Krutchneck, Schrounedt, Chrusnakeagh. The last bore so little resemblance to the real name that it was opened by a Mr. Chassaignac. These blunders will gratify the eyes of the lovers of phonetic spelling.

The Campus, the mystic four, and the Graham miss the face of Geo. Preston. The Harry Lees, too, will feel the want of his wholesome advice in the spring. We wish him the best success in his medical studies at the University of Virginia.

M. W. Johnson left us some time ago for his home in Texas. We shrewdly suspect (though this is a mere surmise) that "Tex" intends to

——"Encounter the woes of matrimonial life, And hear with reverence an experienced wife."

C. A. Deshon, A. M. of '74-'5, B. L. of '75-'6, is practicing law in New York. His address is P. O. box 1266.

D. C. Humphreys, C. E. of '77-'8, occupies his old position as draughtsman for the U. S. River and Harbor Commissioners, and resides at 1351 Washington Avenue.

Duncan Lyle is still teaching at McDonogh School, near Baltimore; post-office Owing's Mills.

Ab. Lowry, '71-'2-'3-'4, hangs out his shingle as attorneyat-law in Washington, Arkansas. Tradition points to him as a man of fame on the celebrated Modoc B. B. nine.

Messrs. Edward, Albert and Earnest Steves—the three "Bismarks"—who started their collegiate course in '75-'76, and remained with us for three years, are all now engaged in carrying on a profitable business with their father, at their home in San Antonio, Texas.

- Mr. J. W. Campbell, of '79-'80, is teaching a public school near his home in Rockbridge. We hope Billy will not vent his savage nature on the small boys.
- J. A. Muller, '78-'9, is practising law in Lexington, S. C. He ought to have an abundance of practice if the statistics of Redfield are correct with regard to the prevalence of homicide in the Palmetto State.

Wallace Cumming, '79-'80, no longer trims the midnight lamp in the cause of science. He is now engaged in the cotton business in Savannah, Ga.

W. P. McCorkle, '73-'4-'5-'6, familiarly known as "Specs," is maintaining the doctrines of the Methodist Church at Lagrange, N. C. They miss him from his accustomed haunts in the Wash., where he was wont to enliven his audience with his hourly debates.

James Lee Lisle, a youth known to fortune and to fame in the sessions '73-'4-'5-'6, practises law in Lexington, Ky.

INDEPENDENCE, Mo., Dec. 4th, 1880.

Dear Collegian:

Knowing the devious methods to which your "Personal Editor" is compelled to resort, and the excessive strain to which his veracity

is sometimes subjected, I send the enclosed slip, hoping in a slight degree to lighten his labors.

- Jos. S. Brooks, B. L. '79, is one of the many rising young lawyers of Kansas City, and to relieve the monotony of his labors, is also speculating in real estate. To COLLEGIAN editors his name should ever be dear, for reasons known to at least one member of its present staff.
- D. H. Cecil, B. L. '79, is another limb of the law in the same city, and he also relieves the monotony of his labors, not by speculating in real estate alone, but in real estate, live stock, choses in action, &c. He never expects to make but one strike, but when he does, will strike it rich.
- J. W. Dunlap, B. L. '69, and C. E. Freeman, B. L. '73, make up the law firm of Dunlap & Freeman, which is one of the most prominent in the city. They have not forgotten their Alma Mater, and extend a cordial welcome and a helping hand to her younger sons.
- J. H. Reid, whose date I cannot recall, is a book-keeper in the Kansas City Savings Association.
- J. A. Lacey, B. L., is practicing law in Sedalia, Mo., and has for several years filled the office of Probate Judge with honor to himself and profit to his fellow-citizens.

Your correspondent has hung out his shingle as a candidate for starvation in the place above mentioned, and has placed himself in communication with Dr. Tanner, in order to prepare himself for the worst. To the COLLEGIAN, its staff, and the students of W. & L. U., he sends greeting.

J. G. PAXTON.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., Nov. 17, 1880.

To Business Manager, Southern Collegian, Lexington, Va.

DEAR SIR: Please send me the Collegian. I am desirous of knowing what the "boys" are doing, and especially am I desirous of knowing what the Alumni are doing. I send you the names of several Alumni, who live in the State of Alabama.

Noah Feagin, '68-'69-'70, is a practicing attorney at Union Springs, Ala. He is succeeding at the bar, and is one of its ablest representatives.

Tom Martin, '70-'71, is now clerk of the Chief Justice of the Spreme Court of Alabama.

Frank Coleman, '68-'69-'70, is practicing law at Huntingt Ala., and is also a Knight of the Quill.

W. F. Hogue, '69-'70-'71, is a practicing attorney at Mari-Ala., and is a member of the present General Assembly of Ala.

Ed. Graham, '71-'72-'73, is clerk of the Circuit Court of Mogomery.

Your humble servant is practicing law at Hayneville, Ala., a is a member of the General Assembly.

With best wishes for the success of the Collegian and W. & L.

I am, your obedient servant,

JOHN R. TYSON

College World.

Berlin University had 3,000 students last year.

Columbia College has an endowment of \$5,000,000.

251 Colleges have been established in the United Starwithin the last thirty years.

Vassar College has 75 more students this year than last.

Yale claims the foot-ball championship over Princeton, whi is awarded her by Columbia but denied by Harvard.

Japan has one University and ten Colleges.

Michigan University now boasts of 1500 students.

England has 1,300 Colleges, United States 358.

Sophocles' Oedipus Tyrannus in the original Greek is be acted by Harvard students next May.

Three students are studying under the Chinese Professor Harvard.

At Kayan University several learned professors are prepring to translate Shakespeare into the Tartar language.

EXCHANGES.

We again come to our exchanges. We are pleased to note marked improvements on all sides. Commencement numbers no longer bore us with long addresses delivered before Alumni. Short essays and spicy versicles have taken their place.

The Randolph Macon Monthly is rather above the average college journal, and throughout are indications of care and thought. We would recommend, however, a little less of the merely biographical in the treatment of such subjects as the English Mythology and Lord Macaulay. Its attitude towards exchanges is pacific and sensible.

The Transcript comes to us this month with "Please exchange." Friend Transcript, you have been long on our exchange list, and we are at a loss to know why the October Collegian did not reach you. We are piqued that you should not have seen the testimonial to your merit, contained in our last number.

The Lasell Leaves comes to us from Auburndale, Mass. It is a girls' paper, and one of the few exchanges of that character which reach us. It is therefore doubly welcome. When our sanctum is honored by such visitors, we feel like singing with the blackbird in the rain: "Cheer-up, O cheer-up, cheer." It is a well-gotten-up sheet. Little items about the dear girls engage our highest attention, and the news De La Maison Française cheats ennui of its yawn.

The *Trinity Tablet* is among the best and most valued of our exchanges. Not so pretentious, perhaps, as some others, but always fresh, vigorous and racy.

We have received our first copy of the Alabama Universit's Monthly. Its orthodoxy is perfectly overwhelming. The Editor-in-Chief, or perhaps the whole board of editors, is appointed by the Faculty. They regret the low standard of College Journalism, banish Politics and Sectarianism, pronounce Slang the sun-dog of civilization, gently rub down the Alumni, taking care not to brush the wrong way, suppose that there will be some rubs between them and their exchanges, but hopes that they will prove beneficial as polishers. Really such studied orthodoxy is oppressing. We look to hear soon that the editors have all become missionaries to China or the Feejee islands. The Monthly's essays are good.

Here is the Round Table from Beloit College, Wis. "The Spirit's Lament over Atlantis" is very creditable to the writer. It has few essays, and the Exchange department is absorbed in the "Editor's Table." The Volante is the only one of its exchanges that is noticed. Poor Volante! to have provoked so formidable an enemy! We learn from the locals that the Profs. are in the habit of inviting their classes to their houses in order to give them le tures on Rome. Soul of Sir John Cheke! What next? If Sir Thomas Browne lived at the present day he would mutter with a sigh: Mummy is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, Pharoh is sold for balsams, and Profs. give lectures on Rome for the entertainment of their pupils.

The University Reporter comes to us from Athens, Ga. What's the matter with it we don't know, except that its matter is conspicuous for its absence. We beg pardon. It has, indeed, in the present issue, published a little macaroni poem that appeared in the Yale papers about 500 years ago. Come, Cæsar, let Fido alone, and try one of your size.

The College Rambler has few or no essays. Its local column is pretty full. It clips well, also.

The Roanoke Collegian, we may safely say, is flat. It hasn't the true ring about it. It has "cheek," also. Here is the way the Acta speaks of it: "The Roanoke Collegian sends us a

'complimentary copy,' requesting a notice. We had to pay two cents for postage due, and that's all the notice it will get."

The New York Weekly Herald is one of the foremost newspapers in America, and one of our most valued non-college exchanges.

BOOK NOTICES.

We have received Vick's Floral Guide for 1881. The illustrations are excellent, and the work as a whole is the best of the kind that we have ever seen. Address, James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

We have received from the publishers, Ludden & Bates, Savannah, Ga., a copy of their new and splendid song, entitled "The Soldier Boy." The words are by Father Ryan, and will be appreciated by all that poet's admirers. Price, 40 cents.

RIFF-RAFF.

A Junior, scratching his head: There's millions in it.

Prof. of Latin—Mr. L., I see you are a little rusty in the rudiments. Will you decline mulier?

Mr. L.—Mulier, mu—Professor, I should like to know what sort of a woman this is before I decline her.—Ex.

Prof.—How dare you swear before me?

Student—How was I to know you wanted to swear first?—
Ex.

"The pebble in the streamlet scant,
II as changed the course of many a river;
The dew-drop on the baby plant
Has warped the giant oak forever."

Prof. (in Astronomy)—" What time does Mars get full?"

Junior—" Don't know, sir; I never associate with such company."

Prof.—"Mr. W—, a fool can ask a question that ten wise men could not answer."

Senior—"Then I suppose that's why so many of us flunk."—Ex.

Didactic parent—"Do you know why I am going to whip you?"

Impertinent urchin—"I suppo e because you are bigger than I am."—Ex.

It was a Vassar girl just graduated who innocently inquired: "Is the crack of the rifle the place they put the powder in?"—Ex.

He stole a kiss: the little miss

Pretended it did grieve her.

"'Twas theft," she said, and tossed her head

Like every such deceiver.

"'Twas theft, I know," he whispered low,
"A greater you have done;
With winning art, you've stole my heart—
A kiss is all I've won.

With crimson blushes her fair cheek flushes,
As glancing down she said:
"Return my kiss—for 'twas amiss—
And take my heart instead."— Brunonian.

A student told a Y. L., as he assisted her in arranging grasses in a vase, that some ladies had a great *penchant* for grasses. Whereupon she exclaimed: "I have heard many names for vases, but never knew them to be called *penchants* before."

During a recent conference at Worcester, the following conversation was heard between two boys: "I say, Tim, what's the meaning of so many ministers being here altogether?" "Why," answered Tim scornfully, "they always meet once a year to swap sermons."—Ex.

The latest addition to the Latin language as rendered by the grand tutor combination: Flung-o flungere flunx—I flunctum.—Record.

"I say, ma'am," said a man on a country road, "did you see a bicycle pass here just now?" No, I didn't see any kind of a sickle, mister; but just now I seed a wagon-wheel runnin' away with a pair of legs and a linen collar. You can believe it or not. I wouldn't if I hadn't seed it myself."—Ex.

"There is room at the top," the Senior said, As he placed his hand on the Freshman's head. She was declaiming "The Launching of the Ship," and as with a tender voice she exclaimed:

How beautiful she is! how fair She lies within those arms that press Her form with many a soft caress Of tenderness and watchful care!"

the professor rolled his eyes in ecstasy and whispered, "Beautiful, beautiful figure!" and the boys held each other down in their places, and smacked their juicy lips. Such, alas, are the temptations of co-education!— Vidette.

The sun is the oldest settler in the west.—Bloomington Eye.

A man cannot smoke a cigar too short unless he smokes it too long.

It is not a bad comment on what some men call "business" that an old German made in New York. He said: "Der beebles go round der streets all day sheating each odder, and day call it pizziness!"

Harvard student (who has just failed in a Chinese sentence, to Professor)—"Thou tea-chest—" Professor (furious)—"What! you dare to—" Ştudent calmly proceeds—"Thou tea-chest a most difficult language."—Curtain.

The Parson—"I'm very sorry to hear, Mrs. Brown, that you were present last night at a Plymouth brethren's tea meeting. I have often told you that their doctrines are highly erroneous." Mrs. Brown—"Erroneous, sir, their doctrines may be; but their cake, with Sultany raisins, is excellent."

The class in German grammar is on the subject of genders. "Miss Flora, why is 'moon' masculine in German?" "So that she can go out alone nights, I suppose."

The laugh has gone around at the expense of a State street (Boston) young man, because he was overheard to say that he "wished he had the facilities for a curtain lecture."

But few men can handle a hot lamp chimney and say there is no place like home at the same time.

1

As girls advance toward womanhood many of their notions undergo a change. For instance, when small they believe in the man in the moon; at maturer years they believe in the moan in the honeymoon.

"How greedy you are!" said one little girl to another, who had taken the best apple on the dish; "I was just going to take that!"

Cassel's "Natural History" is responsible for the best of parrot stories. A prize show of these showy birds was held in the north of England. After many others had been brought forward in front of the judges, one bird, on having its cover removed, won the prize by acclamation. Looking around on the company into which it had been so suddenly introduced, it exclaimed: "By Jove! what a lot of parrots!"

A Galveston gentleman hired old uncle Mose to remove a let of rubbish, but the old man piled on such little loads that he managed to make an extra trip. "Look here, uncle, if you had put decent-sized loads on your cart, you could have carried all that rubbish off in one trip." "I knows it boss; yer see I'se a member of de Galveston society for de prevention ob cruelty to animals, and it would be agin my principles to have put too heaby a load on my old hoss." The gentleman sighed, but paid over the money. "Ain't yer gwine to frow in a dram?" asks the old darkey, working his mouth. "I would like, uncle Mose, to give you a dram." "Thank yer, boss," said the old man, winking his eyes and smacking his lips. "I say I would like to give you a dram, but I am a member of the Galveston Sons of Temperance, and it would be against my Principles to encourage drunkenness."—Galveston News.

PORTERHOUSE STEAK.—In 1814 a hungry pilot entered a New York porter-house on pearl street, where lunch as well as drink could be obtained. The keeper, whose name was Morrison, had nothing but the beef ordered for the next day's family dinner, in the shape of a sirloin roasting piece. From this he offered the pilot a cut, which he accepted. After ravenously devouring it, he turned to his host, who was expecting

dissatisfaction with the order: "Messmate, another steak just like that:" After having finished his steaks and porter, the old pilot ordered his steaks to be "cut off the roasting pieces for the future." His companions soon learned the good that lies in the "small loin steak," and Morrison was obliged to instruct his butcher to cut his sirloins into steaks for his customers. The butcher, ordering his men, bid them furnish what he termed "porterhouse steaks." Increasing custom and extending repute soon established the term now so common.

Send your son into the world with good principles, a good temper, a good education, and habits of industry and order, and he will work his way."

Is there a word in the English language that contains all the vowels? There is, unquestionably.

Soul, but no Music.—The meeting had been very interesting. A good brother had grown deeply engaged. His soul was so filled with high thoughts and feelings he could not restrain himself. Having reached his home and room he gave free utterance to his emotions in snatches of well-known sacred hymns. This had been going on for a while, until he was really thinking he could sing, and wondered that he had not tried it before! A loud knock at the door startled him! It was quickly followed by his wife's voice. "John! Do stop! I'm afraid people going by will think you are filing your saws before Sunday is over!"

Anando, the beloved disciple of Buddha, being on a long journey, became thirsty, and approached a well to ask drink of a damsel who was drawing water. She told him she belonged to the lowest caste of the people, and that it was not lawful for such to approach a saint, lest their touch should pollute him. Anando replied: "My sister, I did not ask thee concerning thy caste, nor thy family, but merely for water to drink.—Buddhist Tradition.

It was one of the laws of Lycurgus that no portions should be given with young women in marriage. When this great law-giver was called upon to justify this enactment, he obobserved, "that in the choice of a wife, merit only should be considered; and that the law was made to prevent young women being chosen for their riches, or neglected for their poverty."

Said Hugh, Miller: "It was the necessity which made me a quarrier that taught me to be a geologist."

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom,

On a homeward-bound Charleston car a jolly-looking Irishman was saluted with the remark: "Tim, yer house has blown away." "Deed, thin, it isn't," he answered, "for I have the kay in my pocket."

North.-James, what is Beauty?

Shepherd.—The feeling o' Pure Perfection—as in a drop o' dew, a diamond, or a tear. There the feeling is simple; but it is complex as you gaze on a sweet-brier arrayed by Morn in millions o' dew-draps—or on a woman's head, dark as night, adorned wi' diamonds as wi' stars—or on a woman's cheek, where the smile canna conceal the tear that has just fallen, in love or pity, frae her misty een, but the moment afore bright-blue as the heavenliest spot o' a the vernal skies.—Noctes Ambrosianæ.

When John was contending (though sure to be beat) In the annual race for the Governor's seat, And a crusty old fellow remarked, to his face, He was clearly too young for so lofty a place,-"Perhaps so," said John; "but consider a minute; The objection will cease by the time I am in it!"

—Saxé.

Note.—The proof-reader in Lynchburg is responsible for the last four pages of this number. Subscribers are requested not to visit its shortcomings upon the heads of the editors .-PROOF-READER.

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BURNS.

TUR great authors such as Milton and Shakspeare are so voluminous and have their principal characteristics so familiarly fixed in the mind of the average reader, that a criticism, such as a college student would write on them, must appear stale and profitless, if not to the student whose mind is trained and whose critical facilities are sharpened by the labor required in studying them, at least to those who may be reasonably expected to read and profit by these, his If, then, there are good reasons why we should not attempt such, and should continue to regard the productions of these great lights of English literature as too sacred and venerable for our sacrilegious touch, it remains to decide which of our authors we may approach with any probability of arousing an interest for the subject in the minds of our readers, and which we may fairly criticise without incurring the charge of unorthodoxy in taste, or else of following blindly in the footsteps of others. And here it were best to be cautious, so as not to fall on one remarkable for labored and artificial sentiments, but to select an author whose verses were dictated by the natural feelings of the mind. By the natural feelings of the mind we do not mean those feelings which have their origin in the low, selfish or sensual passions of our nature, and we believe that a poet may be true to nature, and yet infinitely distant from the vulgar or commonplace. In selecting such a one for his criticism, the critic has the very great advantage of being in sympathy with the author—that which seldom occurs when a youthful writer sets himself, through mere determination, to criticise the productions of one whose thoughts have been turned from their natural bent, and whose mind has been corrupted by art.

Keeping in view what has been before said, we have thought to find a suitable subject for our pen in Burns; and if we regard for a moment his life and works, we will find there all the qualities and characteristics which we have laid down as The immense popularity of Burns among the lower orders of his countrymen, both in Scotland and in this country, shows him to have been eminently the poet of the heart and the natural feelings of man; for, while the masses of the people are unable to express formally in lengthy dissertation their opinion of an author, they still, by their silence or their applause, respectively show when he has failed or succeeded in attaining the natural. Further, we will say that had Burns not been a true poet, he would never have been a poet at all. Exotics do not long bear the bracing air of more northern They grow and flourish only in the green-house. So your second-rate poet rarely emerges from the obscurity of an humble station. To learning and its perverted advantages are we indebted for the tribes of rhymesters and poetasters with their superficial and acquired tastes. Burns was not pampered into greatness by wealth or the culture which wealth alone affords, and nothing but his genius could have risen above the poverty of his condition or the meanness of his lot. That genius which would have adorned any sphere in life and which, under happier auspices, might have imparted a new and enduring interest to the world of romance and fiction, did not disdain the scenes and incidents of the humble walks of

life in which he daily moved. He did not seek abroad subjects worthy of his pen, but seized with unerring judgment upon the rich, quaint features of peasant life. Thus the character of his poetry was determined by the character of his surroundings. Under other circumstances he would most probably have shone as bright in another department. His keen wit, his droll humor, his touching pathos, his power of graphic delineation, the Pindaric fire which dictated Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled, we are persuaded, would never have left him.

We have before remarked that Burns' condition in life furnished him with subjects for his muse. If Homer had been obliged to plow for his daily bread, would he have sung of Troy and Priam and Agamemnon's noble following? instead of Ulysses with winged words that "fall like wintry snow-flakes" and the godlike warrior-forms clad in coats of mail, he would have whimpered forth: "Man was made to mourn!" It is hard work mounting into the sublime regions of the epic on a galled and wind-broken Pegasus. Now Burns, while choosing his subjects from among things which from contact and long association were perfectly familiar to him, was both by education and inclination very far removed from the artificial; and, though he was not wholly ignorant and valued learning highly, which assertion, however, the quotation which I am about to bring forward does not support, he still recognized the invaluable aid afforded by the genius of the poet.

"Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire;
Then tho' I drudge thro' dub and mire
At pleugh or cart,
My Muse, tho' hamely in attire,
May touch the heart."

I have before remarked the poverty of Burns, and indicated the coloring which it gave his verses. Indeed, unless we keep this continually before the mind, there are very many passages which we will fail to understand or appreciate. Born in indigence and nursed by the hand of poverty, he was one of the people, and sympathized sorely in their distresses. What most poets become acquainted with through the medium of observation, he felt through the medium of the senses. What wonder, then, if he excels others in denouncing the abuses of power and the oppression of the poor! Burns returned to his father's hut at night with aching brow and tired limbs, and, keenly alive to all the pains and trials of his humble lot, felt deeply the disparity in the condition of rich and poor. He saw the lordlings, at once haughty and foolish, dissipating their fortunes in the pursuit of base pleasures at Vienna, Versailles or Madrid, or in making love to the black-eyed signioras of modern Italy.

"For Britain's guid! for her destruction! Wi' dissipation, feud and faction!"

On the other hand:

"See yonder poor, o'er-labor'd wight, So abject, mean and vile, Who begs a brother of the earth To give him leave to toil, And see his lordly fellow-worm. The poor petition spurn, Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife And helpless offspring mourn."

These things, for which hitherto all remedy has been unavailing, have made many sad. It could not but be expected that Burns, with his sensitive nature, even though they had been less forced upon his attention, would have been peculiarly alive to them; and he sympathized with suffering humanity as only Burns could. He rejoiced in any plan calculated to bring about an amelioration in the condition of the lower classes, and thoroughly detested the brutishness and stupidity which an aristocracy of wealth and power too often sets over the people as guides and models. His enthusiasm in this direction caused him to sympathize with the revolu-

tionary destructionists of France. In sanguine mood he celebrates the Tree of Liberty:

"Heard ye o' the tree o' France,
I watna what's the name o't;
Around it ail the patriots dance,
Weel Europe keas the fame o't.
It stands where ance the Bastile stood,
A prison built by kings, man,
When superstition's hellish brood
Kept France in leading-strings, man."

It has been said, with truth, that if there is any one that is really mean and contemptible, it is he that is continually succing at something or somebody. Any fool can sneer. The poor seldom envy the rich their wealth, but they revolt at being considered a mere herd of cattle by those who are very often both mentally and morally their inferiors. Burns says, speaking of great folk:

"I tent less and want less
Their roomy fireside;
But hanker and canker
To see their cursed pride."

But think not that Burns was a man to brood over his hard fate. On the contrary he had a vivacity and cheerfulness which seldom deserted him, and which made his poems not wholly or for the most part of a querulous or complaining kind, but humorous, witty, racy and refreshing. Even after he had lost nearly all the friends of his earlier career, when society frowned on, and the "unco guid" shunned him, when, in addition to his fear of losing the position which he held from government, his heart was wrung by the ill success of that revolutionary struggle in France, in which he ardently believed that the liberties of man were locked up, he still continued to write those songs of patriotism and love, remarkable for their fire and pathos, and the ruins of Lincluden still echoed to the sweet strains of his muse. I know that the vivacity and humor observable about Burns' poems may admit of a different explanation; and a story is told of one Carlini who kept all Paris in good humor consulting a physician for hypochondria. But this seems to me rather one of these contradictions which certain persons delight to find in the characters of the great.

There are two men, contemporaries, who have done more to render Scotland famous than even the picturesqueness of her scenery or the heroic deeds of her sons. The glamor of their genius still rests upon each rock and mountain, each grove and glen. The one is the bard of the people, the other the poet of the great. The one rescued from oblivion the heroic legends of her chiefs and transmitted them to posterity, adorned with all the wealth of his glorious imagery, colored with all the brilliant dyes of his fertile imagination. other, in verse equally sweet and true, brings us to the door of the lowly cottage and shows us, in bright and lovely colors, the happy scenes within. Both embalm, as it were, in immortal verse the superstitions of their native land. has weird tales of wraiths and demons to relate; the other tells, in humorous and pathetic strain, the simple ghost stories of the yeomanry. Both loved their country, and the breasts of both ever beat with every noble and patriotic sentiment. Scotland can never fully repay the debt of gratitude which she owes to her two great national poets; and she should cherish their memory along with that of the heroes and the places which they have done so much to render famous. Scott was a prudent man. Burns was far otherwise. even to rashness, his soul was one in which the coldness of logic was obliterated in the warmth of human feeling. passions became a law unto him, and ultimately the hidden machinery that regulated his existence. He followed them, not as a slave his master, but with the same grand unison that causes the planets to pursue the beaten paths of heaven. did nothing as the result of calculation, but allowed his thoughts and actions to follow involuntarily, as it were, from his soul, like the rush of blood from the animal heart. A

creature of impulse, he has no time to reason. He has tested of life's most delicious pleasures, and he seeks to plunge anew into its intoxicating whirl. He is not choice in respect to his companions, nor of the point at which he strikes the muddy current. He does not wholly eschew wisdom, but declares that folly has raptures to give. But Cicero says: "To live long it is necessary to live slowly." It is a sad spectacle, that of genius dragged down and debased by appetites merely sensual. Burns had suffered through life the shame of his youthful indiscretions. His self-indulgence hastened the end. Well might he have said with the French poet on his bed of death:

"La fleur de ma vie est fanée; Il fut rapide mon destin! De mon orageuse journée Le soir toucha presque au matin."

TERRA MARIQUE.

ITHOUT any ceremony I introduce myself as a passenger on board the steamship "Nova Scotian," of the "Allan Line," bound for the country from which our The object of this voyage is gallant ship takes its name. well there isn't any clearly defined object in view, simply a pleasure trip, to escape the heat of a Southern sun, where the thermometer ranges between 95 and max. I forgot to mention that Baltimore is the port from which we start, and August 5th, 18-, the time. Promptly at 9 o'clock in the morning the bell rings, the whistle gives a shriek and we are afloat; slowly and quietly we glide down the harbor, where vessels from every country lie snug at the moorings, and the waves caused by our ship causes them to rock a little and bend as if they wished to bid us a farewell and a Godspeed. This is my first sea voyage, and I must confess that my heart quickens its beat as we quicken our speed. I feel quite conspicuous; I am thoroughly absorbed with the bustle on deck and the officers giving commands, which are to me meaningless—unintelligible. Of all persons on board the man at the wheel is the most interesting to me: see what a steady eye he has! how attentive is he to the orders that are given! and I wonder how is he going to guide us through that maze of ships, and never strike one. But he does it perfectly; just as accurately as the hands of a clock pass one another, does he steer us through them all, and we pass out into the open river, and after awhile into the Chesapeake Bay.

Now that we are under way, and the excitement somewhat subsided, I have time to look about and notice my fellow passengers. Of course I expected to find a number of young girls, who would be willing to admit of an introduction from me and, then and there start a friendship: who ever read of a sea trip in which this was not the case, and of course mine would not be lacking in such an important feature. But I was disappointed—very much so. There were none with whom an acquaintance was either to be sought, or desired. Our passengers were for the most part men, and what women were sprinkled through them were old, and therefore, so far as I was concerned, their company was not to be sought after.

All day long we have been moving down the Bay, and I had begun to think that all of that much dreaded sea sickness was nonsense. I was not any more affected than if I had been in a rocking chair. That night about 9 o'clock we passed out of the Capes into the broad Atlantic; the sea was rougher than it had been in the Bay, the vessel rocked more, and things began to look uneasy. I myself began to feel rather nervous, a little sick perhaps, but I was tired, and then the excitement of the day had been more than I was used to. Don't think that I was sea sick, I would not leave anyone under that impression; of course I was not; but then taking things together, I thought that it was expedient that I should retire. And I did so. I laid down in my berth and soon

"Rocked in the cradle of the deep,"

I was asleep.

The next morning I arose early in order to see a sun-rise at ocean. It was with much trouble I succeeded in dressing myself. I found that I was still tired, and suffering from excitement: more so than on the night previous. I could not truthfully contribute it to the causes with which I had solaced myself yesterday; in fact I was prepared to confess that I was sea sick; yes decidedly so. I made my way to the deck, just in time to see that for which I had arisen; and as great a task as it was to "clip my morning's nap," I felt that I had been repaid; it was unlike every sun-rise I had ever seen, and I shall not attempt to describe that which must be seen to be appreciated, and of which I could give none but the most imperfect description.

I did not see very many whales, sea serpents, icebergs &c., comparatively few, certainly not more than six, or seven at the outside of each, and then this wasn't a very good time of the year for them.

I passed through every stage of that detestable ailment, with which, I believe, I confessed I was afflicted; mine was just like everybody else's: only I then thought that it was the most violent attack on record; and the history of mine can be obtained by reading any book on the subject: of course at first I was afraid that my last hour had come, and had begun to think of my final remark; then, as I grew worse, I began to be entirely careless as to whether I lived, or otherwise; but when it reached its climax, I had the greatest fear, one which was somewhat different from the preceding ones; I became very much alarmed lest I should continue to live in such a condition; it may seem wicked to you that such a desire should ever have crossed the mind of a person who is endowed with any discretion, but I actually would gladly have accepted a "leave of absence" from this earth, or rather from that water. For three days I considered it an insult-if any of the waiters asked me what would I take for dinner or supper, as the case might be. At one time I was like Mark Twain: "I believed I had thrown up my immortal soul."

On Sunday morning (we started Wednesday) I heard the welcome call of "Land ahoy to the starboard!" I strained my eyes, and for the first time caught a glimpse of that country of which Moore, when he was leaving, said:

"And chill Nova Scotia's unpromising strand Is the last I shall see of American land."

He was right, for the first view one gets of that peninsula, as he enters Halifax Bay, is as bleak, unpromising a prospect as the human eye is likely to meet anywhere. I did not see it gradually, as a little black line which rises out of the sea. There had been a fog all the morning which prevented our distinguishing objects at the other end of the ship, and when it rose we were in full view of the land, and could distinguish objects ashore. A long line of cliffs, which looked chalky in the distance, greeted my eyes; a few, and stunted, pines grew on them which only served to remind me of how large those trees do become when nurtured by the proper soil. men's little houses were sprinkled all along the shore, and as they were all whitewashed, they looked like sheep here and there. After we had sailed around a small promontory the spires of the churches in Halifax could be seen, and, in course of time, the whole city. After much noise and confusion we came along side of the wharf, and, when we had thanked the captain for his kindness and faithfulness, we set foot on Queen Victoria's kingdom.

The city of Halifax is not an attractive place to a stranger. After visiting Fort George and the house where their parliament assembles, you have seen the city. Its inhabitants are thoroughly English, and, so far as I had an opportunity to judge, kind and hospitable. The men are robust, and, as a rule, quite handsome; but the women, I cannot do violence to my conscience by saying they are attractive to the eye. They are coarse, and entirely different from what is known as a "Southern Lady." Their hands are quite large; the size of their feet is illustrated by the fact that No. 5's are the shees

of which the shoe-dealers say they sell the most. Their figures are not good, being almost as large in the waist as anywhere else.

I had heard a great deal of that beautiful sport called "cod fishing;" so, while I was in a city where cod fish were in the plurality, of course I must go fishing. I went, and if I am forgiven for this offense, I shall never ask pardon again for a similar one. I went out in a little steamer, and the only thing I caught was a terrible case of sea sickness; for as soon as we had anchored, the tug could not decide whether it would stay on this end or on the other; it never did make up its mind. I returned home a wiser person by about ten years.

After we had "taken in" Halifax we started homeward by a different route. We took the cars for the western side of the peninsula. As you leave the coast the land improves wonderfully. I am told that there is no richer land in the world than that part of the peninsula of Nova Scotia which has been reclaimed from the Bay of Funday by dikes. They not only call the embankment by which the sea is excluded a dike, but the land itself also goes by that name; so this is one of the places where the people are on an everlasting d(e)ike, which thought pleases them no little, I fancy, as they are a very happy race of people.

Everybody who has looked into a geography has heard about the high tides of the Bay of Funday, but I dare say that few who have never seen this phenomenon can appreciate it. As I was going along in the cars I saw something which looked like a tremendous ship out in an apple orchard. I was astonished to see them build houses in that manner, and I asked the conductor what did they mean by such architecture. He told me that it was a ship which had been towed up at high tide and was now fast in the mud; that it was loaded with apples and hay, and when the tide returned the ship went out. I saw the finest harbor (as they told me) in Nova Scotia. When I saw it there wasn't enough water in it

to drown a kitten. As far as my eye could reach there was an expanse of red, slimy mud, that looked to me like a dried up mud-puddle. There were huge steamers as fast in the mud as if they had grown there. It was as sickening a sight as it was a strange one. These ships were operated just like the one in the orchard, and were only awaiting the tide, which—I could see by the marks—rose almost sixty feet. Occasionally the tide takes notions in its head, which are not much admired by the inhabitants; instead of rising the moderate distance of sixty feet, it adds about twenty more on to it; the consequence is that about half of the people are drowned, and all the houses are washed down. This, I am told, does not occur frequently, and when it does, it can be foretold by watching the moon, tides, etc.

On the road running from Halifax to some point near the head of the Bay of Funday, (I forget its name) lies that little hamlet where Longfellow laid the opening scene of Evangeline:

"In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas, Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward, Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number."

"The forge of Basil, the blacksmith," is still standing, and the villagers point with pride to it, and a long row of old willow trees that stretches up the hill.

We sailed over the Bay of Funday in the evening and had the opportunity of seeing a sun set. The setting itself is no curiosity, as it happens quite often during a year, but they say that the finest sun-sets in the world are to be seen on that Bay. Well, it was beautiful. The mountains in the distance, the sea and the clouds, would justify one in saying:

"Where the hues of the earth and the tints of the sky, In color though varied, in beauty may vie, And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye."

Nothing out of the ordinary run of events happened to us as we journeyed southward, passing along the coast of Maine,

through its thousands of islands, to Portland—which is the loveliest small city I ever saw—then to Boston and New York. I shall not attempt to give a description of what I saw in New York for two reasons: first, because if I were to attempt a description of everything, I should be obliged to resort to a "continued in our next;" and then it was my object to relate my observations only of people and places with which the average person would be comparatively unfamiliar. I hope I am justified in giving some points about Coney Island, the great sea-side resort of New Yorkers who cannot afford Long Branch. The attraction pre-eminent of this place is its beach. It is composed of a white sand which has been rolled as firm and compact as asphalt by the waves, which continually are surging over it. It yields enough to make it exceedingly pleasant to the foot. I took my first sea bath here: it has been impressed on my memory in such a manner that it will not soon be forgotten. I was a complete novice in this line, and therefore some allowances are to be made me for what happened. I was wading along in a very quiet manner, thoroughly delighted, watching the bathers, particularly the female portion. It may be that they were seen at great disadvantage, but I did not think the ladies that I saw were pretty; quite otherwise they appeared to me. After a while I noticed a woman, who, in spite of her bathing costume, disheveled locks, etc., was in every respect a beautiful woman, and aged about 20, as near as I could judge. She was swimming along with as much ease as a duck, now on this side, now on that, sometimes floating perfectly motionless except when a wavelet came along, and she rose over it like a skiff. She was the most graceful swimmer I have ever seen, male or female, and never until then had I supposed that the art of swimming could be reduced to such a degree of perfection. Does any one blame me when I say that I, like a great many others, was guilty of the enormity of staring at a lady? I must plead guilty, for I certainly did, and I am not sure that if put in a similar position I would not do it again. The tide com-

menced coming in, and the waves grew larger, and rolled farther up the shore, but she swam on undisturbed and stood straight up in the water. I had an excellent opportunity of admiring more of her than I had seen in the water. I always improve my opportunities, and I had no idea of going back on a principle which had characterized my former life simply because a beautiful woman was standing in a few feet of me. There she stood as straight as—a woman ought to be, shaking the water from her hair, which formed into curls as the She remained there for some time, water was thrown out. playing in the sand at the bottom with her feet. I was delighted, but "those that the gods favor die young." I was interrupted in the midst of my enjoyment by a huge wave higher than my head. I was washed not gently against her, or near her,-but right over her! The water was about three feet deep, and I went right to the bottom! I could feel myself turning red as I went down. As a matter of course my mouth flew open, into which about half of the sea went, as I calculated. I arose at last; she was before me, and evidently was wondering what had become of me. managed to get out, along with the water, a "Please excuse me!" She laughed loud and said "Certainly!" As she was enjoying it so much I thought I would do the same, that I (a bashful youth) was confused, and volunteered the following for my relief: "Oh! you needn't feel badly about it. I know you couldn't help it, and then it happens every day here." I began to recover my wits gradually; but what I lacked in that line was more than counterbalanced by her presence of mind. In spite of my informal introduction she continued the conversation, and we became quite good friends. We sauntered around the beach enjoying everything, especially the band of sixty pieces, led by Levi, the cornettist. I took leave of her and returned to New York that night at 10 o'clock. where, after a stay of three days, I returned homeward, having had a delightful and profitable trip terra marique.

LOVE THE ESSENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

S the attraction of gravitation pervades this widespread universe, controlling and animating the whole from the minutest particle of matter to those huge bodies that revolve in orbits immeasurably wide, and which dispense light and beauty to innumerable worlds, so the principles of love pervade and animate the christian religion, constituting, in fact, the essence of christianity. Go back to the fountain of time when the morning stars first sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy that a universe was created; and trace the history of man along down through the rolling generations, and where will you find, in all the dealings of God with his creatures, a single act that is not the direct result of this all-pervading principle, Love? See when man, forgetful of the injunction: "of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat," with presumptuous hand had plucked, had eaten and had fallen; when outraged justice would have confined him to the deepest, the darkest regions of despair, love, in the person of Christ, steps to the front, plants himself in the breach between an offended God and an offending man, and, offering himself as a propitiation. lifts man from the "slough of despond," and, pointing him down through the dim vista of coming years to the glorious plan of salvation upon Calvary's brow, bids him, by faith, look, and, looking, live!

Even when God chastises his creatures, the hand of love wields the rod. When the Israelites came out of Egypt, degraded by long years of servitude and bondage, they were unfit for liberty and for transmitting a knowledge of the true and living God to future generations; hence God, in infinite mercy and not in wrath, led them through the wanderings of a forty years' pilgrimage among the barren rocks and burning sands of Arabia's desert, that they, by a gradual course of pupilage, might be the better prepared to enjoy and appreciate the eternal bliss preserved for them beyond the Jordan's

swelling flood, where the weary are at rest and the wicked cease from troubling; this same love is manifest in all his dealings with them after their entrance into the Promised Land. Wars, famines, pestilences, were sent out upon them, not for the purpose of restraining them when they were rushing heedlessly, recklessly on to their own destruction, but thus bringing them back to the paths of safety and happiness. Their tears of repentance never fell in vain; their cries of distress never rose to high heaven in the proper spirit, but that the same hand which but just now wielded the rod, was ready to apply the healing balm to their smarting wounds.

But above all, the love of God for his creatures is manifested in the grand consummation of the plan of salvation when Christ, the Mighty Maker, consented to leave the shining courts above, and stooped to take upon himself the clog of mortality, to suffer, bleed and die for sinful man—the just and What wonder, when he hung expiring upon the cross, the object of contempt and sneers of men, that strange sights were seen in the heavens, strange sounds were heard beneath the hollow caverns of the earth! What wonder that the rocks were rent, and the earth staggered upon the deep foundations! What wonder that the moon should blush in blood, and the sun, for shame, should draw over his shining face a veil of darkness when they saw him, whose hand had formed them all, thus disgracefully die for man—the creature's sin! Is it not rather a wonder that God did not, with one full sweep of the wand of destruction, strike into nonentity the puny rebel man with all the worlds polluted by his presence? But love prevailed—the hand of justice is stayed. Looking over the heaving multitude that surrounded the cross, He cried aloud: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!"

> "Oh! for such love let rocks and hills Their lasting silence break, And all harmonious human tongues Their Maker's praises speak!"

And for all this love, for all this condescension on the part of the Great Creator, the only corresponding obligation imposed upon us is LOVE; love, the feeling most grateful to our natures, which purifies and elevates our character and renders us best satisfied with ourselves and with the world; love, which, while it controls the human heart, banishes every unholy thought, feeling and purpose, and tunes all to the sweetest harmony. When Christ was asked which was the great commandment, He answered, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind;" and the second is like unto it: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself; on these hang all the Law and the Prophets." And upon this duty are based promises, on account of which even angels envy us; support and protection amid trials, afflictions and difficulties; constant union and reunion between ourselves and our Maker, and, finally, when we pass beyond the bounds of time, a triumphant entrance into that haven of repose, where amid flowers whose fragrant shades invite the presence of the redeemed and the angel host; where the widespread landscape invites the eye to linger; where the gently murmuring streams that plow through the smooth plains constantly renew their sources of immortality; where every sound that vibrates upon the ear, every breeze that fans our cheek, causes our souls to tingle with joy; where, surrounded by the great and good of all ages, reunited to friends and relations that have gone before, with all our senses doubly acute, and with our capacities for enjoyment infinitely expanded, we may spend an eternity whose only unit of measure is the eternal years of God himself, in a state of perfect bliss and happiness, too complete for our feeble powers to imagine.

But this love must not be that cold, dull feeling which the world calls love. It must not be that which says, "Go, be thou fed," but extends no helping hand to the fainting, starving sons of men. It can no more exist in the human heart

and produce no profit, than the luxuriant weed can refuse the burden of perfume to the evening breeze that, with gentle dalliance, kisses its flowers, or than the fruitful vine planted by the flowing stream, tended by the careful hand of the husbandman, watered by the dews of heaven and warmed by the genial rays of a tropical sun, can in autumn withhold rich clusters of luscious grapes. It must influence our feelings, regulate our actions towards God's creatures. He that is fully under its influence will not heedlessly put his foot upon a worm, much less needlessly torture or misuse those higher animals of whose assistance he is compelled to avail himself in procuring a subsistence, or in meeting his demands for food or transportation.

The principles of love and selfishness are as opposite as the antipodes—as far removed from each other as Heaven is from Love teaches to do good to all men in every station of life: the rich man in his palace, the poor man in his hovel; the noble and the ignoble; the wise man and the fool; the purest hearted saint and the vilest and most deprayed sinner. All! even as many as God has created and Christ has redeemed are entitled to an interest in our prayers and our love. No boundaries of time or space must circumscribe it; naught but the boundaries of the universe. Some may say that your bounds are so wide as to be beyond the reach of possibility. But we should let our affections extend to all, and do all we can for those within reach of our influence and assistance. Remember 'tis not the mighty ocean, with its swelling surge, that waters and fertilizes our fields, causing them to bring forth the green herb in spring, and to clothe themselves with rich harvests of golden grain in autumn, but the tiny dew drop, the gentle summer shower. So we, though we may not be able to afford assistance to all suffering humanity, may yet contribute something to the cup of human happiness, or extract some bitter ingredient from the draft of sorrow of which too many of our race are compelled to drink.

cannot evangelize the whole world and break the force of the oppressor's rod, we may at least extend our supporting arms around a fallen brother, assisting him to regain his foothold upon the platform of morality and virtue by whispering sweet counsel in his ear, instead of giving him a kick as he passes by us on the downgrade with accelerated velocity, and displaying our superior sagacity by saying, when he is lost beyond the hope of all redemption: "I told you so!" If we cannot relieve the famine-stricken millions of Persia, or meet the pestilence as it stalks forth at midnight to breathe its death-distilling breath in the face of the sleeping nation, we may comfort the widow and the orphan in their distress, instead of wringing from them, as is too often the case, the last crust that is to satisfy the cravings of hunger, thus teaching them that christianity is all a vain show-a hollow pretense.

Parental love is so universal and uniform in its actions that it may be called an instinct that secures the physical and, to some extent, the intellectual development of children, but only that love which is the product of faith can secure their proper moral instruction. Where love reigns pre-eminent in the heart, it will not lack for opportunities of manifesting itself and performing its offices—at home around the fireside, on the street, in the lecture room, among strangers, and among friends.

PLATONIC.

At morn we sought the nimble stag
Among the wild and lonely hills:
The ardor of the chase to flag
Began at noon, when 'long the rills
The echoes of the huntsman's horn
Was heard, calling the faithful hound,
Faintly baying in the distant thorn;
While from peak and valley many a sound
Up started.

Through a rugged glen, Deep but sunny, rocky cliffs beneath-The home of the faries it might have been-A hunter passed; when lo! many a wreath Of vapor floating 'bove the spring Of the nymphs he saw, and all its pure White marble, and the cool and tinkling Flow of the water from an ewer Cunningly made by nature's hand. By the fountain knelt a maiden fair: Her golden locks by a silver band Were clasped, her lips moved as if in prayer. The youthful hunter, drawing near, Admired a form so full of grace, And, gently whisp'ring in her ear, Desired to see her comely face. But the maid refused to turn her head, And suddenly she seemed to weep: He stooped to kiss away, 'tis said, Her tears, when lo! a marble heap Of piled stone met his ardent lips. Talk, ye zealots, of platonic love, Flow'ry nectar that the bee ne'er sips, Of the passion pure of saints above; But give to me the throbbing breast, The blushing cheek, the flashing eye, Comely love in fair apparel drest, Nor gorgeous as the butterfly. The hunter started, gazed around, Then lightly laughed at the stone's deceit, As he thought of one in whom he'd found, Perhaps, a falsehood as complete.

EDITORIAL.

EDITORS:

GLOVER MOORE, Texas, Editor-in-Chief.

Washington Lit. Society: Chas. Porterfield, W. Va. H. C. Brownfield, La. Graham Lee Society: F. S. KIRKPATRICK, Va. J. E. COCKBELL, Tex.

W. K. CARLISLE, Ky., Business Manager.

REMARKS.

UT a short time ago our frail bark was hurried, by rapid currents and plunging torrents, into whirling eddies and dangerous shoals among hidden rocks and engulphing "suckholes." The winds whistled shrilly through her rigging, and the sky lowered ominously. Now, however, our dangers are left behind, the sun begins to smile on us, and we find ourselves entering upon a broad, gently-heaving expanse of blue water. Is it the ocean? No, it is only a lake with blue sky above and the blue water beneath. Be careful, however, not to overturn the boat; for one can be drowned in a lake as well as in the ocean, and we have read, somewhere, of a king that was drowned in a butt of wine. So sit straight and mind the cockswain; but when the captain tells you to pull hard, pull like—well, the mischief.

Our heading gives us some latitude. So we wish to speak here of a very ruinous practice which has, unfortunately, become too common to many editors—that of writing against space. Many put off writing until only a few days before copy is to be sent off. Then they set to work hurriedly and contrive to produce something, often neither very creditable to themselves nor instructive to others. Of course it would be absurd for us to enter into a lengthy argument to prove the inadvisability of such hasty composition. Its bad effects

The Southern Collegian.

are evident to any one whose attention has once been called to the subject. What we desired was to mention and condemn it. Many persons often do things which otherwise they would not do, and even pride themselves on doing them, simply because they have never heard them condemned.

Though we are often forced to do a great deal of writing in a short space of time, and are profoundly grateful for favors in the shape of essays and the like, still we cannot print everything that comes to us. In many instances, however, we find ourselves obliged to reject essays, not from any particular lack of merit, but for other equally potent reasons. What would you think of an essay half a page, possibly a page, in length? Ceteris paribus, excessive brevity is not a recommendation There is, indeed, in literature, as in pharmacy, such a thing as an overdose. But then, too, we must recollect that a mere pinch of a poisonous drug is often fatal, while, taken in quantity, it seldom fails to pass off without serious effects, on account of the violence of its own action. Would-be contributors will please apply these remarks, and put aside all fear of giving an overdose. We do not mean, however, that you should give the little you have in a very weak solution; a single grain of a drug may be dissolved in a gallon of water. What we want is a fair amount of the pure substance.

MINSTREL TROUPE.

E are pleased to see that some of our students are taking active measures towards the formation of a minstrel troupe. We undoubtedly have good material for a troupe, and are surprised that no one has taken the lead heretofore in organization. We understand that the company are soon to commence their training, and look forward to their performance as one of the most pleasant of the commencement features. The company should be encouraged in their work by the students at large. For the last year or two our commencement

SUNDAY CALICOING.

HERE is a custom in Lexington which we would gladly see abolished, as it is one which produces more evil than any one would suppose who had not looked into the matter. We refer to the habit of closing the doors to the students on The object in view is a good one, but the result is very different from that which is intended. Instead of being a day to which we look forward with pleasure, Sunday is, by far, the most boring day of the seven; never do we get so lonesome, so disgusted with ourselves and everybody else, as The reason is so obvious that we need only call on this day. We have absolutely nothing to do in the eveattention to it. ning after dinner is over. The consequence is we loaf on each other and talk. Everybody knows that when a number of students get together that their conversation does not pursue a religious bent. We do not propose to defend such a tendency, but to take matters as they have been, are, and will continue to be. Card-playing is not unfrequently resorted to; "seasides" are in large demand; and will any person, who is candid enough to say what he thinks, hold that this is not more injurious to the morals than the conversation which passes between young ladies and young gentlemen? If we were all at home, where we could sit and talk to our families, it would be a different matter. But such is not the case, Few of us are on such terms with the people with whom we live as to go in and talk to them during a whole evening. The good people of this town have no idea of how much evil is in-

WURK OF OUR ALUMNI.

THE New York alumni of Washington and Lee University met in the city of New York on the 22d of February for the purpose of forming a permanent organization. Prof. White was invited to be present at the organization, and is now in New York for that purpose. We are glad to see this step taken by the alumni of New York, and hope that their brothers of the South will follow their example. presumed that they all take an interest in the welfare of their Alma Mater, and we know not how they may better promote it than by forming associations in every State where there are a sufficient number to effect an organization—as there are in all the Southern States at least. There is no doubt that great good might be done the University if there were concert of action among her alumni. Aside from this, however, the pleasure of meeting old friends and college mates would be, we should think, a sufficient reason to induce them to take some action towards forming associations. Unless there be something of this kind to stir them up, we fear that their love for us will grow cold. We may justly demand more from our alumni than they have seemed disposed, for the last few years. to do for us. It is their duty to have more regard for the progress of the University. The advantages offered here are surely not less than formerly; we have as efficient a corps of professors, our standard is as high as ever—as high as that of any University in the South, both in the academic and law departments,—and there is no reason why we should not receive the hearty support of our alumni. We believe it is not

from want of good will towards us, but rather that they undervalue the advantages that we should derive from their support, that causes this lack of activity among them.

Let some one take the lead at once in this work, and we are sure that he will receive the ready co-operation of every loyal W. and L. man. These annual reunions cannot fail to be a source of pleasure; they will revive old friendships and old memories—will be a source of satisfaction to those unable to make frequent visits to their Alma Mater. Texas, Kentucky and Louisiana might each form associations of several hundred members. Some of these States already have associations with good membership, and we hope to hear of their renewed activity, and of others following their example.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Under the above caption we began in our last a sort of rambling, allegorical piece, to which a sleepy printer, not seeing the point exactly and thinking it unfinished, annexed "to be continued." Of course it was a mistake, and a devil of a printer we think it must have been that made it, too. (To prevent misconception we wish to say that a devel of a printter=a printer's devil). But we hear some ill-natured person exclaim: "The printer didn't make a mistake. You couldn't have finished if you had wanted to." Of course we couldn't. But we will not discuss at any greater length our ability to end up what has already been brought to a close. We wish to say a few words concerning its advisability. Imagine a dog with a long tail and then another tail to the first, and another to that, and so on for twenty or more successive ad-It is plain that while the dog himself was in front of Stewart's book-store his tail might be torn to pieces by a lot of ill-natured curs in front of the National Hotel. say nothing of other inconveniences. Now, though this be

an extreme case (which by some illogical persons may be thought to be so-called because a dog's caudal appendage is involved) it suits us exactly, and we again refuse to finish what we have already finished once for all.

The above heading pleases us. We think we shall establish it permanently. We think it convenient for many reasons. There are so many things which, like the flea, you put your finger on only to find that they are not there. But we will be sharp enough for him. We will get a box-lid of ample breadth, and when we see pulex enter a pile of rubbish we will cover the whole. In the lid we will be careful to have a hole cut for those who wish to get at the wingless dipter. As for the result, we will wash our hands of it.

Before going further we wish to say that we would be very much offended if we were not sure that we would have the sympathy of every one who reads this, and that every one of the professors would read these remarks at least twice very carefully. The professors are so accommodating, and have nothing else to do but watch the germination and growth of those seedling intellects (of course no one would be so impolite as to change the preceding adjective to seedy) whose now protoplasmic crudity is soon to spread its umbrageous and pomiferous branches over the land. We should be careful how we treat those who are one day to be presidents and millionaires. (The reader is supposed to smile softly at this point, with a scarcely perceptible curl of the upper lip and a shortening of the lower facial muscles about the base of the organ of smell). Some may object to the above parenthesis, and, indeed, it is the opinion of some that parenthesis should be dropped altogether. We cannot say that we approve the opinion. In a parenthesis the author is supposed to accost you more familiarly, and the reader is supposed to pay closer attention, and, after all, the most stupid persons generally know more of their own thoughts than others are likely to find out. Of course it is hardly necessary to make here the

very obvious remark that if a person is licensed to impose his second-rate thoughts upon the public, as is continually being done, the public, if it read them at all, and it must read something, should read them carefully, it being the triumph of intellect to get order out of chaos, and out of foolishness to glean the germs of eternal truth. We acknowledge our own deficiencies, and we can sympathize just the least little bit with Cicero when he says, that so far from being satisfied with his own efforts, the compositions of Demosthenes himself did not please him. We like to see men of genius-(ard they are not rare(?)). It is so pleasant to get out of the dull little world of one's own thoughts. We cannot think that we begrudge any man the bounty of nature. We would like to see a man of genius this very day. We would approach him with a smiling countenance, and, if we did not think that praise might mar his usefulness, we would whisper in his ear-

"To thee shall seraph words be given,
And power on earth to plead the cause of heaven."

But we will not fall out with men even if they are not men of genius. Now there are certain youths-whom we need not mention here—who occasionally write verses for our periodical, and we are afraid that some, who have perhaps read the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, and may-be other volumes of like character, may have a very poor opinion, both of the youths in question and their productions. think it always necessary to enter into a defense of ourselves; but we would like to remind those who criticise us too severely that ours is not yet the race for fame. We may be at the entrance of the lists, but we are not yet ready for the knightly We are sharpening the sword, perhaps, putting the spear in rest, or dallying with the lofty plume of the shining helmet. Our visor is up, also. You may smile on us, if you please; but pray do not jeer us until we are unhorsed and dishonored, rolling in the dust of the mid-lists. youth that you see there, with his broad shoulders and brawny arms, does not think of becoming a professional athlete. Will you, therefore, say that he shall not try his skill and strength in the gymnasium? Let him alone. The manly exercise will expand his chest, cause his muscles to fill out, and prepare him for a long life of healthful vigor.

Like the young athlete, we are now just making a few timid advances, but in a different direction. We are only trying to catch a breath of that genial breeze that blows perpetual spring. We turn this way and that tentatively and cautiously, and find a pleasure in doing what we can, whether it be done well or no. But, after all, it is said that any one That is true; but not every one can can make rhymes. make rhyme and rhythm at the same time, to say nothing of sense. We do not insist on this last as characterizing any verses of ours. We admit, too, that there are very many persons who do, and very many who do not that could, make both rhyme and rhythm. You see that we do not wish to detract, in the least, from the wide-spread frequency of the endowment, in order to increase the merit of our own cheaply acquired talent. We are not at all jealous of our poetic fame, and if any one has thought so, we take this opportunity of setting them right on this point. (We remark here that, as for ourselves, we do not like to set on a point, especially right on one; but that we have no scruple in setting others right on any point whatever). In conclusion (the printer will please notice that we say "in conclusion") we will say that if any one has a few little verses which he wishes printed, and will bring them around, we will see whether we can accommodate him. In preparing any verses for us, however, it were best to pay a little attention to rhythm, and a rhyme now and then would be acceptable. So much for rhyme and rhythm and critics. Perhaps, if we feel like it, we will continue our remarks, on some similar subject, at some future occasion.

[NOT TO BE CONTINUED.]

College and Campus.

Dame Nature rouses herself from her long nap.

The latest effort of our poet begins thus:

Invoke the balmy breezes A-sighing 'mong the trees-es.

Our proof-reader at Lynchburg is very modest. Well, Wirt, we won't quarrel.

Does any one know who rendered medical assistance to C., of Va., in his late accident?

P. of La., and C. of Va., say that when you fall in with that savory-odered specimen of *capra aegagrus* up town you have to go-at. So do we. We are afraid he'll *hire-us*.

Prof. of Latin: Mr. P., give the Imperative Mood of amo. P. of La.: Amato, amans, amatis, amatote, amator, amavit, amavisse, amaverim, amavissemus.

Prof.: Go on, sir, and give the rest.

P. of La.: There are three more, sir; but I cannot think of them. [Applause.]

Prof.: The Imperative Mood is noted for softening brains. (Mr. P. smiles feebly. Class again applaud.)

1st. Junior: Hello, S., did you get through on examination?

2nd. Junior: (contemptuously) Get through? I made three over.

Obsequiousness is a good thing Ay, verily.

J. H. Hamilton, formerly chief editor of the SOUTHERN COLLEGIAN, A. M., B. S., C. E., &c., &c., &c., Santini prize medalist, champion oarsman of the Harry Lees, recipient of the Pinckney prize, Cincinnati orationist for 1881, is studying law at the University of Virginia. and is editor-in-chief of the Virginia University Magazine. We know that "Jack" will not go back on us at final.

He has it bad, as the following will show:

Sweets that far surpass the nectar of the rose, Are treasured in thy life's young promise-bud, Which waits for the advent of love to unclose And shed on the air its perfume, like a flood

Of incense wafted above from the altar of prayer:
But sweeter far than hymns of saints, would be
The delicious aroma of that flower so fair,
To a heart that's ever yearning and longing for thee.

Down in the measureless depths of thy dear eyes
My fancy paints a heart so warm and true,
That angels from their bright home in the skies.
Might be drawn to this dull earth for love of you.

"Promise-bud" is good. "Dear eyes" is good.

Salve, which we used to head our last local column, is a Latin word of friendly greeting, and is not the same as salve, a mixture for healing wounds.

"Peenic" thinks, that by the time George learns to play on both the violin and the fiddle, he'll be a fine musician.

It's such a great source of pleasure to catch an editor tripping now and then.

"Delta Phi Tau" says he knows the President and the clerk of the Faculty, but would like to know who the discipline of the College is, as he has never seen him.

The inquiring freshman, "Dock," doesn't see why steamboats should have wheels, since they've got steam.

"Hig" says M. of Ky., speaks of a certain young lady as good at reparee.

When B. of La., recently returned home late at night singing:

"We're out on the ocean sailing To a home beyond the tide,"

no one supposed he was already half seas over.

It was the same freshman that remarked, on seeing the word genii, that he had never seen jenny spelt that way before.

The "Greate Concerte" was very good, but not as good as it might have been.

[N. B.—The editors didn't receive any complimentary tickets.]

Notice.—The Seniors have been unusually quiet for the last month. They wanted to give the Freshmen a chance. Go it, Freshie, but don't stay out too late at night.

T. of S. C., was lately seen to strike a devotional attitude exclaiming:

"Evening zephyr, hear my prayer!"

Prof. in Jun. Eng.: Mr. S., what does bt twam signify in Old English?

Mr. S.: I know, professor, but I wouldn't like to say.

"Dix" has left us. Gone to browse amid the blue-grass.
"Thou art gone; but, oh!

We see thee still."

"Hig" says he will wager that they don't get his name into the COLLEGIAN this issue.

Student: Hello, T., what's the matter with your nose?

T.—(a veteran foot-ballist who never tries to keep up with any but his most recent bruises): Why, I was thrown on the brick walk and my hand was badly hurt.

Student: But your nose is bloody.

T.—Oh, that was done five minutes ago!

Some one asks how "Old Alex" gets his corn shucked. The COLLEGIAN is unable to answer.

C. P. of W. Va., is said to be growing very dole(d)ful of late.

B. of La., thinks these macadamized roads up here are not what they are cracked up to be.

F. of S. C., wants to know if the "Calathump" is a musical instrument. Yes, very much so.

The reason that M. of Texas does no better in Chemistry is that he can't bribe Pennick and "Little T." to prompt him.

We heard a lady tell "Guff" that he looked "mighty sweet" the other night at the Graham celebration.

"But nevertheless, however, yet still, although, &c.," is the way it reads in a Greek exercise. We are not surprised that there were no distinctions in this class at the Intermediate.

A freshman who had flunked on Math. was heard to excuse himself by saying that, if he had just been at home with his Ma, he knew he could have "knocked" every one of those examples.

Harry says the sun rose the other morning eclipsed by the shadow of the earth.

P. of C. A., says if he don't know who wrote Anacreon's odes, he knows that ammonium is not a staple compound.

"Buck" wishes that he had had the measles when the intermediate examination came on.

We won't be responsible for typographical errors occurring in this issue.

The editor of the Terrell Star, a Texas paper, speaks of our institution as Washing-on Lee Uni. He, no doubt, had in mind Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Correction.—C. of Texas, said that when he inquired who wrote Anacreon's odes, he knew, of course, that Anacreon wrote them, but that he had reference to Shakspeare's translation.

The broad and smiling face of W. S. Forrester pops up in Lexington rather unexpectedly. He just came to see the "boys" you know.

His color's mostly "bonny blue,"
He often has no back,
But it matters not about his hue;
A dear, kind nag is Jack.

Some pages oft are wanting, too,
For quite a lengthy space,
And, in his fellow text-book, you
Will find them at the place

With which exactly Jack agrees— Kind Jack, who never liesWho always does his best to please, But yet excites surprise.

As when, for instance, some poor fellow, Notorious as a dunce, Translates in language rich and mellow, And misconstrues not once.

Then does the grim professor smile,
Which makes that poor chap wince;
His fellow-classmates though, meanwhile,
Suspicions thus evince.

Some at their neighbors slyly wink, Or poke them in the back; Full many grin, and many think, And many whisper—"Jack."

And it, perchance, his toast we good,

To drink it ne'er be slack;

But, to the very vault of Heaven,

Send luck to honest Jack.

YE GREATE CONCERTE.—According to ye appointment ye old folks' concerte came off in ye Anne Smithe Academy, Feb. 18, Anno Domini eighteen hundred and eighty-one. Ye periodical called ye Southern Collegian received a special invitation to attend. At ye appointed time he put in his appearance, and as he disdained to mingle with ye crowd of ye

county folk, he was conducted to a place of honor on ye highest part of ye chair back on ye outside of ye Academy near ye window that looks upon ye rising moon. indefinitely attenuated edge of his own resting-place he argues, conclusively to his own mind, ye truth of what has so long seemed a paradoxicological absurdity, that ye thousand angels can stand on ye point of ye needle. From ye position of honor, ye editor had ye advantage of ye use of an opera-glasslike instrument of window size, which, when properly adjusted, afforded two of ye most beautiful lenses, liable, however, to become a little tarnished from ye deposit of ye moisture from ye inside, but otherwise a most excellente aid for viewing ye performance. Ye editor being-at his besta sort of omnioptic personage, and having ye aid of ye powerful instrument before-mentioned, thinks he saw through ye He will venture to speak of a few hole of ye performance. things which he saw. First, then, he heard ye sweet sounds given out by ye new-fangled instrument called ye piano, when ye same was pugnipulated by ye ingenious Mistress Van Renselar, who no doubt received her title of ingen-ious because she is a descendant of Pocahontas; and, to tell ye truth, she did look somewhat Ingin-ny. (Ye reflection is not meant, ye same being ye typographical error of ye printers). Ye editor saw Orlando Furioso, whom he supposed long since dead, and heard ye same sing love-ditties like a second De la Mancha to an appreciative Dulcinea. But ye most interesting sight, and one which ye editor had long wished to see, was ye "Ole Virginny Reel" which was a-sitting in ye corner. Ye editor is afraid that ye popularity of ye same is on ye wane, as he thinks it was only used once and then turned but a few times by that blushingly-beautiful damsel, Patsy Sugar-plum (?) But ye editor is forgetting names and incidents, and will close his report here for fear of getting something wrong. wishes to say, however, that ye foregoing is a trustworthy account of ye performance called ye old folks' concerte, so far as it goes.

beauty amount proved a line tay, and the measures of the long of manager than away. At the appointed time the major well and for an authorized the appointed time the major well and for the summons, and very soon after the seals were all present well filled with an authorized man articular awarent time away to contribute it the national of the amount where the measure of the application of the amount of the application of the authorized are applicated by the application of the authorized and afficient were confidently to their places of the allegance by those who had been applicated to officially an intervalue. The masse now reased when the President, Mr. W. A. Carlisle, rained inconfident in a very west manager, the orange, Mr. Barretta.

Mr. Parrent appeared perfectly at case on the stage: he has a good voice, and his enunciation was fishing. His style was perhaps, a little too declaratory. The subject of his oration was:

"Man's life is all a mist, and in the dark
Our fortunes meet us."

His opening allosions to the Lexington fair ones were happy; indeed, his thoughts seemed to flow in this channel with special fluency, and we might suspect that he has met his fortune in the dark eyes of one of these fair ones. We would be unable to make an extract that would do Mr. Barrett's speech full justice; let it suffice to say that he treated his subject in a pleasing and interesting manner.

After the oration, the secretary, Mr. Hay, rose and read out the question which had been chosen for debate: "Which has the greater influence, the bonnet-box or the ballot-box?"

Mr. Kirkpatrick, the first debater on the affirmative, was then introduced. The gentleman said that the question just read out might seem to some a poor outcome for a Literary Society, and that he wished to make a few remarks by way of apology or explanation. The gentleman proceeded: "We

anticipated criticisms, and tried to avoid them, but they were simply inevitable—a clear case of predestination. five joint meetings of the debaters, consulted seven professors, reviewed all the books on the subject, and discussed, in round numbers, 1300 different questions. I see a professor in the audience looking uneasy. Lest some may think he originated this question, I'll do them all the justice to say that they had nothing to do with it. Pardon me if I mention a few that engaged our attention. Among the first was: 'Is the average freshman endowed with a perceptible amount of common sense?' No doubt this would have been a preferable subject, and would have been adopted but for two reasons: mainly because it was foreseen that the affirmative would have to prove an absurdity; and then, again, the gentlemen on the negative thought the sensitive feelings of the class of individuals to be discussed might be harrowed up if they advanced all the arguments in their behalf. We, therefore, determined to give up one of the best questions ever proposed. one discussed was: 'Is the inattention of the people at the Celebrations due to the nature of the audiences or the character of the speeches?' I have heard a good many effusions gotten off here, and was so thoroughly persuaded that it was not your fault, that I could not advocate the affirmative of such a question. There is a gentleman on the negative who is of an historical tendency, who proposed a question which was eminently well suited for a public debate, and one that has been shamefully neglected by all literary societies. It was a curious question, and none of you, I dare say, ever heard the like of it debated. It was about the 'Execution of Mary, Queen of Scots.' He is sensitive on this point, or I would give the reasons why it was not adopted; but that unfortunate lady is said to have been a relative of his."

The gentleman rejoiced that the subject was not a hackneyed one, nor like a twice-told tale, and claimed for himself and fellow-debaters at least originality in the selection. We cannot attempt to give more of the gentleman's speech, nor describe the happy manner of its delivery. On a careful perusal of the gentleman's manuscript, however, we were unable to find any arguments; and, indeed, he himself seemed to be perfectly aware that this would be found to be the state of the case. In concluding, he said that he hoped the gentlemen on the negative would please not say that he had brought forward no arguments. He thought this was a puerile way of meeting an adversary, and as such a remark must necessarily have been written before his opponents heard a word of his speech, he said it reminded him of a lady who wrote a note in ink before she went to the Chapel, saying: "Mr. Blank, accept my congratulations. Your speech was, by far, the best of the evening."

Mr. Bugg, the first debater on the negative, was next introduced. He said he felt the need of much indulgence, as he knew that his opponents would get all the praise for gallantry: but that he could well afford to endure a wound or two in a cause that he felt to be just. He said that he knew that particular instances were against him, and alluded to the great excitement that occurred when the father and mother of mankind were driven out of Eden. Out of the great plains of history, he went on, tower whole mountain ranges of sublime women. He then mentioned a few of the well-known historical characters, not forgetting to mention Florence Nightingale, the sisters Grace and Mollie Darling, and others. whom, as the gentleman said, modern times have added to the The gentleman said that he had been taught to regard woman as pure and intelligent—that even if proof were greater, he would hesitate to ascribe to her an influence that must often be a reflection on her womanly attributes. "Man's influence is measured by gentleman proceeded: what he does. The moving power behind the throne is out of the question, or, at any rate, cannot claim to be greater than the power he exerts, since that power is exhibited only * * * * Now it is man's nature to through the man. resist everything that tends to fetter his liberty. He consid-

ers the ballot-box the very fountain head of liberty; and is it natural to suppose that, considering, as he does, the ballotbox the great field for asserting his national and individual rights, he will let pass this golden opportunity for obtaining lasting good, and receive, as reward, a few honied words or artificial favors which he knows to be as false as they are fair? * * * He is taught to believe, from his very infancy, that voting is a right peculiarly his own and his pride, and the belief that men were made to rule, leads him to guard that right as jealously as an old man guards his youthful * * * But are we to assign a selfish and interested motive to all the actions of men? Are we no longer to do what is just for the sake of justice? Will not the lords of creation do right without the coercive influence of a curtain lecture? Assuredly, if they will do so at all. the majority of cases, then, where men adopt a just and honorable course, it will be found that they do so-not as influenced particularly by women—but as prompted by that high and distinguishing sense of justice inherent in every human **being.**"

The gentleman thought it necessary to make an apology to the ladies for having said so much against them, and a little more and his gallantry, would have undermined all his previous argument.

As the second debater on the affirmative, Mr. Goldsby, had **previously** retired from college on account of ill health, and as **no** one had been elected to fill his place, Mr. D. P. Junkin, the second debater on the negative, was then introduced.

Mr. Junkin, in his opening remarks, promised to treat the subject in a serious manner, as the debaters before him had presented rather the comic aspect of the question. The influence under consideration, the gentleman agreed, must be that which is the most potent for the good of the human race in general. The one thing which has most influence in producing the general happiness of mankind is good government. This can be maintained only through the ballot-box. Here

he drew a picture of a nation tranquil and flourishing, enjoying the blessings of liberty and good government, and quotes:
"Rara temporum felicitate, ubi sentire quae velis, quae sentials dicere licet." This was manipulated in a manner that astomished the Freshmen. The gentleman is evidently very familiar with the classics. The sentiment seemed to be fully appreciated by the audience, and brought forth their applause.

Mr. Junkin maintained further, that even in society, where it might very naturally be thought that woman, or the bornet-box, has the preponderating influence; that even here men have, in reality, the guiding and directing influence.

In closing he said, by way of an apology, that though the course of the debate it had been necessary for him make a comparison between man and woman, and use t word woman as synonymous with bonnet-box, yet he wou not, for an instant, be thought a misogynist. The gentleman's delivery was, in general, very good, though his position the stage was, perhaps, a little too stiff. His argument were good, and, altogether, his speech was sensible and grave just such a one, in fact, as we would expect from Mr. Junkin

The President, Mr. W. K. Carlisle, in a few well-choser remarks dismissed the audience, most of whom went away firmly convinced that the Graham Celebration for 1881 had been, in every respect, a complete success.

Washington Celebration.—There has been unusual interest manifested in the Society Celebrations this year, and the behavior of the audience was better than we have known. This, we suppose, was partly due to the character of the speeches, but more especially to a growing sense of what is just and proper, of what is due to young men who have spent much time and thought for the instruction or the entertainment of others.

The Washington celebration of February 22d was well attended. The exercises of the evening were begun by a short speech of welcome by Mr. Erving, the President, at the close of which he introduced Mr. Land, the orator of the occasion.

Mr. Land prefaced his discourse with a few remarks asking the indulgence of the audience in his maiden effort: "as the sky is never so beautiful," he said, "as when spangled with stars, nor the rose so lovely as when its petals are bathed in the diamond dews of morn; so the heart of man is never so happy as when his efforts to please are met with approbation."

He announced as the subject of his oration, "The Refining Influence of Study of Literature." He first discussed the benefits to be derived from study, and then the pleasure that literature affords, and its refining influence on the human mind. He compares our age to that of Augustus and Pericles. sober nineteenth century is a golden age, made so by the Titan voice of the great masses crying for freedom and education. The cultivation of the mind will elevate and purify life, as a pure stream flows from an unpolluted fountain. men of a country are "those whose minds have been disciplined by study and refined by association, who steep their souls in the music of Milton and Shakspere." We have not space for a lengthy extract from the gentleman's oration. tion was very poetic, and his whole speech full of imagery. Altogether his subject was treated in an entertaining and skillful manner.

The Secretary, Mr. Frieson, then read out the question for debate: Do the signs of the times indicate the decline of the republican government of the United States?

The President then introduced Mr. Burroughs as the first debater on the affirmative.

Mr. Burroughs began with a general survey of republican forms of government, of which ours is the oldest and most successful, and a consideration of its various advantages and disadvantages. Universal suffrage, he said, was the greatest drawback to which our form of government is liable, inasmuch as granting such rights to all citizens alike was an ideal liberty, and the source of many evils. In a population so mixed, so varied as ours, ignorance may always be found in

the masses, which eventually places the affairs of the country in the hands of demagogues. And rotation in office carries this still further, with the effect of causing the perpetration of frauds and abuses which are always a stain to a national character.

Communism is another great evil with which a government like ours has to contend, and many of its results are the same as those produced by universal suffrage; and by the latter the power of communism is often more rapidly developed to spread strife and discord over the land. It makes the laboring man enter into leagues against his employer, and the results of these leagues are the strikes which have become so prevalent of late, inflicting upon the country loss of life and property, besides jarring the very foundation of the government itself. The course of Northern politicians has also had great effect in producing local differences, and in keeping alive those that were caused by the late war. Taking these things all together, the conclusion seems apparent that the government under consideration must, sooner or later, undergo dissolution, as the signs of the times most strongly indicate.

Mr. Montgomery, the first debater on the negative, was then introduced. He spoke of the changes to which all things are obnoxious, republics among the rest; but brought forward examples from history to show that, although liable to overthrow, they were still the most stable of human governments. The gentleman thinks that parties, so far from being an evil are the chief means of securing justice in the administration of public affairs. The influence of our institutions on other nations has been great, but it has been a good influence. is a mistake to suppose that communism takes its rise among On the contrary, it has its fountain-head in those nations whose institutions are, as near as may be, opposite to ours, for example Russia. The late war has only decided a question left undecided by our fathers. The republic has been rendered more stable by that deadly struggle, especially since the removal of the United States troops from the South. The gentleman thinks that there has never been better feeling between North and South since the foundation of the republic than now. The gentleman attributes the late strikes to demagogues and the financial crash, and after predicting the future greatness of our country, closes an impassioned address to the ship of State with these lines:

"But humanity with all its fears, With all the hopes of future years, Is hanging breathless on thy fate."

Mr. Montgomery's delivery is very good.

Mr. Brownfield, the second debater on the affirmative, was next introduced. The gentleman said that preliminary remarks by him would be unnecessary, and he proceeded immediately to bring forward his arguments: we are not presumptous enough to say that the causes now operating will overthrow our government, we can only say that the signs indicate as much. As to the historical illustrations brought forward by the negative, they cannot be good, because not existing under the same circumstances. We cannot say what vast effects gun-powder and printing will have on our future destiny. Internal strife may, indeed, be beneficial, but it is also destructive. In our government, history is repeating itself. There is no example of a republic returning to its primitive simplicity and purity. The gentleman here brings forward examples from history. Constitutions or forms of government are at best pliable, and ours is far on its way towards a radical change. The inauguration of the last President struck a death-blow to one of the fundamental principles of There is not much hope that one political our government. party is better than another. He said that he did not wish to borrow trouble, but that the evil had been long growing and had taken such strong root that no power on earth could uproot it.

The audience listened with interest to Mr. Brownfield's bold and argumentative discourse.

Mr. Watkins, the second debater on the negative, next came

forward. He complimented the appearance and delivery of his opponents, but declared that their speeches consisted of assertions merely. We condense his reasoning: the country is not in the hands of demagogues; a great Englishman has said that our people are pre-eminently a law abiding and law enforcing people; the advantages of universal suffrage are acknowledged; as long as we have it in its purity we are comparatively safe; there is no danger from this source; the people will support what the people have established; no danger is to be apprehended from the negroes who are gradually rising in political intelligence, as shown by their conduct in late years; danger cannot be justly feared from Presidential elections; the people are trained to forbearance even when things don't go exactly right; our constitution is still carefully studied; our old traditions preserved; witness the result at Chicago; the two great national parties may be compared to the centripetal and centrifugal forces that keep the planets in their orbits; the effects of the late war are rapidly passing away; the resumption of specie payment in January, 1879, is not the least among the encouraging signs.

The gentleman's address is good and his delivery marked by great earnestness of manner.

After Mr. Watkins' speech, the President, Mr. Ewing, dismissed the audience.

ALUMNI.

[It is only through the active co-operation of the alumnithemselves that this department of our periodical can be made interesting. We, therefore, solicit them to aid us by sending us news of the whereabouts and the doings both of themselves and others of our alumni who may come within their knowl—

edge, as well as of any other persons that may, for any reason, justly claim an interest in our Alma Mater.]

J. B. Guthrie, '72-'73, is practicing medicine at Hulseville, Tensas Parish, La.

Jas. Poague, '58-'59, is practicing medicine at Newellton, Tensas Parish, La.

· Geo. Winchester, '69-'70, is married and in business in Natchez, Miss.

Jno. Langworthy, '72-'73, is practicing medicine at Davis' Bend, Miss.

Lucius Desha, '69-'70, is living in Cynthiana, Ky., and occupies the position of County Judge. His brother Jack is married, and is farming near the same place.

Jas. McCluer, '74-'75, is a professor in Jefferson College, Miss., of which J. S. Raymond, an ante-bellum graduate of W. and L. U., is President.

Geo. J. Denis, '76-'77-'78, is practicing law in New Orleans.

Fred Ogden, '77-'78, has just graduated as an M. D., and has a situation as assistant physician in a New Orleans hospital.

Ben. F. (Flax) Kirkpatrick, '73-'74-'75-'76-'77, is in Lynchburg. He is "learning business," and is fluent in traditions of W. and L., and of what happened when "he was here." It was reported that he was going to marry some charming widow. Great goodness! Ben, is this true?

Wm. McElwee, '77-'78-'79, is in Chicago getting wealthy. There is some talk of his endowing a scholarship at W. and L. as soon as he is worth \$500,000, which will be quite soon. He gets \$5.50 per week, and pays \$4.75 for board. Has 75 cents to squander every week.

C. M. Cooke, '77-'78, when last heard from, was wandering about in Colorado on the lookout for a place to hang out his shingle.

- C. C. Garrett, '69-'70-'71-'72, A. B. and B. P., resides at Brenham, Texas, and is president of the *alumni* association of that State.
- Hal. Rountree, '70-'71, is railroading at St. Louis, Mo. He is not yet a pater familias.
 - Chas. A. Daily, B. L., '75, is practicing law at Paris, Tex.
- C. C. Culp, B. L., '77-'78, is prospering at his profession in South Carolina.
- C. Edmundson, of Tennessee, an A. M. and B. L., of '70-'71-'72-'73-'74-'75, is at present at Austin, Texas, waiting on clients and meditating matrimony.
- W. D. Vinson, A. M., '72, is Professor of Mathematics in Austin College at Sherman, Texas.
- W. W. H. Harris is practicing law in Lynchburg, Va. He is doing well; which same justified him in taking unto himself a wife; and he did it.
- Thad. W. Smith, '74-'75-'76-'77, is our/deputy county clerk, married to a pretty "senorita," and two prattling babies to keep him at home after dark. We think he is doing well, and is very well satisfied with his lot.
- A. C. Herff, '75-'76-'77, was also married a few months ago to one of San Antonio's fair ones, and has hung out his shingle as "Dr. A. C. Herff," and has already taken a fair amount of practice to himself.
- Geo. Altgelt, '74-'75-'76, is practicing law in San Antonio, but, as yet, has not taken a life-partner to himself.
- Griff. Jones, '76-'77, is here in our postoffice, and still curses the day that he went to Lexington, as, during his stay there, a good many head of cattle were stolen from his ranch.

Guss Kampman, '75-'76, has also settled down to steady habits. He has gone into business with his father, and engaged himself to one of our fair ones, and I guess the next thing you hear of him he will be married.

W. J. Kingsbury, '75-176-'77-'78-'79, is also in San Antonio practicing law, and has a pretty fair amount of practice.

Montelle, '76-'77-'78-'79-'80, is studying law in the office of one of our most distinguished attorneys, and has a very good chance to become a lawyer.

I saw W. F. Miller, '73-'74-'75-'76-'77, a few days ago. He, too, has been studying law, but, on account of failing health, has been obliged to give it up, and has now gone to the more healthful occupation of farming.

F. G. Smith is at Rome, Ga., working for a steamboat corporation, of which his father is president.

EXCHANGES.

We may safely say that the Acta Columbiana is a paper of great discrimination, of exceedingly attenuated delicacy of feeling and nicety of taste. It actually devotes more than half a column to the utter condemnation of a piece which it called doggerel, (of course (?) the Columbia man knows the difference between doggerel and macaronics) that appeared in our last issue, without once naming us. We were at first angered that any production of ours should have been so roughly handled; but it soon began to dawn on us that we had cause to thank our lucky stars. What would have been the measure of our shame, we said to ourselves, if the Acta had exposed us? But the Acta didn't. The Acta doesn't stop here. It doesn't like the insane attempts

Scene-Drawing Academy. ('83 boasts of his skill in drawing).

'84: "Can you draw an inference?"

'83: "No, but I can draw beer."

That a student should want to turn bar-keeper, or that he should think that the fun consisted in the drawing rather than the drinking of the beer, is utterly incomprehensible to us. Again:

"Mr. —, were you smoking?" "No-o, sir." "Well, that is fortunate.

* * * I wasn't smoking, H— wasn't smoking, and you weren't smoking; it is very fortunate."

Well, yes! Now "let the conquering hero come." [We have since learned that the above was stolen from the Spectator.]

The Concordients keeps up its usual order of excellence. The following sentences that appear in the locals strike us as rather antiquated:

Ne mater suam.

Pugno pugnas pugnat.

Mea mater sus est mala.

Equus in stabulo est sed non est.

The Cornell Review comes to us for the first time. As its title indicates, it gives much space to literary matter. The article entitled "A Glance at Voltaire and the XVIII Century," is appreciative, and shows much—not to say caraful—research. The writer evidently has a very high opinion of Voltaire, and appreciates the good that he has rendered to his age and country, but he is, at times, rather unfortunate in his expressions. How a man can praise another, whom he represents as having had an "utter lack of conscience and self-control," is something we can't very well understand.

The Simpsonian is a sensible paper. (The Simpsonian praises us.) Our last copy, however, has been lost in the multitude of our exchanges, else we would say many nice things about it.

The Bates Student is a college paper very attractive in its appearance and general make-up. The poetry, which it takes from Scribner, is good; that which it takes from a certain Columbia paper is passable. From the latter it also quotes prose extensively. One of its own pieces is "What Tom Said." Tom was noted for the rapidity with which he could go to the bottom of things. He runs against a fellow in the hall and says, "Well, if this isn't the darnedest way for a man to introduce himself that I ever heard of!" This piece was so absurd that no one wished to take the responsibility of writing it; so it was signed "Nemo."

The Armsu comes to us from Sackville, N. B. What do you think of this

them all.

THE

SOUTHERN COLLEGIAN,

Washington and Lee University.

"Quidquid praecipies, esto brevis."

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Number V

BAYARD TAYLOR.

AYARD TAYLOR was not the first farmer's son that has distinguished himself as a man of letters. Though a youth brought up in the retirement of the country is constantly exposed to the danger of committing blunders that excite the ridicule of cultivated people, yet the awkwardness of his demeanor simply indicates his deficiency in knowledge of the minor yet important accomplishments of highly civilized life, and does not stand as a proof of any intellectual weakness or stupidity.

I sometimes think that it is an advantage to be born in the country, and even to be compelled to perform that manual labor requisite in the management of agricultural interests. I think that it is an experience not altogether unprofitable. Though manual labor continued for a long time will degrade the higher sensibilities of man, it is, however, not so detrimental to intellectual growth or the natural development of mind as the thoughtless excitement and superficial "smartness" that surrounds you as a member of fashionable society. Some one said that Macaulay would have been a greater man had be studied the works of others less, and given more time to his own original thought, or, in other words, if he had

meditated more. There is a great deal of the farmer's experience that is really calculated to cultivate a fine sense of feeling and inspire a warmth and purity of thought, and all of his work admits of almost uninterrupted contemplation. However, it is known very well that an originally strong mind long kept ignorant of the breadth of the intellectual world and the advancement of thought, will narrow to contemptuous egotism, but I think that the early years of a promising life should be spent in the comparative solitude of a country residence. It will there gain a love for loneliness and a sympathizing nearness to nature that will cast a cool shade in the heart and breathe a flowery fragrance that will never go out from the memory.

It is our purpose to dwell upon some of the smaller poems of Bayard Taylor, but we shall give a brief sketch of his life and recount a few of his interesting experiences.

It was not until his seventeenth year that Bayard Taylor left the occupation of the farm to become an apprentice in a printing office, after having received a common country education. He is said to have employed his leisure time in learning French and Latin and writing verses, which were received by Willice and Griswold, who were then in editorial charge of the New York Mirror and Graham's Magazine. this time he seems to have been wholly engrossed with the desire to travel. The spirit that must incite such a desire to see the full extent of the world must be confined within no narrow limits. It is characteristic of an ideal poet. acquainted himself with the most civilized portion of the world, making the tour of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Switzerland, Germany and Italy, traveling on foot and practising every art of economy and undergoing many discomforts in consequence of his scanty means, which he had pro cured by the sale of some poems, together with something paid him in advance for letters to be written during his absence.

It is with some degree of sadness, mixed with more admiration, that we imagine this great man wandering with his knapsack on his back and his staff in his hand, from place to place, sometimes, perhaps, sneered at by the common people as an aimless vagrant; but he, regardless of the momentary insult, passes on with a thought fixed higher than petty circumstances, with a mind open only to the truths of the various conditions of life presented to him, with a great soul expanded for the beautiful.

This first trip he is said to have made on the almost incredibly small sum of five hundred dollars. The notes of this tour were published by the Philadelphia Gasette and the Saturday Evening Post, but were afterwards collected into that very popular volume entitled "Views Afoot," which really seems to be the most widely known of his prose works.

He went next to California and Mexico, publishing a book on his return entitled "El Dorado," describing the wonders and the beauties of those romantic regions. He carries us up into the grand elevations of the Rocky Mountains, and the Sierras with their thousand peaks and crags, and down to the lonely and barren shore of the Pacific.

He then engaged in editorial work for a time, at Phenville, Pa., but it was with poor pecuniary success, which caused him to give it up in a short time and devote his time to literature of a higher character. He continued to write for the magazines for a considerable time, when he secured a permanent position as correspondent for the *Tribune*, which gave him ample reward for his labor.

He then set out for a long and protracted journey in the East, which it would be tiresome for us to follow; but it is enough to say that in all his wanderings through deserts, from one ruined city or classic spot to another, or from isle to isle, much of the time was gloriously spent in the composition of songs that shall sound in the voices of many future years. He wrote letters constantly during this trip to the *Tribme*, which

were afterward re-written and published in a number of volumes. After this he engaged in active literary work, was chosen our Minister to Germany, and died there, in a land that he loved as much, if not more, than his own.

Such is a brief sketch of the more active part of his life. We come now to some remarks which may not already have been made on his literary character.

Very few men have ever become famous in any profession or occupation, who have not indicated in the very earliest years of their lives a strong inclination to devote their whole strength to its cultivation and practice. The whole human family seems to be a broad field divided into individual enclosures, in most of which is planted a single seed. Bayard Taylor was a poet. Boker says of him, "Whatever he was, Bayard Taylor was a poet. What he did best and most perfectly was poetic composition." And the true poetic instinct is master of a more unavoidable impulse than is begotten by any other inherent principle. The following is part of a little German song which is truthfully if not very elegantly expressed in the translation:

"I will tell, as I am bidden,
Poetry can not be hidden.
Song intoxicates the poet,
He will sing it, he will show it;
He must show it, he must sing it—
Every leaf or bud will bring it.
Though he knows you can't abide it,
"Tis impossible to hide it.
I will tell, as I am bidden,
Poems never can be hidden."

We have seen that Bayard Taylor commenced to write very young; that his poetical genius manifested itself at a very early age, as is most common among poets; but there seems to have been little promise of that brilliant success which was to be achieved by the maturity of his strength. He was not like Chatterton, or White, or Keats—

"The man who never stepped,
In gradual progress like another man,
But turning grandly on his central self,
Ensphered himself in twenty perfect years,
And died not young"—

But he advanced slowly to the perfection of his chosen work. He was not a wonder, a prodigy at the first. He was not a meteoric flash, but a more enduring light that rose faintly and slowly, but at last shone out full risen and fixed in a heaven that shall hold him forever.

However, he began his literary life as a poet. And it is not strange that he did. It is not strange that he should early commence the work to which he could not choose but give his life. It is not strange that the tender shoot should spread its first green leaves with the same pride as when with massive shaft it towered to cloudy heights, nor is it strange that we should early hear the prelude of that full song that should carry him through life, though often drowned for a time by the noisy excitement of more worldly engagements.

The early productions of Bayard Taylor, while being very neat and musical, were not, as we have said, a fair indication of that greatness to which he should afterwards attain. subjects were modestly chosen and were not different from those selected by most young verse writers. He had all the difficulties which most frequently attend the experience of those young persons who have literary aspirations and who are "about to find themselves famous." It was not seldom that he had the mortification of receiving by return mail his labored manuscript marked with those most unpleasing editorial compliments which are so effectual in clearing the literary banquet of its uninvited guests. But in his case, after reasonable probation, was discovered an unmistakable warrant for his admission into the society of those most favored by popular patronage.

It is not remarkable that few people know what it is to love poetry, and that fewer know what it is to understand poe-

try. Clarence Stedman has said that poetry was alone for those who could read between the lines where the mystic lies. And he, himself a poet, was well aware of how often it is the case that those individuals who have not one iota of poetry in their souls are frequently the most eager to express their opinions upon poetical compositions into the real depths of which they have never entered, neither indeed can enter. That individual who boasts of a quick insight into a deep poem, and asks but one reading in order that he may express a final judgment upon it, may be regarded at once to have never known what it is to feel what any true poem contains. I like the language of Wendell Holmes on this subject. He says that a poem has to grow old like a bottle of wine before we can enjoy it or discover all that is in it. And many of the poems of Bayard Taylor are of the character of those which we are very far from grasping at a single effort, which is a good indication of their durability.

I cannot but think it unfortunate that Bayard Taylor devoted so much of his time as he did to prose composition. The feeling and fancy are subject to the influence of habit in the same proportion as the body is controlled by habitual practice. Burns said that he engaged in an occupation that caused him to forget his poetry for two whole years. although poetry "will out" in some form or quantity, whereever it exists, yet I believe that it can be greatly reduced in quantity and its character, to a great extent, moulded by surrounding circumstances, and the nature of the occupations engaged in. Though the world would not give up "Views Afoot" or any other of his prose work for an imagined production in the poetic line which might have engaged his time perhaps more grandly and more nobly if not with such practical benefit to his fellow men, yet I think it is possible that if he had devoted his whole strength and time to poetry, for which he was unquestionably best qualified, he would have left work that could have been performed as well by men of less genius, and placed himself one step higher among the great literary brotherhood of the living and of the dead.

In many of the short notices of Bayard Taylor that came out soon after his death, we learn (though in a very incomplete and unsatisfactory manner) of some intense sorrow that fell to his lot in the early part of his literary life. There is a suggestion of it in many of his poems which is stronger than the imagination could create and which greatly enhances their beauty and interest. Whatever that sorrow was very few can tell, or certainly it is not generally known, but it forms an important part of his real history, especially respecting his literary success. But how ignorant he must have been of it at the time:

• "For who can so forecast the years,
And find in loss a gain to match,
Or reach a hand through time and catch
A far-off interest of tears?"

It is well known that a great sorrow in the life of a poet may not be his ultimate regret, but may be a most fortunate event in his life. The grief and anguish accompanied by great battles, is rarely left unsung. Sorrow breathes life into a dormant fancy and is often the fountain of our warmest in-The life of Cowper was full of sorrow and I believe that he spent not a day in which he was not under the inspiration of that pain, that sadness of soul. In all the horrible experiences of Byron's wild life there was much that made him miserable, and never does he move the heart with grander thought or richer expression than when in some hopeless strain or by some wild complaint over a curse of his life. Thomas Moore's life was bright with smiles and sunshine, but his cheek was sometimes damp with the warm tears of Erin, and the poems that were born in his darkest hours are the And the long, sad, beautiful "In Memoriam" of Alfred Tennyson will ever live the noblest work of its author and (is it too much to say?) of the literary age that it adorns.

Whatever was the sorrow of Bayard Taylor it must have

been one of considerable moment. Traces of it are discovered in all of his works, and in his poetry its shadows steal noislessly in and we catch an echo of some sacred complaint that cannot be all concealed. It is fortunate that this sorrow is not known clearly to the world, but that it is involved somewhat in obscurity, for there is more weight in a small consideration when some mystery is connected with it, than in a much greater one which is entirely manifest and can without difficulty be gaged by all. Milton was well aware of this when he described "Death" at Hell-gate as,

"That shape or substance called that shadow seemed.

* * * * What seemed his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on."

Mystery is that which gives superstition its hold upon any individual. Those who can fathom its folly and remove from it its mystery are separated from its influence.

Many definitions have been given for the term poetry, and it is a little strange that the best I have seen differ most widely from each other, but that goes to prove how different are men's conceptions of what poetry really is. The only way to define poetry is to make your definition into a poem, or to change your language from the intellectual to the emotional. The meaning of poetry we take in with the heart, and we only understand it when we feel it—when we are aroused by an unexplained admiration, by some fervent elevation of feeling.

The nearest approach to a good definition for poetry that we have ever met is the following by some writer in the Metropolitan: "Poetry is the natural relief of minds filled with some overmastering thought, some absorbing but unattainable idea, some deep emotion or imaginative regret, which, from some cause or other, they are kept from directly indulging or carrying into action." Perhaps it would have been better to say that it was an indication or proof "of a mind's being filled with," &c. I think it is in reality far from

"the relief" of the mind. More frequently it is its disappointment, for the poet's expression is so far below the grandeur or the beauty of the thought that many poets have said that it is their disappointment and their sorrow, and have found their feelings expressed in the words of one more favored:

"Oh, for a hand its ruinous blows to dash on The expansive spirit's narrowing chains and bars! Oh, for a voice that lordlier phrase might fashion Than this cold human phrase that frets and mars! Oh, for a heart with room for all its passion, As hollow heaven has room for all her stars!"

Yes, poetry is not a mind's relief. Its expression is sought as relief, but full relief is never given, and a suggestion to the reader of this superiority of thought (where the language is not really objectionable) is one of the triumphs of the poet. This subject I think is illustrated by the beautiful thoughts that are half revealed by the words of this song of Bayard Taylor, only three stanzas of which we have space for:

"Oh! a wonderful stream is the river of time, As it runs through the realm of tears, With a faultless rythm and a musical rhyme, And a boundless sweep and a surge sublime, And blends with the ocean of years.

"There's a magical isle in the river of time, Where the softest of airs are playing; There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime, And a song as sweet as the vesper chime, And the Junes with the roses are staying.

"And the name of the isle is Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there—
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow,
There are heaps of dust but we love them so,
There are trinkets and tresses of hair."

I am sorry that there is not space for the whole song, for I consider it one of the sweetest of the century. It is a

poet's impression of life and time as more than mixed wit tears—a realm of tears—musical, to him, sublime, delightfu—, wonderful, terrible, and all flowing into the past. It is strange, sad, beautiful regret—a poem to be clasped in theme heart.

If the value of poetry is computed by the extent of its power to move, by its capability of attaching itself to our strongest affection, and by its permanent endurance as spring of ever-increasing pleasure, Bayard Taylor's title to the name of poet is warrantable, as I think will be indicated by the poem given below in full:

"A REQUIEM IN THE NORTH.

"Speed swifter, Night!-wild Northern night! Whose feet the Arctic islands know, When stiffening breakers, sharp and white, Gird the complaining shores of snow. Send all thy winds to sweep the wold And howl in mountain passes far, And hang thy banners, red and cold, Against the shield of every star, For what have I to do with morn Or Summer's glory in the vales ?-With the blithe ring of forest horn, Or beckoning gleam of snowy sails? Art thou not gone in whose blue eye The fleeting summer dawned for me ?-Gone like the echo of a sigh Beside the loud resounding sea? Oh! brief that time of song and flowers, Which blest through thee the northern land! I pine amid its leafless bowers, And on the bleak and lonely strand. The forest wails the starry bloom Which yet shall pave its shadowy floor, But down my spirit's aisles of gloom Thy love shall blossom never more! And never more shall battled pines Their solemn triumph sound for me-Nor morning fringe the mountain lines. Nor sunset flush the hoary sea; But Night and Winter fill the sky,

And load with frost the shivering air, Till every blast that hurries by, Chimes wilder with my own despair. The leaden twilight cold and long, Is slowly settling o'er the wave. No wandering blast awakes a song In naked boughs above thy grave. The frozen air is still and dark; The numb earth lies in icy rest, And all is dead, save this one spark Of burning grief within my breast. Life's darkened orb shall wheel no more To Love's rejoicing summer back! My spirit walks a wintry shore With not one star to light its track. Speed swifter Night!-thy gloom and frost Are free to spoil and ravage here! This last wild requiem for the lost, I pour in thine unheeding ear!"

It is frequently useless for anyone to speak of a piece of composition that moves him. Every one who has thought of it has his own feeling respecting it. Nearly all differ, and there are very few who will be willing to compromise esteem for their individual judgment and be influenced by the opinions of others. Especially in speaking of poems we should express our admiration of them to no one whom we have occasion to believe will disagree with us, for the conversation is most apt to conclude unsatisfactorily. We are apt to speak emphatically on subjects of feeling, holding firmly to our opinions and denouncing others, however erroneous ours may be, or however correct the grounds of both disputants, and we are ignorant that often the difficulty only exists in a misapprehension of the positions of one or the other. sometimes find pleasure in talking to no effect and expressing our ideas for some one to controvert with a vehemence which excites regret that the subject is one which can never be definitely settled. Such talk and dispute is frequently had over poetry, and what folly is it that men should dispute over so utterly intangible a thing as a poem! Why do we so often forget that poetry is never a rough problem to which the intellect may apply its cruel reasoning and analysis? Poetry is for the heart; for every heart that can love, that can feel, that has some nameless tenderness to be aroused, some strangely sympathetic sadness, some modest something, that is to man what that evasive perfume is to the violet; and one heart is touched by one note and one by another; but if there was a heart so wide, so deep, as to take in all the fragments of the world's great anthem, it would find a harmony between strains that seem to disagree in our little hearts.

Then, those who are not moved by the poem given above may not cavil with those who are, but I think that every one will find much in it to admire. There is not a single fault of rythm or of rhyme in it all, and every verse completes itself with such splendid strength. It is not known exactly when it was written, but certainly after one of his visits to the extreme North; for such picturing of that wild desolation that reigns in those frozen regions could never have been made by one under whose eye its drear and homeless wastes had not immediately passed. The impression that it leaves on the mind is very deep. It is the words of a man utterly reckless in his despair, who finds a grim, hopeless delight in the horrid crash of frozen breakers on those midnight shores. It makes us feel like the whole world was a desert—dark, sunless, sorrowful.

There is another poem, much like it, commencing,

"Moan, ye wild winds around the pane, And fall, thou bleak December rain!"

This one produces much the same effect, but of a milder type. Both convince us of the rare, original genius of the composer. I have noticed none of his longer and more elaborate productions. I feel utterly unequal to them. But I prefer his short poems. They are the fruit of inspirations unmistaken, unavoidable, except some very few which we have to acknowledge are but idle, meaningless rhymes. But they are forgotten when we know that he has written songs, and though that will live; and I always admired the spirit of that

old writer who said, "I would rather give my country a beautiful song than lead her to victory in battle."

It is greatly to be regretted that Bayard Taylor became in the latter part of his life so much German in his tastes, in his disposition and belief. It is a disgrace to his country that one of its first intellects should have imbibed so deeply of the modern heresies and skepticism as he is shown to have done in "Prince Deucalion." However, he was not spared to become a leading character in the dissemination of those religious principles that he entertained, and although the world lost much in his being taken in the prime of manhood and intellectual vigor, yet we do not know whether to rejoice at or regret his unexpected death. His influence would have been great, and when employed in that cause which his morbid disposition and fondness for the German character led him to accept, he would have dishonored that splendid chaplet woven for him by the richness of his poesy, and which the world was proud to bind about his temples.

He died across the water, with the people that he loved perhaps not less than his own, with the "cap of civic honor on his brows pressed down," and whether he now lives in grander light and sings to a nobler harp than he ever knew below, or whether he has given his life to long regret, none will answer.

INTROSPECTION.

HE world is in a tempest of speculation. Every man's life is in the midst of converging whirlwinds, and he is to be pitied who has not made some port of safety and moored his craft to some solid pier. We are living in a thinking age, and he who would keep abreast of it must think. No man is what he ought to be till his opinions are settled and he knows what they are, for every one is called upon to know what he believes and why he believes it. Each must

have a rally-cry for his sentiments when they are so heavily beset on every hand. A thousand problems challenge our personal investigation, and in their solution we cannot afford to pin our belief to the sleeves of other men. "Is it truth?" "Is it needed?" "Does it enlarge the mind and benefit the intellect?" "Does it stir the best and holiest sympathies of the heart?" Such are the questions which occur to the thoughtful judgment when anything is presented for its consideration. A well defined and consistent belief is a benefit. It strengthens one and enables him to feel the ground beneath him, and it is only when we can touch the bottom that we can brace ourselves against the current. Such opinions, well marked and systematized, have belonged to every man who has been of force in the world and accomplished good.

But we need more than a mere intellectual standard. We are practical beings, and need a standard of conduct. naturally seek for this in the lives of others, and the study of history helps the thoughtful in the search. The knowledge of its characters inspires him to pattern the virtues of the good and avoid the vices of the bad. Its recorded failures warn him, and its successes give him courage. In conduct men are naturally imitators. They measure the good they do by what others have done, and judge their faults by those of their fellow men. Our apologies for misconduct and claims to virtue, originate in this universal disposition to graduate our acts by some other life. Therefore, our characters are what they should be, only as our standard is perfect and we sncceed in its emulation. If this be true, how essential that the standard of perfection be high!

History contains the record of one perfect character. I shall speak of him as a man, and endeavor to apply the same rules which are necessary to benefit us in the study of any other classic life. His influence has impressed itself on history; his teachings have lighted up the world's path of progress and given character to modern civilization. The fact

that his life is principally contained in writings which Christendom holds sacred, renders the character of Jesus of Nazareth no less of historical interest, and detracts nothing from it as an example of what men should try to be by emulating the best of those who have lived and done good in the world.

Our habits of thinking of Him as more than man too often prevent us from appreciating Him as a man. Aside from the splendor with which our ideas of His divinity naturally encircle Him, He stands forth before us in the light of history, a a perfect man, and the example of human conduct which He embodied in a life given to thoughtfulness and introspection, is reasonable—entirely consistent with the soundest philosophy and severest experience.

Human nature is the same everywhere and always, whether developed in Him to perfection, or moving in the cramped and smaller sphere of our finite souls. The cardinal principles of ethical law and mental action are no arbitrary rules. They come like heat from combustion—like the glitter of the diamond from the construction of the jewel. They come from mind and morals, the essential product of their very being, They must be the same, therefore, whether evolved in his perfect manhood or working in hearts like ours: and what was necessary to perfect them in the perfect man cannot be dispensed with in us. Our natures must retain their identity forever, and the laws that now control them must remain the same, working on toward the perfection of human character, till, purified and freed from every uncleanness, the soul shall reflect in its future state the love and glory of Goodness and justice and truth and moral beauty are not one thing above, and another thing below the skies. Human nature in its progress over the highroad of experience is not subject to one code of conduct in my life, and to a different code in the life of a perfect Exemplar: but the humanity He came to benefit and lift up to God, must display the Creator's glory, if at all, after the same laws and principles of life which controlled the Perfect Man. Our bosoms throb with the same high motives that moved His breast. He was a man perfected; and that perfection made Him more of a man rather than detracted from His nature as such: and if more a man, more thoroughly governed by the same laws of ethics and experience that He prescribes for us.

Students of history find interest in other characters. heart warms toward the weeping Andromache at the tomb Hector; the death of Socrates is grand, and Cæsar's touct We follow Hannibal as he returns to Carthage an weeps above its ruins. Why not also follow Christ to th garden of sorrow while no one is near to help Him bear on pound of His crushing burden? Why not go with Hin through the shadows of the wilderness of temptation, an there learn lessons of Him to help us bear our own? Him while in suffering He was fitting for His work. near at such times that we may know what he underwent-For forty days that man tasted no food. Hunger hollows His cheeks and plows great furrows in His face; but His humanity struggles on. Satan comes. His heart is full of evil, and his tongue of deceit. Hear him: "Thou art the son of God. Why suffer so? The power of a God is sleeping in Thy hand. Put it forth. Command these stones to be made bread." But no. Man shall not live by bread alone. A lesson greater than Hannibal's is this. Our Ex mplar was learning by experience how to succor the tempted and give them strength—teaching the student of history to live by every word of hope and promise coming from the mouth of God.

But see again. Yonder temple town; our Examplar and the Enemy. His appeal now is not to the hungry, half-starved man. His aim is higher. He challenges now His very confidence in God: "Prove Him. Prove that everlasting love. Are you not His son, His delight? Cast Thyself down from hence. His angels shall bear Thee up and not a single rock shall bruise Thee." Nay, "Thou shalt not tempt the

Lord thy God." Thou shalt not abuse His mercy, and misuse His love. What a lesson here!

Come higher yet and see again. He takes that man to a mountain-top. Around them as on a map the kingdoms of the world are spread; and all their power and rule shall be His—all their wealth and glory—for one single obeisance to the enemy before Him-one single acknowledgment of a fallen angel's dignity and power and might. It was a trial. ambition, of which we afterwards hear, leading Him to look for the recompense of His reward, swells his human heart. "Tempted in all things" like other men, He differed from them only in the absence of sin. There is one way for him to inherit the possessions of the world, and He must follow that. "Get thee behind me Satan. Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." Here was a battle. was the humanity of Jesus of Nazareth tried and tested. The Spirit had not led Him from the crowded banks of Jordan for nothing, and those who study the life of this marvelous man often underestimate that trial He was called to undergo. Too prone are we to allow our faith in His divinity to lessen our ideas of what He bore as a man. Jesus of Nazareth was a man like other men; tempted in all things like we, and only differing from us in the absence of sin. His human heart throbbed in a breast full of powerful human emotions, each gathering strength for action from the very perfection of His soul. Hunger's torture was more exquisite, since it had more mental material to involve in its physical results. was more potent, for it had more perfect and refined motives to which to appeal. Hope of reward was stronger, for His powers of appreciating it made it so. His sense of dignity was more acute, because He was more perfectly a man. The whole of His humanity was tried like other men's, the trials being greater in proportion to their field of action—their flames glowing hotter by virtue of the more abundant and refined fuel His nature could afford them. That perfect human nature suffered; not His divinity, for that could not suffer; nor, therefore, could it, nor did it, afford strength to the othe components of His marvelous being. In the wilderness o temptation His divinity broke not the force of one single appeal, nor bore for His humanity one single burden; for themselvated that divinity would have made Him less a man.

These two natures, the divine and the human, were unified into one, but separate and distinct each from the other, the = one only increasing the capacity and refining the perfections of the other; enhancing, therefore, its ability to receive, to suffer, to be itself, but giving to it no strength independent of its own perfections. Therefore, the human nature of the only perfect man in history differed from other human natures only in its perfections. And instead of being less human, and thereby less subjected to influences from without by the communication of divine strength, that divine only entered it to make it more perfectly human; like caloric the steel of the artizan; like knowledge and cultivation the intellect of the student-both refined, neither changed. The same emotions that we feel, throbbed in that human breast. Hollow-eved Hunger lost none of his horror because he looked a perfect human nature in the face. The cup He drank of sorrow's hand, and prayed for it to pass, was no less bitter because a perfect human nature passed it to its lips. The hope of reward allured Him no less than us because it waved before our nature perfect in Him. His very perfections enhanced His susceptibility. His purity and holiness laid His soul more open to impressions than others, less perfect, can ever be. No sin had colored it, hardening with its precipitate the immaculate interior of His heart. His nature was ours, developed to perfection, and with that perfection came all the cognates of refined susceptibility. As a deadly tarantula, crawling on the rosy cheek of infancy leaves a dark red mark of poison behind it, and now across the face of a dead cold corpse, withered with age and putrifaction, and none of its loathsome track is seen—so temptation blistered

with its hot breath His sensitive and perfected nature, leaving scarce a trace on ours, so calloused are they with sin. That human nature was as the fur-coat of a newly-plucked and perfect peach. The tiniest insect's wing can brush it, and leave its trace—the hardest storm cannot touch its nectar, or impair its flavor.

The development of that perfect nature followed the same shining track of ethical law which all must go over to moral education and refinement.

This single perfect character with which the study of history acquaints us, attained His perfected experience under a tuition of suffering in which every resource of His beautiful nature was taxed, and all the tender and refined susceptibilities of His soul were tempted. That mighty earthquake of temptation in the midst of which that marvelous personage stood alone, made all of its perfections tremble beneath its giant tread. Angels themselves delayed their ministerings 'till it was over, and its last shock was borne; and then, like new strength to us when trials are past—like new life to the flower after the storm—like purity in the air after the lightning's flash He held communion refreshing and sweet with His Father, and "angels came and ministered unto Him."

Often do we find that great Exemplar thus alone at prayer, making our own examples of meditation and introspection plain before us. Often does He send His followers to their fishing, and goes alone in the mountain apart. Many starry midnights look down upon Him in the desert, His knees knit to the ground in prayer, his soul seeking new strength and aid to bear his heavy burden up.

I must walk, therefore, the same road with him. I must be educated like He was—learn in the same school of experience where He studied that He might give me tuition adequate to my entire education. I must mount the winepress of self-communion, introspection, and solitude, if I would fill the measure

of duty that is before me. Therefore, let us see the practical phases of this discussion.

"Man is fearfully and wonderfully made," and his slowness to remember it does not alter the truth. Think of it. Man can remember—can unearth buried events gone forever, and leaving no vestiges behind them save those on the marvelous files of memory. Such events he can summon into a new existence, a mental one, and pass them one by one before him. He can people the past. He can disentomb the dead, and live again amid the associations of years ago. He can, in reflection, live his whole life again—hear its shades, whispering to him in the vernacular of experience, urging him to this course of future conduct and to that. What a power is this! and how little do we appreciate it!

Again: Man reasons. How simple, and yet how mysterious! He takes two premises as unconnected as are the poles, and laying them side by side in that mysterious plain of the intellect, like two white lines parallel with each other, but entirely independent, he weaves about them the subtle web of intellectual power—touches them as with the wand of the miraculous—and forms a third. Neither of the first propositions is impaired; their independence not destroyed; both intact—and this third he calls a conclusion: perfect, akin to neither, independent of both: a mental creation, yet as well marked and as thoroughly defined. To illustrate:

All men are mortal—and the truth emphasized in the destiny of three hundred generations, lays like a sombre shadow across the human intellect.

I am a man—a truth verified in the conscious dignity of my soul, independent of the first as thoroughly as if I were destined to live forever. Therefore, I am mortal—a conclusion; the mysterious creation of the intellect; independent of those propositions gone before it, and as true as if I were the only man ever born to die.

This we do every hour that we live-reason. Its frequency

does not lessen its marvel nor impair its mystery, but to the thoughtful only enhances both. A photographer's negative is no less an optical wonder because it duplicates a thousand pictures, nor is the result of reason—this manufacture of conclusions—any less wonderful on account of frequency. Every perception, every impression made through the five senses upon the mind, is but the gathering of new materials for this wonderful process—this manufacturing in the mysterious workshop of the mind, new creations, new thoughts, polished, symetrical and beautiful, brought out like jewels from the lathes and planes and grindstones of the intellectual lapidary. Such is the power of the intellect, the mind immortal, the God-like reason; distinguishing man above all the works of God, and giving him the power above the rest to "impress upon matter a permanent sign of his thought." It leaves the cricket on the household hearth, and rises in its majesty almost divine to tread the orbits of the stars. It studies God in the housefly's foot, and creates in its workshop conceptions of the wisdom of its creator-conceptions independent of the insect, only suggested—started into life by the mysterious air-pump in the hollow of its little paw. It climbs the ladder of calculation, to claim kindred with the sky. It lays its beams of computation from star to star; stands on heights where philosophy grows dizzy amid undiscovered worlds, and grasps in its arms the very sun himself, weighing his every pound. It points its telescope to heaven at the summer solstice, and again at the winter one; draws a line across the orbit of the earth two hundred million miles in length, finds the angle at either end and enables a schoolboy to tell the distance to the It cuts the mountain-ribs of earth; buckles a belt of steel about her waist, and draws her very ends together. It tunnels the ocean with a thought; wreathes the lightning into a ribbon, and ties it about the brow of every capitol of civilization.

Such is that mind with which humanity is endowed. What of it? My answer is, "whatever we make of it." It needs

education, drill and culture. It needs restraint and oversight—
It needs moral and mental aliment; and as a child, untrained and untaught, will grow to manhood a mature and uglyweed, so it must be watched and guarded and brought to what God intended it should be.

It is a complex something. It thinks and concludes. garners knowledge for new conceptions, and forms conceptions from new knowledge. But more: It loves. It admires. aspires-reaches out after things beyond it, and is restless for progress in some direction, good or bad. It is supplied with ears as it were; emotions, which are like the tympanum of the physical ear, supplying each sound with life and character; like the retina of the eye, giving outward objects beauty and color in proportion to its own perfections; like these, I say, it gives to its every perception a character for good or evil, just as it is sound or diseased. We see a bee, and we feel courage for life's work thrilling through our whole moral nature if our souls are healthy and bouyant; but, if discouraged and downcast and morose, we say "Poor thing! It is just like me. It has to toil so hard, labor and work; and then it has to die." look at the sunshine, and joy and gladness, and delight come back if we will see them; but if we are morally diseased, we see nothing but glare and heat and merciless light. The moon shines sadness and pallor and sickly gloom to the despondent and sad; its waning is but an emblem of death and fickle fortune: while to the heart, hopeful and ardent, it bespeaks a prospect for a better month in its every fickle phase and The heart diseased sees darkness in the lowering clouds that promise an abundant harvest, and it longs for the sunshine when the heavens are heavy with the rain. Flowers bloom about that man, and in their smiles as they look up to God in gladness, he sees but the promise of early decay, and beauty blighted in each one's little life. The songs of birds, the bleating of happy lambs, a band of gentle, docile sheep, a brave, beautiful dog—all nature voices the teachings of happiness and the character of nature's God, and you and I

give color and force to everything it says, just in proportion as our moral perception is healthy or diseased.

Should not such truths (and who can question them?) nerve us up to keep that mental perception bright—that inner ear alert and healthy? That moral vision—that "sixth sense," so susceptive of impression from "the true, the beautiful and the good"—should we not keep it chaste and sensitive by vigilance and watching? Every beauty in the sunbeam is an inner beauty-a perception. Every blush on every flower and all the music of the birds, the sublimity of nature, the glory of the landscape; these are moral results instead of physical Their reflections on the inner man are the sources of the pleasure they afford us, and if the mirror is stained, unkept and broken, their pleasures are forever gone. illustrate my thought. In Washington once I walked in the gloaming of the evening through the National Conservatory. Beauty was there in rarest forms. The brightest colors and most delicate tints trembled on the breasts of narcotics from every country on the globe. The twilight deepened, and one by one the tints were fading. This smaller rose was paling and that—and that—till finally I could see no beauty any-Why? Had some genii wasted the national flowergarden? Were the roses gone? No. Daylight had gone, and with it every color: not hidden but gone; for color is only present where present light-rays are reflected from a sur-These colors could only live in the sunlight, and when it was absent color was impossible. They were reflected in pictures on my retina. The perception was carried through my optic nerves to the intellect, and when the picture could not be painted there, I lost the pretty sight and the pleasure So in morals. Let the daylight of God go out. Let in the gloom of discontent. Cease to care for and encourage that inner and yet finer perception—and lo! a dinness, a darkness, like unto which human blindness is a noondayhuman paralysis is activity—will cover the moral man like the gloom of Erebus. Every beauty shall fade from the garden of the heart, and all the music of nature, voiced in the works of God, will die on the sound-waves of an atmosphere where no moral ears shall hear and enjoy it.

Sound, so scientists tell us, is the effect of air-waves on the tympanum, and if the ear-drum is palsied there can be no A tree falling in the depths of a forest makes no noise, because there can be no noise when there is no ear to afford it an opportunity to exist. Music in the piano has no being, be the keys never so gracefully touched, unless there be ears that can receive the vibrations which the strings set in motion; just as there can be no odor without an olfactory nerve, no reflection without a mirror, no color without a light. So in the moral world. If we are morally blind we cannot If our ears are diseased we cannot appreciate aright the music of the soul immortal. To do his duty to himself, therefore, it becomes every one to keep those perceptions in training-to keep his mind and heart aright if he would enjoy the privileges of life and fill the measure of his destiny. He must cultivate thoughtfulness and indulge in introspection, like the world's single Exemplar, if he would be educated to appreciate his own life and do his duty well.

The mental constitution is such as to preclude two subjects of concentrated thought at one time. The mind needs to address itself to individual ideas, analyzing even these into their component elements before it can appreciate them as they demand. Hence the utility of that pattern which history affords us—the necessity, amid the whirl and whiz of a thousand things in this day of mental activity and business push, for us now and then to go alone into the home of meditation, and learn in solitude the lessons which only the thoughtful can ever know. Here, and here alone, can one pick his motives to pieces and eliminate the evil they all contain; here leave haste behind him and remember that his fellow is but a man. Oh, the profound metaphysics of the Sermon on

the Mount! Here, in solitude—in the quiet closet of the soul—can we hear that still, small voice of conscience, so small, yet so accented and clear, like a fly's footfall on a pane of glass, distinguished only by the microphone, and appreciated but the more on account of its delicate noise. Here and only here, can each one prosecute that earnest work of introspection which alone can cast a light along the path of duty, and guide a man to the profoundest knowledge of life—the knowledge of himself. Another and a greater One found it necessary, and so will we, if ever we reach the goal of human destiny, a well regulated manhood.

Habits of solitude and introspection are essential to enable one to do himself justice. Every man is a two-fold beinga social and a solitary one. Here he fits himself for social life, and then in that larger sphere constantly gathers new material for solitude and thought. Observation is the vineyard boy, and meditation makes the wine. In that busy outward world where men move and trade and drive, each gathers the grapes of rich experience, and then in the wine-vat of meditation he goes alone to press the juices out. And now, refreshed and strengthened by the rich viands his labor has afforded him, he joins again the circle of his fellows—buoyant, forcible—ready to impart his own vitality to others, and make all who come into the sunshine of his life feel like they were in the refreshing breath of a summer morning. The wisdom of ages hangs about this thought like a mantle from the shoulders of a Because it has been abused into the idea of a monastery and a quasi holy seclusion, detracts nothing from its Fire is no less a good servant in the grate because it is a cruel master in the attic. Meditation, as much as it is neglected, has a place in the economy of Ethics which nothing else in this life can fill.

We owe it to self to enter now and then the precincts of our inner life, and shutting out the world, uncover the faults we fain would think are dead. We know they are but sleeping with the anesthetic of forgetfulness. Command them that they file in melancholy line before us. Review those failings yet again, till we know them so well as to avoid them hereafter forever. Recuperate thus our wasted strength, and gather up energies strained and shattered, for more courageous effort. By such habits of introspection, we school our inner sight and hearing, lest experience and nature should teach in vain lessons we can never learn—show us beauties we can never see nor hear.

There is comfort and strength in the past which the present can never give. I love to live it again. I love to restray the scenes of childhood, and be a boy again. I love to cling about my lamented mother's knee and feel her soft white hand upon my little head, and hear her say again: "My noble boy! God bless my child!" The lips are still that breathed that prayer; but they are living yet, and their memory sends through my soul, like new-born life, fresh currents of courage and hope. There is a power in the past, and God gives men memory to embalm its scenes with something akin to an immortality. Too jealous is He of His omnipotence to squander His feeblest strength, and He intends we should use that power to our good.

Be it ours, therefore, to unbolt the rusty locks, swing the door wide open, and enter the chambers of the past. Walk among the shades that stand like sculptured busts along the niches of its broken walls. Count them. Admire them. Breathe into their marble lips new life, and wake in our hearts the latent chords their fingers only can touch, making music we only can hear. Not that their sight should make us melancholy. No. Bitterness is there, and Disappointment, and no smiles of welcome greet us from their stolid unmoved features. Blighted Hope is there, her face all covered with scars, her eyes both out with weeping. Sorrow is there, her sombre shadow falling across the vision of memory, and clouding the present and the future. Mistake is there, her hand

pointing wrong. Broken fragments of misguided effort are scattered at her feet. But there is a lamp in every hand along that crumbling wall—a lamp of usefulness, a light of blessing; and through the arches of that ruined roof—above the gloom of its darkest recess—over the gravestones of dead aspirations—its holy sheen is falling like a pencil of sunbeams through the broken windows of that ivy-crowned Temple of the Past.

JOVE INVOKED.

O Nature, brave and gay,
What, while laughing, do you say?
Prepare for joy and roses, spring is here!
Hence! and woo me not, nymphs of the smiling year,
Since one denies her smile, why should I care
Whether the effete old world be foul or fair?

Swell, downy buds, and blow
Balmy winds! with sunny glow
Light up the awakening hills, O King of day!
But naught can bring a charm to drive away
The sadness from my sonl. The sky so bright
Seems black, and howling demons of the night

Ride on the zephyr's wing.

Many, as poets sing,

Have died for love. Why cannot I give, too,

My life to prove a passion pure and true?

The reason's this: For erewhile true love sighs

By cruel fate were thwarted; but my love cries:

"Get you gone, you ugly thing,—
I'll no more of your piping!"
O Love, Love, for thee could I lay me down and die!
But if I did, a universal fie!
Would greet the anachronism huge, and I'd get
Reproaches great for bad example set.

"Nothing, nothing can be done!"
"Nothing, Sir, under the sun."
O d—n, O— I mean O Zeus! O Zeus! didn't you
Tie anvils to Juno's heels and in the blue
Ethereal suspend her? Come to my aid,
Olympic Thunder, help subdue the maid!

EDITORIAL.

EDITORS:

GLOVER MOORE, Texas, Editor-in-Chief.

Washington Lit. Society: CHAS. PORTERFIELD, W. Va. H. C. BROWNFIELD, La.

Graham Lee Society F. S. KIRKPATRICK, Va. J. E. COCKRELL, Tex.

W. K. CARLISLE, Ky., Business Manager.

ANOTHER DONATION TO WASHINGTON AND LEE-

MANY of the students and Alumni may recollect a meet-🕉 ing held in Philadelphia in 1876 for the purpose of securing a better endowment for Washington and Lee. Centennial Organization was then formed, with the Hon. Morton McMichael as President, and as Vice Presidents, Chief Justice Waite, Secretary Evarts, the Hon. Robt. C. Winthrop, of Boston, ex-Secretary Borie and Senator Randolph, of New Other appropriate officers and committees were appointed at the same time. This meeting met with the warmest approbation from other prominent public men in the North, and was favorably commented upon by leading New York and Philadelphia journals, and in addition to these by many other newspapers from different parts of the country, all of which viewed the increase of the endowment fund not as a sectional matter, but as a means by which the country might be enabled to show its appreciation of an institution that bears the name and was stamped with the approval of Washington. The New York Tribune said at the time: "There are many reasons why his" (alluding to Gen. Lilley, the financial agent of Washington and Lee) appeal ought to meet with a quick response; and not the least of them is, that in joining hands for this good work, the two sections will cement their reconciliation by honoring together their common revolutionary ancestors, and perpetuating a noble memorial of the patriotism to which all the States of this Union trace their glorious origin." The Herald said, after mentioning several of the prominent men that favored the project: "The countenance of the gentlemen whose names we have mentioned above is sufficient to show how widespread is the interest in this seat of learning." The New York Times considers the project "one which should appeal forcibly to men and women of all parties and all sec-In unity of action regarding this and all like matters, and not in plots, plans or conspiracies of politicians, will be found true reconciliation and a lasting harmony between the North and the South." The New York Evening Post, after giving a sketch of Washington and Lee, its aims and its plans, said: "The working faculty of the University is excellent, and its situation reduces the expenses to the lowest limit, so that the most and best will be made of the income from whatever endowment it shall receive." Substantially the same thing was said by many other periodicals in the North and South. These are enough to show that the endowment plan was viewed without the least sectional bias, and considered only as a means for furthering the interests of a University founded by Washington, endowed by revolutionary heroes, and, therefore, a worthy object upon which all might patriotically bestow donations. The seeds were thus sown that were soon to spring up and ripen into solid fruits. At the time of meeting, several handsome donations were made, among which was one by Col. Thos. A. Scott, of Philadelphia, one of the most prominent railroad presidents in the country, who took a lively interest in the project and gave substantial proof of this interest by a donation of ten thousand dollars. But the gentleman, with the munificence that has always characterized him, did not stop here. Another donation of fifty thousand dollars was received by the President in the latter part of March to be disposed of by the Faculty and Trustees in any way that they might think best calculated to advance the interests of the University. The recent endowment of a fellowship by H. H. Houston, Esq., of Philadelphia, the endowment of a scholarship by Col. French, of New York, the graceful evidence of appreciation contributed by Hon. Vincent L. Bradford, D. C. L., and this large donation by Col. Scott are tributes to the worth of the University, and a proof of confidence in its permanent prosperity, that must greatly cheer the hearts of its friends in all parts of the country. We hope that this recognition of our claims by one that holds so prominent a place, will induce others to coöperate in this, so praiseworthy an enterprise, and that our Alumni, stimulated by this action, as well as by the recent enthusiastic meetings in New York and Louisville, will be roused by a spirit of emulation to urge on the good cause of advancing the interests of their Alma Mater.

A FRIEND.

NY one that has recently been in the museum will have noticed the large and handsome prize, an épergne of massive silver, most beautifully designed and enriched in the highest style of the engraver's art, which was presented some time since to the boat crews by Bishop Pinkney and which is to be awarded to the best oar of the winning crew in the race at Final. There had been some delay in the action of the committee charged with the letter of thanks, and their apologies for this delay called forth the following letter from the Bishop. We regret our inability to have it lithographed, as a great deal of its peculiar force and picturesque charm is lost when read otherwise than as written in the striking and nervous penmanship of the Bishop himself:

FEBRUARY 25th, 1881.

My young friends of Washington and Lee University need give themselves no concern about the accidental failure to send on their thanks for the small token of my regard. I love to be identified with the young men of the country. I look to them as, under God, the future custodians of the nation's glory and the hope of the country. If the same severe discipline is used in the mental and moral development, as in the training of muscle and sinew for a successful competition in the boat race, you will not fail to realize the hopes of your Alma Mater, and prove yourselves worthy sons of illustrious sires.

Your motto ought to stir your souls like a trumpet. Lee and Johnston are the watchword, which, passed along the line, will guide you to good and great exploits. I feel honored by being permitted to associate my name in any way, however humble, with the unfolding beauties of young hearts and minds. If I can, I will go to your next Commencement. But whether I go or not, I can assure you of my sympathy. Per aspera itur ad astra, is the philosophy of the life we live. The great Chieftain—the grandest man of our history, who was as great in adversity as he was in the brightest hour of success, has left as a heritage to the young men of the South, the golden words—"Duty is the sublimest word in all our language."

But I must not weary you. If I were to linger longer, I might too severely tax the patience of your noble crews. You will not, I hope, forget who it was who "saw them toiling in rowing." You are at the oars of a far nobler craft. One eye is on you. It is His who wept over Jerusalem, and wept over her because she knew not the day of her visitation.

Affectionately,

W. PINKNEY.

Messrs. F. S. Kirkpatrick, H. R. Preston, Joel W. Goldsby, Kearsley Carter, Committee.

A COMMUNICATION.

HE following letter from Charles A. Deshon explains itself:

NEW YORK, February 26th, 1881.

To the Editor of the Southern Collegian:

MY DEAR SIR,—I suppose it is a part of my official duties in the new "New York Alumni Association of Washington and Lee University to give the Collegian some account of the formation of our association. I wish it had fallen to a more graphic pen to describe our entertainment that was replete alike with an earnestness that betokens an enthusiasm for, and success in, the object of the meeting, and a genial ease and good nature indicative of thorough social pleasure. An informal meeting of the alumni of the University, resident in New York City, was held at the New York Hotel in December last, at which committees were appointed to draft a set of resolutions embodying the views of the meeting and suggesting a form of organization; to issue invitations to be present and take part in the meeting for permanent organization, to be held on the 22d of February, to the alumni and friends of the University, and to make all arrangements and preparations for that meeting. The committees did their work well, and at the meeting on the evening of the 22d in the pri-

vate parlors of the New York Hotel, which the proprietor of the hotel had kindly put at the disposal of General Lilley, instead of the gathering of from twenty to twenty-five, as we had at first expected, there were near fifty persons present, among them as resident alumni, Dr. H. Marion Sims, Dr. Wm. E. Ayres, Roger A. Pryor, Jr., M. C. Hudgins, Dr. J. N. McChesney, Wickliffe Preston, William M. Johnston, Samuel Kennedy, John Marshall, Walter L. McCorkle, Dr. Wm. E. Dold, J. Shepherd Clark, Benjamin G. Mavnard, Joseph H. Hunt and Chas. A. Deshon; as visiting alumni, J. S. Vanmeter, Ed. Randall and John Campbell, and as friends of the University, Prof. J. J. White, General R. D. Lilley, General William Preston, of Ky., Colonel E. P. C. Lewis, of New Jersey, Colonel John W. Forney, of Philadelphia, General John B. Gordon, of Georgia, Colonel L. M. Lawson, of New York, Colonel A. M. Doniphan, of Missouri, J. G. McPheeters, of Baltimore, Francis O. French, R. W. Donnell, Hon.. Benjamin A. Willis and Gen. Roger A. Pryor, of New York, and others whose names I do not now recall. Professor White's presence was a guaranty of enthusiasm and pleasure with the students, and it was interesting to watch his own genial countenance and the smiles of the alumni as one after another he recognized them, shook hands and called them by name; nor was the impression he made upon our visiting friends less favorable to our cause. Dr. H. Marion Sims was called to the chair, and appointed J. Shepherd Clark Secretary. The Chair called for the report of the Committee on Resolutions, consisting of Messrs. Deshon, Pryor and McChesney, and the following resolutions were reported and adopted by the meeting:

Whereas, George Washington with an ardent desire "to see a plan devised on a liberal scale for the spread of systematic ideas, whereby the people and especially the youth of this land might be freed from local prejudices and habitual jealousies," suggested by the terms of his last will and by a liberal endowment for the purpose, the establishment of a central university, as the proper plan for the fulfilment of his ideas; and, whereas, the present time, when this great country-freed from civil war and sectional strife-is entering upon a period of unparallelled prosperity, continuance wherein must depend upon complete reconciliation between the sections, and liberation from those prejudices whose mischievous consequences have already been baneful to our land, offers a fitting opportunity to realize these ideas of Washington; and, whereas, to Washington and Lee University, commended by its central location, salubrious climate, picturesque surroundings and easy accessibility, founded by Washington himself, endowed by men prominent in our early annals, and recently enlarged and expanded, under the presidency of Robert E. Lee, to a full and complete university course, is justly due, alike from its merits and its historic associations, the honor of realizing in itself Washington's plan, and, whereas, a movement was organized during the National Centennial at Philadelphia, by many of the leading men of our time, and an association thereby formed under the presidency of the late Morton McMichael, for the purpose of increasing the endowment of this venerable institution and thus aid in rendering it worthy of its history and enabling it to fully accomplish the plans of its founders; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the alumni of Washington and Lee University, resident in New York city and the vicinity, ever cherishing pleasant memories of our college days and acknowledging a debt of gratitude to our Alma Mater for her watchful care and protection while under her charge, pledge anew our devotion to her interests.

Resolved, That we organize an association to be known as the New York Association of the Alumni of Washington and Lee University, whose object shall be to preserve and strengthen the ties of college friendship by our united exertions to further the interests of our Alma Mater and to coöperate with the Centennial organization for the better endowment of Washington and Lee University, by acquainting the public with the historic and meritorious claims of our Alma Mater to their patronage and favor.

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to prepare and report a proper constitution for the government of the association.

The same committee was then appointed, on motion of Dr. Ayres, to draft a constitution, and while they were so engaged, the Chair called for the report of the Committee on Invitations. Mr. McCorkle, as Chairman, reported that a large number of invitations had been issued and that he had letters expressing sympathy with the object of the meeting from Vincent L. Bradford, LL. D, D. C. L., Hon. J. R. Tucker, Rev. Morgan Dix, D. D., ex-Governor Tilden, ex-Governor William Pinckney Whyte, of Maryland, General Grant, General Hancock, Senator Wade Hampton, George W. Childs, Senator L. Q. C. Lamar, Charles Francis Adams, Robert C. Winthrop, and J. G. Abbott, of Boston, and a large number of others. Mr. McCorkle suggested that the letter from Dr. Bradford be read by the Secretary, as being not only highly interesting and instructive, but in most complete sympathy and accord with the object for which we had met. It is needless to say the letter was read to the entire satisfaction of all present. The constitution was then reported by the committee and adopted by the meeting. Upon the election that followed, Mr. Deshon was chosen President, and Dr. H. Marion Sims, Wickliffe Preston and Roger A. Pryor, Jr., Vice Presidents. The President appointed Mr. Clark Secretary, Mr. McCorkle Treasurer, and Dr. McChesney, Dr. Ayres and Mr. Hudgins, Executive Committee for the ensuing year. The President, Faculty, and Trustees of the University were then elected honorary members of the association, and the meeting adjourned.

After about half an hour's social converse the company repaired to the large dining hall of the hotel, where a handsome table, well provided with materials wherewith to appease the stomach and loosen the tongue, was spread in a manner comparable even with the spreads by the central association in the hall of the old "Blue," of Lexington fame.

The first toast, "Washington and Lee University," was responded to by Prof. White, who first proceeded to put the company into a thoroughly good humor by a few happy "hits," and then held their attention closely by reading from manuscript an excellently written and most interesting account of the foundation and growth of the University. General Preston, who, although the speech of Prof. White had evinced a growing enthusiasm, followed in response to "The day we celebrate" with a capital speech, which was applauded to the echo. Then followed Hon. Benjamin H. Willis in response to "Our Sister institutions;" Mr. Sperry, of the Evening Post, to "The Press;" Colonel Doniphan, of Missouri, to "The Bar;" Mr. Francis Rives gracefully responded to a call, and the list was closed by a response to "New York, the

Commercial Centre of the Union," in an excellent little speech by Colonel Lawson, one of our New York bankers, who has already given substantial evidence of his interest in our University, and on this occasion very materially assisted the success of our meeting.

In closing this rather prolonged account of our proceedings, I must thank the Faculty for the interest they have shown in our effort, and for their excellent taste in sending Prof. White on to represent them at our meeting. Not only did news of his coming stimulate the resident alumni to extra exertions, but his presence here undoubtedly secured many influential friends for the University, more especially among leading members of the press, many of whom met him personally and were most favorably impressed.

With best wishes, sincerely,

CHARLES A. DESHON.

OUR SPORTS.

HILE the weather remains so undecided, very little can be done towards the revival of our sporting interests, yet there are not lacking signs of life. Boxing is again coming to the front, though it is now practiced after a rather desultory fashion, and we are sorry to note that as yet no regular attempts at organization have been made. Up to the present time rather less interest has been manifested in base-ball than in former years, though without doubt, much of the apparent falling off has been due to the unfavorableness of the season. We look forward with confidence to warm weather for the revival of the base-ball interest. Boating has received a sudden impulse. The Harry Lee's are driven to practice, in order to keep up that superiority on which they so much pride themselves, and which they have so nobly won in the final races of the last two years, while the Albert Sydney's are actuated by the very laudable desire of giving their opponents as close a race as possible. At last, we have a gymnasium club-somewhere near fifty members in two days. are to have new parallel bars, new horizontal bars, new rings, trapezes fixed, besides some improvements sui generis at Washington and Lee, the technical name of which the editor doesn't happen to know. Can it be true? We fear the paroxysm of energy will not last. Yet, why should it not? Let not the good work stop here. Let those who wish to avoid the ennui of a dull Commencement come forward. We all know what a lively and all-pervading interest is awakened by the annual boat-race; but we are assured that a field day would not yield to the boat-race in attractiveness for our many visitors. This is to say nothing of the physical improvement resulting to those engaged.

While on this subject, we may as well observe that the present situation of the gymnasium is objectionable for several reasons, not the least of which is the difficulty of drainage. The three essential points of gymnasium construction are ample space, abundance of light and pure air, in regard to neither of which is ours by any means perfect.

College and Campus.

The Minstrel Troupe promises to be a success.

Playing on the Campus prohibited during recitation hours.

It's our opinion that the freshmen ought to be suppressed.

"Guff" determines to reform, and late at night indites the following note to the servant. The endearing appellations, are probably due to the fact that he had just finished a letter to his mother (?):

My Dearest Fielding: I have a class at 11 o'clock to-morrow. Be sure to wake me up at ten sharp.

Yours 'till death, J—. G—.

The Philistine said, "I'll give your carcass to the fowls of the air!" But David said, "Go-liath!"

At Branson, in Attica, girls were called bears (arktoi). How much wiser were the modern ancients than the ancient moderns!

A French exercise was lately handed the professor for correction, which began and ended thus:

Je suis un grand fou, ou je n'aurais jamais copié cela de qui je ne sais rien.

Dernièrement, vous savez que je suis un pauvre diable, mais ayez la bonuté de garder mon secret. En faisant ceci, vous m'obligerez très-bien.

Remember the address of the fighting editor, corner of 43d. and Main streets, 16th story, room 5,505.

"Pindar says that if ever mortal man was honored by the dwellers of Olympus, it was Tantalus; but that he could not digest his happiness." The explanation of this is, indeed, easy. Nectar and ambrosia, on which he fed, suits only the stomachs of the gods.

"Little Junk" translates quid simile milonis? "Why smilest thou, Milo?"

Prof. of Jun. Eng.—(to student of Chaucer) "Mr. F——, that word means the same thing, doesn't it?"

Mr. F- (briskly) Yes Sir!

Prof.—What does it mean?

Mr. F---,-Well, Sir, I-er-er-it means the same thing, Sir.

Prof.—What does it mean?

What did it all mean?

Strike the rock of poesy, Gush forth streams of song; Fill the local column up With effusions long!

A meeting of the Albert Sydney boat club was held March 30, 1881. The officers chosen were Mr. J. C. Rainsford, President, Mr. H. D. Campbell, Secretary and Treasurer. The committee appointed by the President to select a trial

crew consists of Mr. Johnston, Mr. Campbell and Mr. Pearce. The club also received several additions to its membership.

The Harry Lees had previously met and chosen for President Mr. W. S. Hopkins, for Treasurer Mr. W. C. Preston, and as a committee for selecting the crew Mr. Barrett, Mr. Preston and Mr. Hopkins. The Harry Lees, too, elected several new members.

We did not send our publishers any instructions the last time and consequently several locals which we would have wished to be given preference were thrown out. Among them we name, especially, the mention of Prof. White's trip to New York to be present at the *alumni* re-union.

Did our Prof. of Mod. Hist. really intend to speak of Jews and the jurisdiction over them. We believe now that the final cataclasm will soon be here.

Notice.—We have decided to endow the chairs of Political Econ. and Applied Math., build a Mess Hall, Gymnasium, and new Library Building, run Final Ball, pay for the Collegian with Col. Scott's endowment, and the remainder will be devoted to the Y. M. C. A.

Freshmen.

Younger Scratch says those Mullally boys keep him awake all night blowing on a tambourine. We'll see that it is stopped.

McD. at the bookstore offered the best falconer pens to a student. They are good, buy a pound of them.

THE MINSTRELS.—We received an invitation to attend the practicing of the "W. and L. U. Minstrel Club," and were astonished at the progress they had made. Even as we saw them, without costumes, with little practice, they were as good as some we have seen on the stage. The string band will afford no slack orchestra; the singing is very attractive, the songs are new, with very sweet choruses; but the feature which will take better will be the clog-dancing, as the minstrels in this place heretofore have been sadly lacking in this

characteristic. "Joe and Jack" are as good as professionals. As they (the Minstrels) are gotten up for the benefit of Commencement, we hope they will have a crowded house and rope in numerous "sheckles." They will give their entertainment as soon as Laughlin's Hall is finished.

Much to the delight of their friends, the Misses White returned some time since from a delightful trip.

Doc. Mount....'s lectures on the Locomotive and Cars are to be printed. We have received the advanced sheets, and notice several discoveries, viz.: Thinks the "palace cars" are intended for crown heads only; the tender is so called because it is gentle, mild; the whistle is to wake up the passengers, etc. It's a great production.

Faculty—Now listen boys, if you will be good and will not have your kalathump, why we'll give you one day's suspension. Boys—All right, we are at you, kalathump is an auger, wan't going to have it anyway.

Class-room 35, (3° above freezing) student—I did know what that verb comes from, but I'm frozen and can't think now.

BASE BALL.—We have played the Cadets several times this year, and come out victorious to the tune of 23—1; 7—21; 19—6; once we were defeated by 7—3.

A youngster, we are sorry to say, was struck with a bat while on the campus watching a game of ball—there's no place like home for children.

Doctor—"Mr. D., (of Pa.) if you came to see me on *private* business we are alone now." D. (immensely confused) "N-o-o Sir. I came to call on your daughter." "Excuse me, Sir. I'll call her." (A true bill.)

Prof. Cromwell.—Lexington being a small town and off the railroad, no first-class entertainment has ever been given here; but this can no longer be said, for on Monday and Tuesday nights, April 11th and 12th, we were allowed to hear Prof. Cromwell's lectures and illustrations of Rome, the Eternal City, and Jerusalem. The entertainments were for the benefit of the Lee Mausoleum, and were largely patronized by students and citizens; and as far as we have been able to ascertain, every one was perfectly delighted, and regretted more than a little when the entertainment was finished. We are unable at the time of this writing to find out what were the receipts.

F., of S. C., wants to know who carries the *kalathump* around. We wish to know if that gentleman never gets in a condition in which he cannot carry himself.

H., of Tex., announces that in his opinion Pocahontas was a grand old hero, and admires him greatly.

Let every student who attends the Minstrels provide himself with a palm leaf, for verily will he need something to hide his grins when he is sold for a cent.

We give below a few comments taken from an editorial in the Philadelphia *Times* upon the subject of Mr. Thomas A. Scott's recent donation to Washington and Lee, alluded to in our editorial department:

"Of the many liberal acts of Colonel Scott, of which the fewest only are known to the public, the generous gift to Washington and Lee University of Virginia will be productive of the largest measure of beneficent fruits to the country. In the evening of his preëminently useful and successful life, the man who was an earnest enemy in war, and who is the sincere friend in peace, has bidden the struggling South to look more hopefully to the future, as the opportunities for the education of her young men are multiplied. 'Hardness ever of hardiness is mother,' and the men of the South who are so fitted for the use of her colleges, will bring vigorous health and resolute purposes to promote their advancement

and make them fit leaders of a re-united country. Where Washington began his benefactions nearly a century ago, Colonel
Scott has supplanted them in the sore days of trial, and he
has planted the seeds of faith and hope in fruitful soil, to
bloom long after the whispering willows shall murmur the requiem of all the actors of the present."

The following from the Richmond Standard, presided over so ably by Mr. G. Watson James, an alumnus of this institution, shows that his patriotism is still glowing and his memory still fresh:

"The Lexington Gazette, in noticing Colonel Thomas A. Scott's donation of \$50,000 to Washington and Lee University, recalls the fact that he had previously given that institution \$10,000, making his whole contribution to the endowment \$60,000. Such liberality in such a cause deserves the warmest recognition, not only from the alumni of old Washington College and Washington and Lee University, but from every one in the South interested in the cause of education. money could not have been better bestowed. For over a century the influence of this seat of learning has been impressing itself upon every element of society and every avocation in which virtue and culture are factors—and that, too, without cost to the State. The bar, the bench, the lecture room—in fact, all the professions—have drawn from its graduates many of their highest and purest ornaments; and Col. Scott is aiding in the perpetuation of a work near to the hearts of a long line of noble men from Washington down. To such as Col. Scott Virginia cannot be too grateful.

IMPROVEMENTS.—It is true that our subject is rather a hackneyed one, but there are so many improvements going on in and around Lexington, improvements also that are more nearly connected with the College, that the subject forces itself upon us. First, we see a fine hall going up. It will probably seat three thousand people. A town hall is something that Lexington has needed for a long time.

There is now a minstrel troupe at College, in which is employed some of the rarest talent, and, considering that it is yet in its infancy, we think that in a year or two the College can boast of one second to none in the South. Mausoleum will probably be finished by Commencement and will be quite an adornment to the Chapel. It will doubtless have cost upwards of \$30,000. The College has also a Museum surpassed by none in the United States. It contains every species of animal, terrestrial, marine and amphibious, from the great Mastodon, under whose enormous weight the earth is supposed to have groaned, and the whale (which, according to the old myth which tells about Mars, who was the god of cattle, swallowed Jonah's cousin) down to the minutest insect; also specimens in every department of—(for brevity we just refer you, kind reader, to the Museum, where you can see for yourself.)

In every way the college is improving, except in the wrong way. It is true that in some respects it is advancing but slowly, but that is due to it being so near perfection that there is but little left to be done.

No students are more industrious than ours; they, of late, are found working at the blackboards both day and night—in the day with chalk and ruler, in the night with rag and grease. If the benches are too hard or worn out, the laborious student spends the time removing them that, to do himself justice, he would spend at his midnight lamp. If the stoves refuse to give out the required heat, the energetic student is found quietly taking them down, and desiring that they shall be swept and garnished or new ones put up in their places. Here he meets with misfortune:

The old ones are slyly put back, Untouched with the exception of a patch.

For all this voluntary service he receives neither thanks nor rewards. But we would advise the students not to be too enthusiastic. Follow the old Latin maxim, "Festina lente,"

Houses that are built upon the sand should not be overturned until you are able to rebuild others in their places upon rocks. If a lecture room should perchance be too small it is best to use a little discretion in getting it enlarged. For instance, approach the Professor and say kindly: "Sir Professor, we (give the name of the class, Math., for instance) do humbly beg that you will be so kind as to enlarge your room." If he refuses, then it is time to pile in said Math. room all the rubbish, benches and stones that are convenient, and get some ghost or witch to bar the door as tightly as possible on the inside. If you have no bars that are stout enough, you can probafind one or two stout ones on the back doors. If any unpropitious person should appear in your midst while doing these things first threaten him, then, if unsuccessful, try to bribe him; if unsuccessful still, give him the keys, if you can find them, and let him go.

Of course, all these things cannot proceed without cost. The College will, of course, pay for the grease and rags, provided what is not consumed shall be saved and returned to some one or two of the Faculty. The students, of course, cannot expect pay for the services they render unasked. If, while rendering this voluntary service, a stove leg should accidentally be broken, or, upon opening stubborn doors, the locks get sick and can't move and have to be broken, or any little incidental damages should be inflicted, it is nothing but right that the student should pay for it all and more too. It is also very reasonable to suppose that fifty or sixty students, earnestly at work for a whole night can very easily commit two or three hundred dollars worth of damages.

Daily donations are being daily donated to the dear old College, and although it can get along well enough without them, still money is a good thing to have, and, perhaps, since the College is so the *flush*, students will in all probability receive help for the final Ball.

A magnificent Hall is now almost about to be built.

The Faculty were long deciding as to where it should be placed. Finally, at last, they have decided to join one end to the Mausoleum and the other to the Gymnasium. It will in all probability cost \$175,000. Is not this an improvement?

It is also rumored that the two dormitories are going to be brought around and placed one on each side of the walk leading from the College down to the Chapel, leaving a space wide enough for two persons to walk side by side. Of course, necessary doors and gates will be looked after in due time. There is also a report that the Chemistry room, the Civil Engineers' room, and the Law room, will be, during next vacation, placed on top of the main building.

The next and last improvements are the Railroads. Four great Railroads are to bisect each other soon, just at the South end of the Gymnasium.

First, the great P. C. & T. (Pitch, Coal and Tar) Railroad, running in an air line from Pittsburg to Richmond; another, the C. W. & N., running from Chicago to Lexington, and no to New Orleans. The third, about which there is some doubt, will probably run from New York to San Francisco. The fourth, about which there is a great deal of doubt, runs from Collierstown to London. It will be called the Great American, Transcontinental and European Railway. A grand ball and torchlight procession will be given in honor of each. derstand us to mean that the College is going to give the The first ball will be given at the hotel; every body invited; entrance free for fifty cents, lady and gentleman one The proceeds will, of course, go to the College. The next ball will be given at the Blue Hotel; entrance fifty cents, lady and gentleman and child, under ten, one dollar. The proceeds will, of course, go to the College. The next one will be given in the old Y. M. C. A. room. There will be suspension the day preceding, and all the students will be marched in regular order to the Natural Bridge and back. Old Jim, in all probability, will be General Commander-inChief. Entrance the same as the others; proceeds will go to the same place. The last ball will be given in the old Kahle building, opposite the Presbyterian lecture room—entrance one penny, lady and gentleman two pennies. It is as yet undecided whether the proceeds will be given to the College or Episcopal church. The College claims the proceeds, but most people seem to think that the College is trying to monopolize things most too much, and the matter will probably be left to arbitrators. All these things will, of course, take place as soon as time and circumstances will permit after Commencement.

In consequence of these conjunctions Lexington will arise from her summer stupidity and dullness and will be deservedly called "The Modern Athens."

The College is going to possess itself of a small engine, which will run around from the Chemistry room by the bulletin board, down between the dormitories to Chapel, through the Chapel into the Mausoleum, through the Mausoleum into the Library, through the Library into the Gymnsasium, through the Gymnasium to the depot, where, of course, it will make connections with the various railroads. This engine is for the Civil class next year. It is the intention of the Professor of Chemistry to try to run it first by electricity; if that does not succeed he thinks he can manage it with a certain combination of chemicals which he is now compounding. The reason that electricity or chemicals is prefered is that in emitting the steam every now and then, or the whistle on each arrival from the depot, there would be caused too much disturbance during recitation hours.

Who dares to say that these are not real improvements? Two years from now the College will be at the zenith of her glory and her sons will surpass any of ancient eras or modern times.

[COMMUNICATED.]

ALUMNI.

- M. A. DeL. Van Horn, '68-'69-'70, is assistant editor of the Monroe Democrat, a weekly published at Stroudsburg, Pa. He still remembers Washington and Lee, as is seen by an editorial.
- C. W. Smith, '73-'74-'75-'76, is on the staff of the Union county Times, Eldorado, Arkansas.

Lewis Berkeley Cox, '73-'74-'75-'76, is proprietor of *The East Oregonian*, Pendleton Oregon, and drives the pen with "great freedom."

Edward Randall, '75-'76-'77-'78-'79, is studying medicine in Philadelphia.

H. K. McCay, '76-'77-'78-'79, is at the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md. Kent, "carry arms!"

NEW YORK CITY ALUMNI.

Frank Montgomery, '6S-'69-'70-'71-'72-'73, is a Doctor at Bellevue Hospital.

- R. W. Preston, '66-'67-'68, has been a lawyer, railroad man, and is now a gentleman of elegant ease and leisure; boards at the Brevoort House.
- W. R. Pryor, '72-'73, is attending the college of physicians and surgeons, and can be addressed at 76 Wall street.

Roger Pryor, '73-'74, is practicing law with his father, 76 Wall street.

Walter McCorkle, '73-'74-'75-'76-'77-'78, has been in New York one year, and is located with a leading firm, Miller & Deckham; he is doing well and has prospects of better.

PENDLETON, OREGON, February 6, 1881.

DEAR COLLEGIAN—Having but recently learned that you continue to exist, I write, claiming to be once more numbered among your subscribers, and

at the same time (in the classic language of "Chinook" jargon) "pot-latch' that which I know from experience to be the most soothing unction to the B. M.'s soul. Please put me down as a standing subscriber and send such back numbers for this year as may be conveniently obtained. Of course, the Collegian is not to us of so many years severed connection from our Alma Mater what it was as students, or for a year or two thereafter, but then it still seems a sort of fraternal bond, and, too, it should be the duty of all W. and L. boys to support it—from old associations, if from no other motive. Few things in after years afford more pleasure than this chronicler of our college days. I have just been reading old files and quite forgot present surroundings in reviewing scenes and incidents of the past, and am very willing to contribute my mite towards its support as a "relic preserver" for the present, and future generations to come.

But it is said "brevity is the soul of wit," or we will consider it said for the occasion, and I will not encumber your columns with an extended communication, where there are so few to recognize the penmanship, but will give you such few "personals" as I can and close. By the way, this is the most attractive feature of the Collegian to an alumnus, and on behalf of the brotherhood at large, can only ask that it be well looked after.

Of the Oregon boys, we are four.

George E. Chamberlain, A. B. and B. L., '75-6, is located in Albany, is a member of the law firm of Flinn & Chamberlain, is married, has a son, and represents his county in the State Legislature.

- S. F. Floed, Wash. Declaimer's Medalist of '78 is managing editor of one of our best papers published at his home, Roseburg.
- G. A. Brodie, A. B, of '76 or '77 is practising Law in the same town and is highly spoken of as a promising young man in his profession, as in every other respect.
- L. W. Napton, '74-5, is engaged in raising stock in Montana, but writes of moving to Oregon in the spring, as the winters of Montana are too severe for his enterprise.
- H. P. Napton, C. E. of '75, is practising law in Joplin, Mo., but also has an idea of migrating to Oregon.

The undersigned is pursuing the same avocation, together with editing and publishing a local paper in the town of Pendleton, same State.

What are the other boys doing?

Yours most truly,

L. B. Cox.

EXCHANGES.

We welcome the Columbia Spectator as a real live College paper. It has quite an artistic make-up, and is the most successful of the few illustrated College papers. Instead of essays, it has interesting and amusing stories of College life. Now, while we by no means wish to be understood as condemning essays, we think their exclusion is necessary to the attainment of that peculiar kind of excellence which the Spectator supports with success and even éclat.

We don't get enough politics from the newspapers; so the University Herald, from Syracuse, N. Y., administers us a dose There is nothing in the Herald worthy of parad nauseam. ticular notice. The locals are mediocre. The contributed articles are by far the best. Bismarck's critic shows himself no master of his art. We are left under the impression that the mind of the said critic is singularly retentive of facts and figures. Bismarck is praised for accomplishing "that most daring and dangerous feat of taking the government in his own hands and ruling without parliament." It is hardly necessary to remark that such an arbitrary and despotic mode of proceeding is in direct opposition to what ought to be the most cherished principles of the American citizen. critic, therefore, who is an admirer of Bismarck, had better find something more to his hero's credit, if he wishes to awaken in others the admiration he himself feels.

The title page of the Varsity, which has been so severely criticised, is that paper's most attractive feature. We never tire of admiring it. There they stand—the studious youth with open book and the interesting maiden intently gazing at the strange hieroglyphic scrawl on what seems to be

a strip torn from the sleeve of her loose robe. Between them is an open book, and on the page next the youth is written: Amica Ante Omnes (a lady friend before all others) which we suppose is intended for his motto. On the page next the maiden is what we take to be her name, Phile Sophie (Dear Sophy). They look innocent, but we wager they are not thinking of what they seem to be. Come again Varsity.

The motto of the College Lancet is Nulla Vestigia Retrorsum. We have a suspicion that in writing "Faces" the editor was merely trying to fill up. Yet he sometimes stumbles upon an expression remarkable for a certain kind of rough and vulgar picturesqueness and force, as when a certain class of men are found like "sober temperance lecturers, few and far between." The next is a professedly argumentative piece. We look down the column and see "Chaucer," "Moore," "Shakespere," "Milton," "Bacon." That is quite enough of that piece Because bread is good and wholesome and nourishing, shall you try to thrust a crumb into windpipe on every ordinary occasion? asks the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. We would admonish the editors of the Lancet to curb their genius, which, too often exhibited, is apt to be thought common. We would recommend, too, as a rule of practical importance in writing, that they husband their resources. For instance, we would advise the editors of the Lancet not to illustrate a single essay by mentioning the names of all the authors with which they are acquainted, unless, indeed, they never intend to write another, or can reconcile themselves to indefinite repetition. Although the Lancet is published at an institution bearing the name of "University," the locals abound in references to "school boys." Up here we are students and young men. We had other, things to say, and we had intended to ask could the spelling of the name of the wine god, "Backus," have been a typographical error, but our remarks have already been carried to some length and so we will stop.

The Acta Columbiana retorts upon us for republishing some of its "poorest jokes," and with the forgiving spirit for which the Acta is noted holds up to admiration some of our "best." We'll wager that if the Acta really thinks that the jokes cited by us were its "poorest" that the opinion is only one recently entertained; and on the other hand will acknowledge that if we think the jokes quoted from us by the Acta to have been our "best," we have thought so only since reading the last Acta. The Acta accuses us of a wish to make it "feel miserably," but the last Acta has accomplished its purpose of making us feel miserable.

RIFF-RAFF.

"Tollere orcum et frangere res," is the polite way of saying now in Yale.—Acta.

Three Vassar tourists stopping at a small German inn last summer are said to have filled in the column of the register headed "occupation," with the words, "Looking for a husband."—Courant.

- "How slim is Sara Bernhardt, pa, That shadow of a shade?"
- "My boy, she's just about as thin
 As picnic lemonade."—Cincinnati Star.

Prof.—" What does this argue as to the life of this period?" Senior (hesitating)—" I—er—I should think it was a strong argument." "For what?" Senior—" I don't know."—Yale Courant.

Prof. (in Physiology)—"Does the anterior portion of the white matter of the posterior division of either half of the spinal chord carry impressions of motion, or of sensation?" Concise student: "Yes."—Ex.

There is one good thing about Sarah B's figure anyway Very little goes to waist — Yale News.

An Irishman having heard that a certain astronomer had discovered an asteroid, remarked: "Bedad, he may have his asteroid, but for mysilf, oi prefer a horse ter roide."—Yale News.

"Never leave what you undertake until you can reach your arms around it and clinch your hands on the other side," says a recently published book for young men. "But what if she screams?" suggests a contemporary. "Why, let her scream; she's to blame for that."—Spectator.

"Put some sponges in her bustle, She is going out to skate: She will need their yielding softness When she tries the figure eight."

—Niagara Index

Scene at a co-educational school: He was a new student and evidently not settled for the term yet. He rang the bell, young lady appeared, of whom he very anxiously inquired, "Would you like to have a room-mate?" He told the boys afterwards that he was excited, but did not see why the door should have been shut in his face."—Transcript.

He appeared to be almost gone. Rolling his eyes to the partner of his bosom, he gasped, "Bury me 'neath the weeping willow, and plant a single white rose above my head. "Oh, its no use," she snapped out. "Your nose would scorch the roots." He got well.—Orient.

A dark-haired Junior availed himself of the recent snow to go sleigh riding with his auburn-haired girl. Forgetful of all punctuation, when he saw her come to the door, ready for the ride, he yelled, "Hello Ready!" She didn't go with him, and since then he has become a hard-working student.—Student Life.

Lecture upon the rhinoceros. Prof. "I must beg you to give me your undivided attention. It is absolutely impossible that you can form a true idea of this hideous animal, unless you keep your eyes fixed on me."—Mercury.

THE

SOUTHERN COLLEGIAN,

Washington and Lee University.

"Quidquid praecipies, esto brevis."

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CHIVALRY AND BARBARIAN MANNERS, AND THE INFLUENCE OF EACH ON THE CONDITION OF WOMEN.

T cannot be denied that it is chiefly owing to the development of domestic manners in the feudal system that the change and the improvement in the condition of women have arisen. Long before that period, in the most enlightened phases of the then most illustrious and civilized empire of the world, the Roman dynasty, we behold women treated as meanly and inhumanly as the most abject slaves. The light that shed lustre on the Roman nation has been considerably darkened when we come to notice the position that woman occupied, the treatment to which she was subjected, the tyrannical conduct which husbands exercised over their wives, and the utter incapacity and inability of the latter to put a stop to such an abuse Taking all these facts into consideration, we cannot but be inevitably shocked at such cruel and barbarous behavior, when we have been taught to look on woman as one on whom we should lavish all care and tenderness; one whom we should always approach with great respect; one on whom we should bestow the greatest affection and comfort; in short, one whom we should be solicitous to protect and defend, love and cherish.

It is principally to the absolute development of that great

system which was so thoroughly diffused throughout Europe in the middle ages, which shall never be forgotten, but which shall always be looked upon by all as the greatest organization that ever existed—it is to this, I say, that woman has cause to be grateful and look back as her savior. It has created a profounder feeling of respect and affection in the breast of man; it has ennobled him as well as her; it has raised him from the level of the brute creation; it has elevated her from a state of abject slavery; and it has been the chief means of making both loved, honored and respected. That system, alas! is gone. But only in form; it still exists in spirit. As it is at present, it is even stronger in feeling than it was in the days when they beheld

"Bold men's bloody combatings, and gentle ladies' tears."

The age of chivalry passed away, only to return without its helmets and its spears; but its brilliancy is decked with more gorgeous and poetic charms. We love the past; we admire and respect those heroes that fought and died for their Lord and their lady-love. The blazonry of the age has indeed disappeared, but it is now clothed with a charm that is entrancing; that carries the reader into a land of romance which often makes him think that he is in an ideal world—a world that is far too replete with fascination and tenderness to correspond exactly with his notions of reality. He admires that independent spirit which the knights showed so plainly; he is forced to respect and love the hero who, bent on some dangerons and hazardous enterprise, from which he may possibly never return, sets out on an errand of love or in quest of adventures, loyal and courageous, splendidly mounted, in glittering armor, surrounded by his men-at-arms, and departing from his lordly castle amid the cheers and affectionate greetings of his retainers.

It is the greatest delight of any one to read how the fair and haughty dame at a tilt incites and urges on her champion, at which he advances with greatest speed and obtains a decisive victory over his antagonist, and sees his valor rewarded by receiving at the hands of his fair one an embroidered scarf or

a sacred banner, worked with her own hand. It is our most exquisite pleasure to dwell on the gorgeous description of the tournament, where the place inclosed for combat "is surrounded with sovereigns and bishops and barons, and all that rank and beauty had ennobled among the fair; when the combatants, covered with shining armor, and only known by a device or emblazoned shield, issued forth, not without danger, to win the prize of valor, bestowed by the queen of beauty, amid the animated music of minstrels and the shouts of the assembled multitude."

That period was distinguished as the period of gallantrynot only that gallantry prevailing over the relations of the two sexes, but also that which incited the knight to exhibit on many occasions the most heroic courage, animated with the most lively faith and the most ardent religion. It was, it must be admitted, greatly exaggerated; but the exaggeration of it served only to make it more dazzling to the eyes of the adventurer, and whetted his courage to its utmost, to perform deeds of heroism to attract the eyes of the fair towards him. only thoughts were: God and his lady. They occupied his whole time, absorbed his whole attention, and it was the only object of his life to be in a perpetual whirlpool of chivalrous The step, though gradual, became at last comexcitement. plete; and the emancipation of woman from the fetters which constantly kept her aloof from entering into her real social position may be deemed to be the great triumph which civilization, combined with the unselfish principles of Christianity, achieved over the more barbarous and inhuman dictates of Paganism.

It was the greatest move towards regeneration that could ever have been accomplished. It released woman from the penal servitude to which she had been subjected; the bonds which bound her were loosened; the chains by which she had been dragged into a state of slavish inferiority were unfastened and thrown away. Woman was saved! Woman was freed from those ties which she had been forced to regard as the natural consequence of her sex. That stain which had dis-

graced society for centuries, was at last removed and "blotted away forever." It was owing to the unwearied efforts of those champions; it was the success of those whose sympathy was aroused by observing the social degradation which continually attended her.

On the other hand, we find something very repulsive in the way in which the ancients behaved towards women. It has been attempted to find the origin of the worship which the knights of old had for women, among the Germans. Strong expressions in Tacitus indicate that a great respect was evinced by barbarians towards them, and that it is to that their social amelioration must be attributed. A great deal is true; but it was a superstition among the Germans that a woman ought to be regarded with awe, in the light of a prophetess; and it is for this reason that most of the German youth were taught to look upon the weaker sex. But it only went thus far, and a short glance at the behavior of the men towards the women will enable us to perceive that it was more theoretical than practical.

Mr. Guizot combats the assertion made by Tacitus in saying that "phrases similar to those of Tacitus, and sentiments and customs analogous to those of the ancient Germans, are met with in the statements of many observers of savage or barbarous nations." Yet, notwithstanding this sage remark, the opinion that they worshipped women as strongly as the chivalrous knights did their fair dames still remains, although it has often been attempted, and in some cases has almost been a success in refuting that assertion.

This passage of Tacitus has often been mistaken. The Germans regarded women only in the light that a superstitious mind would hold a person who partook of the species of another world. Their veneration and awe of her did not extend to domestic manners; and there are many instances which go to show that the lives of the women among the Germans were of such a character as to place her in a position less important and more servile than the one which really belonged to her. It is true, there were some whom they con-

sidered as goddesses and prophetesses; but there a limit was marked out, and their domestic manners were infamous. The prophetic characters were generally ascribed to women; and it is in this manner that Tacitus thus speaks of Velleda, of whom he seems to have entertained a very high opinion, by saying that "this girl of the nation of Bructeres enjoyed great power, owing to an ancient custom among the Germans, which made them look upon many women as prophetesses, and, in fine, with the progress of superstition, as real divinities." is very easy then to observe that he spoke only of superstition, and not of the regulation of the domestic affairs of the family; and while some were elevated above their position and placed in the highest rank among the divinities, a good many occupied a place much inferior to that which ought naturally and justly to have belonged to them. In the ancient world, great importance was attached to those priestesses; at Athens, the priestesses of Ceres were esteemed the holiest and the most reverend handmaids of that benign goddess, and were accordingly very much feared and respected; at Rome, the prominent ones were the Vestals, the Pythonesses; and everything that has been said of the Sibyls tends to prove that it was not among the Germans only that the prophetical character was attributed to women. All this, as I have said, is a mere matter of superstition; it has nothing to do with family regulations; but it has often already been proved that as far as domestic manners were concerned, the ancient world was in a great degree deficient in administering to the care of women. The Germans, for instance, were extraordinarily severe with respect to marriage, and the order of the family was very different from that of the other barbarous nations. If that order was broken by the infidelity of the woman, we see her, instead of being regarded as a goddess, given up to the vengeance of her husband and treated in a much more cruel manner than a serf or dumb animal. "After having cut off her hair, the husband drives her from his house, in the presence of her relations, and beats her with rods ignominiously through the village." How can it be wondered that respect for her should be

diminished, when those rude savages should set such a frightful example! It is not by any means calculated to inspire public esteem in her favor.

It is admitted that the accounts which Tacitus gives us of the holiness with which the Germans regarded the marriage tie are hypercritical. A good deal of information may be gathered which goes to show that the pictures he draws of them are considerably embellished. They may have been very severe about marriage, but it is positively known that they were not strangers to polygamy. And it is said that some of them had several wives at the same time, "not on account of sensuality, but on account of the distinction and high regard in which they were held." Although it is not certain that anybody knows anything of the state of morality in those gloomy and savage forests, yet it can be conjectured by analogy, on account of the great resemblance which the different nations of the North bore to each other, that morality among the Britons was not superior to that among the Germanic tribes.

Woman was in a terrible bondage; she was crushed as easily as the vilest worm that ever crawled upon the face of the She had no will of her own; the example of centuries past was taught to her as a rule by which all her actions should be guided; she had no one to appeal to in order to be released from that frightful captivity which had been the dire lot of all of her sex that had preceded her; her servitude was complete. If she ever attempted to arise and assert her rights, she was thrown aside with as much brutal ferocity as it was thought she needed. It was but seldom that she ever undertook to commit an act of independence; she inevitably failed, and she was reduced to a lower state of infamy and disgrace. It was not until the chivalrous notions of the West, prompted by the experience which a good many of the Christian knights had acquired in their wars with the Saracens, who treated woman with tenderness and reverence, that she was liberated from that bondage, to arise and be the guide and pole star to those who fought for her, to those who died for her, and to those who loved her. She arose to take the position from which she had been kept so long; and through the lapse of past centuries she has ever maintained it with the increasing popularity and acknowledgment of all nations, and she will always maintain it, despite the greatest struggles of mankind, the comforter of man, the counsel of the afflicted, and the brightest ornament of the hearth.

IDEALITY AND ENTHUSIASM.

EEP down in every heart there is a conscious, undefined sense of perfection which is never fully attained. is the presence of an invisible and unattainable standard so elevated and so enviable as to render the real attainments of life commonplace and worthless in comparison with it. There is an ideal life, unknown to the world, whose existence is no less real than that exhibited in our daily occupation and social intercourse. It is from this presence that all the longings, desires, ambitions and aspirations arise. It is this which quickens the soul and causes it to reach out beyond the lines which circumscribe it and search the hidden future. which shows to the dull sight the beauty and grandeur which fill the universe, and which gives more exalted conceptions and nobler aims. It is this which prompts man to give his life for his religion, his country or his friends. The martyr forfeits his life because of an ideal faith stronger than the love of life The soldier buckles on his armor and marches to the field of battle because he is wed to a noble patriotism and a generous love of mankind.

This is the outgrowth of that ideal conception, lacking which man is but a "mere clod," vacillating between the dignity of an intelligent, sentient being and the degradation of those passions which belong to brutes. But let him be imbued with this utopian principle, and soon he will be raised from out this oscitant realm in which he has hitherto been plodding. His enthusiasm breaks the hard materialism which surrounds him,

and he views things with a new intelligence, a quickened vis-The sculptor sees the image in the block of marble before he has placed his chisel upon it, and it becomes a reality in his mind, as if it stood revealed before him in all its perfection and beauty. The Apollo Belvedere, which stands as a monument of human skill, with its perfectly chiseled features and almost living lineaments, was born in the mind of the sculptor—imaged in its living reality—before his hand essayed to set it free. And it was this conception which filled him with enthusiasm; which enabled him to drink in those draughts of inspiration with which he became perfectly infused, and from which sprang, as if by magic, this statue, with its matchless symmetry and faultless representation of youthful manliness. And yet, perhaps, he was unable to reproduce, in its very exactness, the form which his mighty conception had pictured; the weak hand lacking the consummate skill necessary to accomplish the lofty purpose of the will by which it was controlled.

Almost every one is confronted by the same difficulty, whether his object be to carve a statue from the hard rock, or impress his name on the lofty pillar of fame, to be read by coming generations.

When this ideal conception is joined to enthusiasm, they form a coalition which contains the necessary elements of success. But they are rarely found together; and for this reason there have been few who, by virtue of their deeds and doings, have gained ingress to the fame-lit temple of human greatness. And few comparatively have there been upon whose life-record might be stamped the word success; few whose ideal life has not been something widely different from their actual. Like spectres in the night, have vanished the roseate dreams of the ideal before the stern and stubborn realities of the actual. The poetry-tinted ideal stands aside at the approach of the prosaic actual. Man, flushed with strength and vigor, starts upon the journey of life with the words "fame and success" engraven upon every mile-stone of his flower-strewn way. But ere he has well commenced his course, the hard, unrelenting

actualities of life press upon him, dangers and difficulties environ him, the euroclydons of adversity sweep athwart his pathway and startle him from his ideal dream.

Partly from a utopian type of life, and partly from the lack of some necessary action-inspiring element of mind, the coalition of actual life with ideal is rendered impossible. And from the want of this characteristic, he who otherwise would have been a master spirit amongst his fellow-men, has his life-history chronicled in the one word—failure.

In the conception and accomplishment of all human schemes, enthusiasm is an element of supereminent importance. All those results of human action which have reversed and revolutionized public sentiment; humbled one nation and exalted another; subverted autocratic dynasties, and upon their ruins raised republics; broken the ligaments which bound the slave; discovered new planets, and made new and startling discoveries in the fields of science, and changed the destinies of nations, are but the legitimate fruits of this principle in the human heart. Indeed, nothing of moment can be achieved where it is not. When this element is lacking in man, if he accomplishes anything, it is passively rather than actively effected. If a man is destitute of enthusiasm, he is deficient in that great stimulus which prompts to earnest, energetic action, which evolves grand and sublime results.

Enthusiasm is nearly allied to fanaticism; but whilst the former is always commendable, the latter often leads to dangerous delusions. Enthusiasm is persistent. It moves straight off at a tangent, swerving not in its rectilinear course, but courageously and unceasingly pushing on, until the goal is compassed and the crown secured. It is fertile in resources. If its object cannot be obtained in one way, another is speedily found. A hundred things are made subservient to the consumnation of its ends, which otherwise would remain unnoticed and unheeded. It dispels the darkness of adversity, and scatters the gloom of despondency. It is undaunted by difficulties and undismayed by reverses. It is the power which moves the complicated wheel-work of human society. It is an

ægis to turn aside the arrows of the enemy, and a talisman to guide to ultimate victory.

There is something grand and worthy of admiration in the sight of a man prosecuting his chosen work, whilst dangers and difficulties encompass him, whom no discouragement can make to falter, nor reverses to waver; but who, with teeth set and face to the blast, labors earnestly and zealously on. One by one his cherished hopes and treasured aspirations are crushed as by the blows of the merciless iconoclast. And yet, not disheartened, he feels his heart swelling with a new impulse; and, profiting by the lessons of the past, he pushes on to final triumph.

Without this principle no man has ever accomplished anything whereby his memory has been transmitted to posterity, kept green and fragrant by admiring thousands, or covered with eternal infamy.

What impelled and enabled the great reformer, Martin Luther, when proclaimed a heretic, when surrounded by the fanatics of popery, who thirsted for his blood, when his life was in continual hazard, when deserted by his friends and insulted by his enemies, to avow boldly and fearlessly his principles; earnestly and cloquently to contend for the true faith, and battle against the chosen dogmas of the Romish church? It was a spirit of ardor, of enthusiasm, in his great work, with a consciousness of being on the side of right. Had he been devoid of this spirit, and the persistence born of it, the world had never known the name of Martin Luther.

What was it that transformed an obscure boy of the isle of Corsica into the proud sovereign of more than half the nations of Europe? What that gave him rank amongst the most renowned statesmen and warriors whose names are chronicled upon the pages of history? What that, from the midnight gloom of obscurity, carried him through a series of successes, until he stood upon the eminence of human glory, to whose giddy summit arose loud-ascending shouts of applanding millions, sweeter far to him than the transporting cadences of

angelic hosts? It was enthusiasm, invincible, unconquerable. Call it not Fortune's caprice; for she, fickle goddess, "sweetly smiles to-day; to-morrow, at her frown, brightest visions fade away." Inconstant as the ignis-fatuus, delusive as the everchanging mirage. Ambition was the dream that lured him on; enthusiasm was the magic power of his grandest conquests. And only when impossibilities were required at his hand, did he prove incompetent to the task. Had he possessed the qualities which inhered in him, save this one only, he had never risen above the stratum of his birth, but lived "unseen, unsought, beneath misfortune's cloud," and the fadeless name of Napoleon Bonaparte had, with its possessor, died unknown, unhonored.

What was it that upheld the simple mariner of Genoa through numberless efforts and disappointments, who, without money and without friends, for a period of eighteen long, weary, anxious years, wandered from coast to coast, petitioning aid in the prosecution of his cherished design, only to be coldly repulsed or made the object of ridicule, his project treated as a vagary or the phantasm of a dreamy visionary? What that led him calmly and patiently to endure so much of bitter trial, of cold indifference, of cruel disappointment, of exasperating ridicule, that he might accelerate the world's progress, and with the wealth acquired from his anticipated discoveries be enabled to wrest the "Holy Sepulcher" from the profaning hand of the infidel Saracen? To his wildly enthusiastic genius is to be imputed the grandest discovery in the world's history, and the transmission to revering posterity of the name of Columbus, surrounded by a halo of unfading glory.

But enough examples have been cited to show the paramount moment of this principle; enough to show that no important work was ever successfully consummated without its aid; and that he who would carve his name upon the tablets of history must be animated and inspired by the genius and spirit of enthusiastic resolve.

THE JEWS.

T will, perhaps, occur to the reader that this is an old and hackneyed subject to select for an essay. But begging the reader's pardon for the subject, the writer hopes to present it in a new light, or rather to present some phases of it which he has not before met with.

The Jews have ever been a peculiar people. Abraham, the founder or fountain-head of the race, was a very peculiar man in his own age, and would doubtless have been a peculiar man in any age. His peculiarities, however, appear to have been on the right side in every question of essential interest to himself or others. He appears, from the accounts left of him, to have been a very truthful, upright, conscientious old gentleman, with a high sense of duty, but withal a sharp eye to his own temporal interest, and to have attended strictly to his own business; which last two peculiarities he has certainly transmitted to his race, and they—i. e., his descendants—appear to have cherished and cultivated them as the crowning virtues of life; for if there is a race on earth which, as a race, possess these peculiarities in perfection, it is the Jews. The Jew, wherever you find him, has a sharp eye to his own interest, and attends strictly to his own business.

The Jews were a peculiar people in the early days of the race. Jacob's sons, when they sold their brother to the merchants, only followed the natural bent of the Jewish mind, only gratified their inordinate avarice; and many an one since has sold his brother for gold—indeed, not a few of them will sell their souls for gold. They were probably the most civilized and enlightened people on earth during their captivity in Egypt and their wanderings in the wilderness—i. e., civilized and enlightened in the true sense, regarding a knowledge of the true God as an essential element in civilization, and regulating their lives in accordance with the known will of that God as the basis of civilization. They were peculiarly favored by the Divine Being, and were, without doubt, designed to enjoy a great and glorious future; but they were headstrong,

impatient and unmanageable; they forfeited their right to enjoy in their own persons the promised land.

They have ever been an incredulous people. Their disregard of the warnings and admonitions of Moses and Aaron, and, later, of the prophets, was a manifestation of this same characteristic of incredulity, which is so apparent in the race There is a tendency nowadays to regard the Bible account of the children of Israel as a kind of allegory, and as designed to furnish types and shadows of the Christian's passage through this life; but there is no evidence to show that it is not a true narrative of actual events; and if we examine the character of the Jews to-day in connection with their character as portrayed in the New Testament scriptures, we see that their conduct in those early days was just what we should have expected from such a people. Their rejection of Christ as the Messiah sealed their fate as a nation. In their pride and vanity, they misconstrued the plain purport of the prophecies in regard to the character and mission of this promised Messiah, and were expecting an earthly potentate who should make them a great and powerful nation. They had drifted very far away from the original purity of their religion; the forms were still rigidly observed, but the spirit was gone; they seem to have entirely lost sight of the original design of their ceremonies; they were as "whited sepulchers," and it was a keen blow to their self-love to be told that their pretentions were hollow, that they were hypocrites, as it always is to that of the conceited man, inflated with pride and vanity, who imagines himself enveloped in an impenetrable shield of sanctity and morality, to discover all at once that his true character is discovered, and to be told that he is a fraud. Nothing is so harrowing to a man as wounding his self-love. and he never looks with favor on one who does so.

The Jews have been much blamed for their rejection and treatment of Christ; but could they, in the nature of the case, have done otherwise? We, in this enlightened nineteenth century, persistently reject things that are diametrically opposed to our preconceived ideas of them; and it certainly is

true that what we wish, that we hope and look for. The character of Christ was diametrically opposed to the preconceived ideas of the Jews in regard to it; his mission they could not understand; so they rejected him, and do to this day, as we or any other nation should have done under the same circumstances. It is thought that the Jews have changed less than any other race, with, perhaps, the exception of the Chinese. Their national peculiarities are doubtless the same that they were three thousand years ago.

They have been a much-abused and persecuted race; but persecution has but served to strengthen and bind them more firmly together—so true is it that persecution begets union, and in union there is always strength. To-day the Jews are perhaps the most prosperous people, financially, on the face of the earth. A late writer has said that Germany belongs to the Jews, and that Berlin has become a New Jerusalem. world has outgrown everything that resembles the blind persecution of bigotry. It is not easy to be a martyr nowadays, and such an anachronism as a persecution of the Jews in the nineteenth century is an offense to every liberal-minded, educated and justly-thinking citizen. The narrow and peevish antipathies begotten of bigotry and born of dogma are resolutely put down. The German is especially alive to a reproach of this kind. He is emphatically the Gallileo of modern times. He disclaims all prejudice, and he claims all culture. He is frankly Pagan; and if to the few the Jew is offensive on account of his creed, it behooves, say the Germans, every enlightened Gentile to show that he is educated beyond the point of dogmas and belief, and that all creeds are equally good and equally bad in his far-seeing, clear-sighted eyes. Yet this people, so enlightened and so indifferent to creed, are compelled to cry out against these Children of Israel. It is not their religion that "stinks" in German "nostrils." No cultured German cares what the particular "doxy" of his neighbor is. His fear and hatred of the Jew is on other and more important grounds, and is a life question of far more vital importance to him than the relative value of the Testament or the Talmud.

Many of the most important offices are in the hands of Jews. Almost all the lawyers are Jews. All the bankers, capitalists, financiers and leading merchants are Jews. In everything a preference is shown to them. They get the best places, make the most money, drive the hardest bargains, and, made arrogant by affluence and prosperity, grind down the poor, lending money to their victims at ruinous rates of interest, while they keep the capital of the country in their hands and gag the press.

It is not denied but that many of them have been, and are to-day, bright and shining lights in every department of human endeavor—as statesmen, philanthropists, authors, artists and musicians. In every calling we find them pushing to the front, outstripping the Gentile in the race of life. furnishes many examples among the Jews as pure in their lives and as noble in their actions as any Gentile. But these are the exceptions. As a rule, they have added to ability, perseverance, thrift and industry—greed, unscrupulousness, vulgar cunning, underbred arrogance and ostentation, purse-pride, and an indifference to the means, so the end be achieved, together with a cruel callousness to the sufferings by which they grow rich. In every country, in every community even, where they are numerous, they invariably gather into their coffers all the wealth and resources of the country or community, and other classes are necessarily impoverished.

There is something about the Jew—some indefinable something—which makes him, to some extent, an object of aversion to almost every Christian. We have all felt this, though we may not be able to tell what it is or whence it comes; but we feel an instinctive desire to get away from him, and repugnance at being brought in close contact with him. We feel that he belongs to another order of beings—that there is and can be no bond of sympathy between him and us. Yet he is a fellow-mortal, a brother in the flesh, a complex phenomenon of matter and mind, each modified by and modifying the other through that mysterious union which was established when God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life. He is

actuated by like passions, he loves and hates as we do, he philosophises, he thinks on all important questions, except religion, much the same as we. We cannot claim to be his superior intellectually; but we fell and know that in point of humanity, of sympathy for the misfortunes and sufferings of our fellow-mortals, in every mental quality that renders the social relations dear to the heart of every Gentile, he is sadly deficient. Selfishness is the controlling principle of his life.

THE TRUE POETRY OF THE PRESENT DAY.

THILE it has been asserted that Milton's "Paradise Lost" is a poem which should be most ardently admired and enjoyed from beginning to end, it cannot be denied that many, in fact almost all who read the great epic, find it a very difficult matter to maintain, during the entire perusal, that sincere admiration which they felt at the beginning. attempt to read this entire poem at one sitting, for the purpose of keeping before the mind the symmetry of style, or the uniform tenor of expression, we cannot fail to experience at one time pleasurable emotion, caused by some passage which possesses peculiar poetical charms for us; at another time, a species of uneasiness, the result of some lines, or probably a page. which we feel is inferior in power and beauty to the part just preceding it. This will be the case all through the poem; we will find many passages which seem flat and insipid, and which nothing can compel us to admire at the time, but which, if read alone and at another time, we should most probably ad mire extravagantly.

It would seem plain, then, from what has been said, that Milton's great masterpiece, Homer's Iliad, or any other poem of equal length, should, in order to be appreciated as fully as it deserves, be read as a series of short poems, laying aside for the time being that necessary element of all good epics, unity.

A true poem, in order to deserve that appellation, must be short; for a poem is good only when it serves to rouse the soul by stirring up its dormant passions, or to ease the mind and calm the soul by lifting us into a purer realm of thought; but as this agitation or elevation of the mind, whichever it may be, can only be of short duration, it follows that a poem, in order to keep up this effect, must be of no very great length.

It is very probable that Homer's Iliad, which was so popular and so well known in ancient times, was written as a series of lyrics; but whether it was or not, it owed its popularity not only to its merit, but also to the fact that a good quality of poetic literature was extremely scarce in those days. But admitting that the Iliad was designed to be an epic, it would not be regarded by the critics of to-day as a true work of art; for it is certain that the literary men of our time, living in what is commonly thought to be an age of progress, do not seize upon and devour a poem of great length with the same avidity as the ancient Greeks.

Whether this is owing, as some writers would have us suppose, to the degeneracy of the age, or to the fact that we have a truer conception of what real art is than the ancients, remains for future historians to say. We are inclined to think, however, that the latter is the case; for it does seem to us that the readers of the nineteenth century, living in a refined and cultured state of society, and having within reach the literature of all preceding ages, should possess in a higher degree than the ancients that sense of the beautiful, that love of harmony, which enables us to appreciate good poetry, and to distinguish it from that which does not deserve the name.

The poetry which is preferred at the present day is that of medium length; for there are as many objections to a very short poem as to a long one. Very short poems are usually in the form of epigrams; and while we may be astonished at the conciseness of thought, or struck by the sprightliness or keen satire contained in them, still the impression is only momentary, and consequently lacks one of the most important elements of true poetry, namely, a deep and lasting effect.

In proof of our assertion that the true poem of moderra times must be of medium length, let us examine some poerwhich is universally read and admired at the present day, and we will see that it fulfills the requirement. There are many which come to our mind-Poe's "Bells," Shelley's "Cloud," "Thanatopsis," and a host of others—all of which deserve notice, but want of space forbids our mentioning them. We may, however, mention one which has struck our fancy, and which has received the favorable notice of even severe critics; I refer to Longfellow's "Rainy Day." What poem is a more universal favorite than this? What poem deserves more praise? It is a poem whose chief fault, if it can be said to have any, is its brevity. It is a modest poem, clothed in simple language; but it is the kind of poetry that takes, that is popular with all classes of readers, for all have experienced just such feelings as the poet describes. A strange melancholy pervades the poem, which makes us read it with a blended feeling of joy and sorrow; yet the elevated style and the delicate beauty of expression cannot fail to charm. In the last verse, the poet chides himself for indulging in such despairing thoughts:

"Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

Hope comes in to dispel melancholy, to cast aside the remorse which seemed about to possess the poet, and to supply him with strength to resist it. The idea is truly poetic, and could only have emanated from a master of verse. This poem is characteristic for its earnestness, its simplicity, and its truth. There is no attempt at display, and scarcely any imagination; it depends for its popularity upon rhythm and sentiment.

A great mistake which is made by many people, especially at the present day, is believing that the truest poetry is didactic, and that the real object of poetry is to inculcate morals. They, therefore, judge of the merits of a poetical composition by

what it will teach, instead of by the imagery, melody or delicately-woven thoughts which may appear in it. But while truth and virtue are beautiful wherever found, it is in prose that we expect to find them; for there they can be taught more readily than in the realm of poetry, where Imagination, with her handmaid, Fancy, is supposed to reign supreme. The office of poetry is not to adorn the monument of Practical Morality, but rather to deck the throne of Fancy.

The readers of the present day will have taken an important step toward a more enlightened view of the subject when they decide that a poem is not to be valued according to the amount of instruction it imparts—not according to the number of moral precepts contained in it—but simply for its own sake, because it is a poem. True poetry is that which gushes from the heart; though it attains its perfection only when adorned with the creations of fancy and the beauties of imagination. And when, as in didactic poetry, it is attempted to teach some truth by repeated admonition, we very soon perceive that what has been accomplished is the result of many weary hours of labor, and lacks that spontaneous outburst, that overflow of soul, which is the very essence of the best poetry.

The old Latin was right in saying, "Poeta nascitur non fit," and the title of "Poet" has, without much exaggeration, been called divine; for while all men possess, in a greater or less degree, a sense of the beautiful, which causes them to appreciate exquisite works of art, entrancing music, or the sights and sounds of nature, still they can only feel poetic; and they infringe upon the rights of the poet, they enter his province, when they attempt to describe their feeling. He possesses this sense in a higher degree than others, and it is for him to give it expression in language. Poetry, however, does not consist in the mere clothing of thoughts in language. It is the attempt of a master to reach a beauty above and beyond him—a perfection which is unattainable—and of which we obtain but a slight idea when we gaze for the first time upon the wild and picturesque scenery of the mountains. imagination, or a powerful fancy, urged on by intense and lofty thought, attempts to seize upon something supernal—an A the result is, a poem.

The poet not only versifies the creations of his own intellect. but seeks his subject in the multifarious objects of nature. He finds a poem in the ray of sunshine which gladdens his hear and tells him of a better world. He finds his theme in the sombre solitude of the forest, in the rustling of leaves, in the perfume of flowers, as he gazes into the mirror-like lake, or watches the shadows flit over its surface. He feels that there is poetry for him in the noise of the mountain stream, as it rushes madly on its way; in the boisterous ocean, which it ultimately reaches. He finds it in woman—he feels it in her presence, in the grace of her movements, the symmetry of her person, the glance of her eye. He discovers a subject for his pen in the noble-hearted man—in the heroic deed, in the action prompted by high principle or generous impulse. finds it in the heavens, on earth, and, above all, in the divine passion of love.

Poetry is not held in the estimation it should be by the large majority of readers. It is looked upon by some as rendering us unfit for all practical duties, by others as tending toward effeminacy, and yet by others as literally a waste of time. is needless to say that these are mistaken ideas. nothing which has such a refining influence on all classes as poetry. A judicious reading of it has never yet injured any one, while it has been a means of improvement to many. It softens our feelings, and causes us to judge mankind less harshly; it serves as a balm to the harrassed mind, by transferring its thoughts from those subjects which prey upon it to another sphere. We forget all else as we become interested in a poem, as we read and re-read some passage and meditate on its beauties; and when we have finished and lay aside the book, we realize that all through the poem we have experienced a certain pleasurable emotion. If we have not tasted happiness, we have at least been free from its opposite.

Poetry is not for one class of people, but for all; it is a joy to us when happy, as it is a solace when we are in trouble, and we can only pity those who do not appreciate its value. Thousands of men in our cities come home at night, worn out by the responsibilities of business, disheartened by the trials and anxieties of the day, their brains almost addled by perplexing thoughts, of which they cannot rid themselves. Let one of these take up a book of poems, and seek some quiet nook, where he will be free from all disturbance. Let him then read the poem of his choice, and try its effect. He will have infused into him a sublimer sense of duty, and he will feel more able to cope with the tasks of succeeding days; he will enter into the feelings and aspirations of the poet; he will become oblivious to all else as he dwells in an ideal world—in the realm of Fancy;

"And the night shall be filled with music, And the cares which infest the day Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs, And as silently steal away."

OWEN MEREDITH'S "WANDERER."

F Owen Meredith's more extensive works we cannot, from the limits of our space and knowledge, attempt to give a criticism. It is to the minor poems contained in The Wanderer that we wish to call attention, believing that they are but little read, and that they do not receive the admiration which is their due.

There is a peculiar charm in this book, on account of the variety of its themes and the close contact into which its readers are brought with the author—a man of our own times, with living thoughts. In its variety there is amusement for the idle hour, solace for a weary mind, support for the failing spirit; and all is pervaded by that Beauty, appealing to the Taste, which is the essential requisite of true poetry.

The Wanderer presents to our imagination the picture of a noble young Englishman making the tour of the Continent, and yielding himself, as only a poet can, to the spirit of each land through which he wanders. We feel that its author could have written as he did only of himself; and we can almost trace, not the biography of Lord Lytton, but the inner life of the man—his memories of early days, his loves and disappointments, his fancies, desires, his struggles against evil and for self-command. In the dedication, he himself tells us:

"A human spirit here records

The annals of its human strife;

A human hand hath touch'd these chords.

These songs may all be idle words:

And yet—they once were life."

But we are not taken into minute details, nor told:

"I waited for the train at Coventry."

In accordance with Sir Joshua Reynolds, his curtains and hangings are not velvet or cotton, but merely drapery.

We believe that the writer has pursued in these poems the noblest path open to the lyric poet, and has done so more attractively than some of much greater reputation. He has taken Man as his theme rather than Nature, and the *inner* rather than the *outward* man. Yet when he approaches Nature, it is with a touch of reverence, and with recognition of her symbolic meaning. Here are no botanical or astronomical enumeration of attributes; but a hint, a word, that calls before us, not the scene alone, but a thousand classic associations. Book I, In Italy, opens thus:

"By woodland belt, by ocean bar,
The full south breeze our foreheads fann'd,
And under many a yellow star,
We dropp'd into the Magic Land.

There every sound and every sight

Means more than sight or sound elsewhere;

Each twilight star a two-fold light;

Each rose a double redness there.

By ocean bar, by woodland belt,
Our silent course a syren led,
Till dark in dawn began to melt,
Through the wild wizard-work o'erhead.

A murmur from the violet vales!
A glory in the goblin dell!
There, Beauty all her breast unveils,
And Music pours out all her shell.

Then Morning rose, and smote from far Her elfin harps o'er land and sea; And woodland belt, and ocean bar, To one sweet note, sigh'd 'Italy.'"

In speaking of the *inner* and the *outward* man as themes for poetical composition, we endeavored to express the distinction between poetry which relates to the thoughts and feelings, and that which is mainly narration—the distinction between Tennyson's May Queen and Enoch Arden—between Locksley Hall and Godiva—between Poe's Raven (although it is in the *form* of a narrative) and our author's Au Café ***.

It is, as already said, to the former that Owen Meredith has devoted more attention in these minor poems; yet Au Café ***, The Novel, Aux Italiens, Midges, A Night in the Fisherman's Hut, present a pleasing variety of romantic and amusing narrative. And for a few stanzas in the Prologue he tells, in beautiful language, an old, old story of life, beginning:

"Midnight, and love, and youth, and Italy!

Love in the land where love most lovely seems!

Land of my love, tho' I be far from thee,

Lend, for love's sake, the light of thy moonbeams,

The spirit of thy cypress-groves, and all

Thy dark-eyed beauty, for a little while

To my desire. Yet once more let her smile

Fall o'er me: o'er me let her long hair fall,

The lady of my life, whose lovely eyes,

Dreaming or waking, lure me."

Of the inner man glimpses are caught through the whole work; but not by the careless reader; to him they seem but "idle words;" though, when viewed aright, they are full of life. It would seem almost like a betrayal of confidence to quote such passages where an unappreciative eye might chance to see. If, however, we have succeeded in interesting any one in this book, he may look for them especially in the Prologue

and Epilogue, in Book VI, in Babylonia, and in "Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth which was crucified."

There is a striking contrast between the modesty and and gentleness of this writer and the spleen and conceit which have the spleen and these two poems are a most perfect delineation of a stat spleen of mind and feeling. But it is a morbid condition which the poet ought not to encourage, by giving to it words of beauty in which to express itself, even though it be changed toward the last. Only once does this spirit appear in the Wanderer in Misanthropos—and there it is in the mouth of one at the point of death, and suffering under

"* * * * the heritage
Of the sins we have not sinned."

The lines illustrating the two conditions of mind under similar -r circumstances are these, in the first part of Mand:

"A wounded thing, with a rancorous cry, At war with myself and a wretched race, Sick, sick to the heart, of life am I."

And from Cordelia:

"Alas! we cannot choose our lives— We can but bear the burthen given. In vain the feverish spirit strives With unrelenting heaven."

Again, from Locksley Hall:

"Is it well to wish thee happy?—having known ME—to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than mine!"

"Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth."

Then follow three other curses, suggestive of Nihilism. With which compare:

"And I would bless the chance which let me see
Once more the comfort of thy face, altho'
It were with beauty never born for me
That face should glow.

To see thee—all thou wilt be—loved and loving—
Even the another's—in the years to come—
To watch once more thy gracious sweetness moving

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And the blessing which follows:

"May He whose wisdom portions out for me
The moonless, changeless midnight of the heart,
Still all his softest sunshine save for thee,
Where'er thou art:

And if, indeed, not any human eyes
From human tears be free—may Sorrow bring
Only to thee her April-rain, whose sighs
Soothe flowers in Spring."

It was not our purpose to attempt any criticism of this book other than should suffice to call the attention of our readers to it, for the purpose of inducing them to come and drink of the fount whence we have derived so much enjoyment, and which is, we believe, but seldom visited. Lest any one, however, should say that we invited him only to a draught of sentimental effusions, fit but for the feverish thirst of lovesick school-girls, we give fair warning now that a large portion of this book consists of "Poems of Love." However many may protest against them, we remain firm in our admiration; and quote the words of an eminent American poet and critic, who, after a long list, in which he enumerates the simple elements which induce in the poet the true poetical effect, and in which he recognizes the ambrosia which nourishes his soul, says: "He feels it in the beauty of woman in the grace of her step, in the lustre of her eye, in the melody of her voice, in her soft laughter, in her sigh, in the harmony of the rustling of her robes. He deeply feels it in her winning endearments, in her burning enthusiasms, in her gentle charities, in her meek and devotional endurances; but above all—ah; far above all he kneels to it, he worships it in the faith, in the purity, in the strength, in the altogether divine majesty of her love."

CORONA VERIS.

VIOLET.

Blue-eyed blossom! Beguiling
My lips into singing
Your praises; half smilling
At the tho't I am bringing
A story you've heard
Until it must tire.
Yet does ever the bird
Stop his song to inquire
How many before him
Have sung the same strain?
With summer skies o'er him,
Does one ever complain
se buds are many, they blossom in
the the rest I'll venture to forget

Because buds are many, they blossom in vain? So with the rest I'll venture to forget My praise is nothing new, fair vestal, Violet!

TRAILING ARBUTUS.

Pink-cheeked little daughter
Of the May!
The South-Wind has sought her
All the way
From the lands where languid lilies sway
Dreamily throughout the drowsy day.

Leaving tropic splendor—
Flying fleet,
Till wood-mosses tender
Touch his feet,
And Arbutus blossoms shy and sweet
With a blush and smile his coming greet!
May Preston, in Cornell Review.

EDITORIAL.

EDITORS:

GLOVER MOORE, Texas, Editor-in-Chief.

Washington Lit. Society: Chas. Porterfield, W. Va. H. C. Brownfield, La.

Graham Lee Society
F. S. KIRKPATRICK, Va.
J. E. COCKRELL, Tex.

W. K. CARLISLE, Ky., Business Manager.

A BAD PRACTICE.

OMMENCEMENT is coming on, and we all feel impatient to be through with the College year, while we long to see once more home and friends. As a result of this many are even now laying their plans so as to be able to leave before the final exercises. This custom of early leave-taking is, unfortunately, no new thing; but it is precisely because it is no new thing that we raise our voice against it. A few days in comparison with a vacation of three months is certainly a small matter, if we regard it in the proper light. Besides, we cannot see why there should not be some feeling against leaving before all is finished. As for us, we have a trace of the true fox-hunter desire of "staving to the death." But aside from this, each departure of a student detracts a certain amount from the interest of the Commencement; so that it is clearly the duty of every student to remain. But this is not There is profit to the student himself in staying; for surely our final exercises are both entertaining and instructive. There are the music, the Campus alive with faces, the boat race, the degree suppers, addresses, joint celebration of the societies, the delivery of the medals, and after these the final Surely few students would, of their own free will, deprive themselves of the pleasure of these things. We hope that those who have been thinking of leaving prematurely will take these remarks into consideration, and remain with their fellows until the Final is well over.

OUR SOCIETIES.

E regret to see so much apathy in the societies this session, and fear that it will have a bad effect on our There is no interest taken in the elections Commencement. or anything else. It seems that a spirit of false modesty has taken possession of the students; every one feels that he is bound to decline every position for which he is nominated, because it is the custom, and for fear others may say that he is aspiring, or wishes to make himself prominent, or that he is vain of little honors. So he wishes to show himself superior to the aspirations that are common to humanity, particularly so to that tribe of the genus homo, the college student; he wishes to raise himself above the charge of vanity; he appears to have a holy horror of being thought conceited. He seems to forget or not to be aware of the fact that this over-scrupulous regard for the opinions of others is itself a species of vanity. We are all vain. "Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; all is vanity." Why should we fight against that which we all possess, and which serves a good end in its proper sphere? Why should there be this perpetual struggle to refute the unfavorable opinions which others are prone to form of us. is, like "Walhalla's warfare of shadows," a never-ending struggle. Now, while true modesty is always to be admired, and as a matter of fact always is admired, that which the world sees and knows to be counterfeit is condemned. since we are taught not to believe in the doctrine that "there is a divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them how we may," but to believe that as we hew them so they will be, why should we neglect opportunities which may be of great benefit to us in future years, simply because to embrace them might not be consistent with some people's ideas of modesty.

It is evident to all that the societies would be very much better, and of far more benefit to their members, if there was competition and rivalry—if the offices and other positions were sought after. It would give them life and interest, would cause members to attend better, and put money in their treas-

uries; and, in place of the present apathy, we would have vigor and energy, and the societies in a prosperous condition. This state of things would make our public entertainments better, and add zest to College life. The student would return home for the summer vacation with a better opinion of, and a livelier interest in, his chosen Alma Mater.

HAVE WE A BOTANICAL DEPARTMENT TO OUR MUSEUM?

THIS is the question that falls upon one's ears when he happens to speak of the wealth of floral specimens and models securely stowed away in the dark rooms of Paradise. Occasionally an enterprising Freshman obtains a peep within by crawling in at a back window, left open accidentally or otherwise by a servant. At rare intervals a few of them are brought into the Chemistry room; but beyond this, this department of our Museum might as well not exist. Many, no doubt, come to College and remain a whole year, and go away, without even hearing of the many wonders, including a facsimile of the famous Rosetta stone, that, thus securely stowed away, never see the light of day. We hope that some measure will be taken to allow the students access to this interesting department of our Museum, even if it cannot yet be thrown open to general visitors.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATIONS.

HERE is nothing in which we take more interest than the fact that the Alumni all over the country are beginning to show such a lively interest in their Alma Mater. We think it of the greatest individual importance that those who have shared the same College life should not let the recollections grow cold or less binding than nature has made them; and there is nothing which strengthens these ties more than a

regular organization, in which they meet and talk of "auld lang syne." It is not only from this point of view that we endorse and encourage these associations, but they may be and are of untold advantage to the College. Besides the association which meets here on Commencement, there are five others, two of which have been organized this year, the one in New York city, and the other in Louisville, Ky. We haven't a doubt that the handsome donation of Col. Scott was consequent upon the New York organization. It is true that he had been exceedingly liberal to us before; but certainly Washington and Lee was brought before his mind in a very strong light by our brilliant rally on February 22d. There are no Alumni that have more affection, more true loyalty to their "Gentle Mother" than those of Washington and Lee. Go wherever you may, you will find them always true to her interest, and one who does not accord with this description is an exception. To be sure we do not count up in numbers as high as many other Universities; but what of that? This fact draws us nearer together, and makes our relations more congenial.

In the last catalogue may be found a list of Alumni Associations of Washington and Lee, with their officers, in reference to which it says: "Their object is to keep alive among the Alumni the sentiment of affection for their Alma Mater, and to unite the graduates of successive years by a common tie of fellowship."

CALICOING—A CONTRIBUTION.

T seems that, of late, all the boys have about quit taking "calico." What is the cause of this? Certainly there is as much material now as ever, and we have sufficient evidence that the material is better now than ever. Although some are disposed to make light of "calicoing," still it has a very refining effect, which all will admit. Also, all may be refined to some extent—some, of course, more than others. Now, we have a class of students that neither study nor take any inter-

est in any of the College sports; and our advice to such would be to take a ticket or two in the "calico" line. Of course there is a terminus to everything, and all things may be carried to excess; so we should neither spend all of our time "calicoing," nor spend it all becoming civilized barbarians. Very few students take "calico" to church now. No one knows the reason, unless it is that all wish to crowd themselves in the vestibule of the church and hinder the people from coming out. This has a considerable amount of heathenism connected with it, and should be done away with. Ask some fair one what she thinks about it; and woe be unto you if she has ever seen you in the crowd that blockades the vestibule on Sunday nights. We do not mean to say that the "calico" does not admire being looked at; for that is the joy of their heart and the desire of their soul. There are several students boarding now in the country that have been at College four or five years, and we venture to say that they have taken no "calico" since they have been going to College. Boarding in the country is no excuse, and it is high time that they were learning some of the pleasures and refining effects connected with "calicoing." Here of late it is an exceedingly hard matter to get students enough for our hops, and so it falls upon a very few to bear the expenses, whereas if all would take part, besides making our hops more entertaining and desirable, the expenses would hardly be felt. If some such measure is not taken, our final ball, one of the greatest attractions of Commencement, will prove a failure.

College and Campus.

Examinations are at hand.

The Senior groans; the Freshman is "scared up."

"Hig" dreamed the other night that some one had give him fifty thousand dollars.

"Guff" writes to his anamorata and tells her that he is ver loathsome without her. He means lonesome.

"Levi" thinks you get the water out of the boat with hyphen.

The following is said to apply to T. B. of Ga.:

"O look from thy window on me,"
The lover he wildly prayed;
The window stirred,
But he had erred—
'Twas Bridget, the chambermaid.

"Notice.—" Fatty has declined to serve as cockswain on either crew.

"Kirk" jokes with the ladies all day, jokes with the minstrels at night; but still he says, "No joking about it!"

Softly, gentle moonbeam, softly seek My lady's chamber, and her cheek, So lovely, sweetly kiss for me. (The devil take that violin key!)

Pour on her eyelids silver light; Steal for me from her black eyes to-night Their dangerous gleam. (An awful bors This is; I'll serenade no more!) Wanted—Subscriptions to the new volume of *original* puns soon to be edited by Q. T. B., J. R. L. and G. P. R., all from Louisiana.

Gradually Lexington is beginning to fill up; the gap caused in our midst by the winter departures is becoming gradually less. We are glad to see that Col. Johnston's family have returned.

- O. T. B. of La. wants to know whether the U. S. minister to France has any preaching to do; says he thinks the French ought to be able to furnish their own preachers by this time.
 - C. of Texas can't see any joke in "On Cavalry's brow."

Conversation between a lady and student who has studied Botany, and who speaks of the oak tree as a "Dicotyledonous Exogen": Student—"That is a sessile flower, is it not, Mrs.——?" Lady—"I really don't know. What is a sessile flower?" Student—"It is a flower without a pedicel." Lady—"Indeed! and what is a pedicel?" Student—"Oh, it is a modification of the peduncle." (Exit Lady.)

- Mr. C. of Va. says there are two consonants on the earth's surface.
- L. of La., admiring the skeleton of a camel in the museum, inquires if it is a real mummy.
- F. of S. C. (Jr. English Freshie) says that to say A will not bet anything on the boat race, is the same with saying he will bet something.
- L. of La. wants to know what college is at Yale, and what State Pennsylvania is in.
- T(r)ow(s)ers for sale at N. D., 9 cts. a pair. Give us a call. Address, No. 2 N. D.
- F. of S. C. wants to see what the *crabs* which the oarsmen catch look like; says he never saw any.

Scone in Latin class: Prof—Mr. C., what does stumicare mean? C. thinks, and says he don't exactly remember. Prof.—It means the stomach ache, don't it? C.—O yes, Prof.; I remember now. (Applause.) Prof.—Very good. Can you tell us what is the first commandment? C.—Certainly! It is that every man should attend to his own business. (Prof. takes a "case.")

Collierstown S. translates Jamdudum, Yankee Doodle.

Prof.—What river separates Latium from Etruria? J. of Tex.—Vesuvius, sir.

L. of La. says if we can't get better jokes on him than we have, he will tell us a few good ones.

Mr. I. P. R., will you take your whiskey straight? No, I thank you, sir; I'll just take it by itself.

L. of La., alias Jr. English Fresh, says that Chancer used the most slangest expressions he ever heard.

The minstrels will give their entertainment in the Wash. Hall, as Laughlin not only will not have his done in time, but when it is finished, it will not be fit for such purposes, as it is only twelve feet high—a criminal mistake.

Prof. White has gone on to New York to respond to a toast—"Education at the South"—at a banquet given by the "Board of Commerce."

Prof. of Chemistry—" Mr. S., if you were to spill some sulphuric acid on your coat, what would you do?" Mr. S.—" I'd wipe it off, of course."

There is a young fellow named "Guff,"
Who thought he had slept enough;
"Dearest F, please come round and shake me
At eleven o'clock, and wake me"—
The verdant young Freshman named "Guff,"

Jack L. of La. informed an editor of the Collegian that the Louvre was the place where dead bodies which could not be recognized were placed; and as the editor had never heard of such a use being made of that palace, he questioned him further, and found that he was talking about the Morgue.

Oh Billy! Billy! ring the bell, For as near as I can tell

(And I'm sure I know quite well), I shall next recite.

B. P. has left his Jack behind, And the leaf is out of mine. Oh, I never can divine

A releaf for such a plight.

Old Nick is coming down the roll;
My name is next—it's rather bold
To leave the room, although it's cold
Way up on this back seat.
I'd give my nose for the leaf of a jack,
That's stored away in some corner or crack;

For I always had a wonderful knack
Some sense out of a Pony to beat.

I'd just resigned myself to my fate, When "Mr. —, will you translate,"

When "Mr. —, will you translate,"
Was whined forth from the chair of state—

His eyes were downward cast.

Just then, ye gods, the bell went dong!

You should have heard my joyous song.

My face is now no longer long—

"Rome is saved at last!"

The above is not an eloquently-written production; but any one who has been in a similar position cannot fail to see that it accurately describes a situation which only a man who has failed to prepare his lesson can appreciate. It is dedicated to this class of individuals by a fellow-flunk.

Hon. Jno. Randolph Tucker and family have returned, after an absence of five months. We welcome them all back to Blandome, especially the Misses Tucker, who are the greatest addition to our society.

Hurrah! AL. B. You don't know now, but will tell you soon what it means. A four leaf clover!

Aspirants for the Santini medal are numerous. "Blessed are they that expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed."

Something Urgent.—We have ever been champions of the oppressed. The lame, the halt and the toothless have ever received our sympathy. Moreover, we think that when masters make a "raise," faithful servants should be rewarded. We shall continue strongly to condemn the action of the College authorities until "Gruff" receives a set of false teeth, and till this is done, they will not cease to be false to him. "Gruff" must see that he is neglected; but he bears it all, and "gives no sign." We often see him holding between his gums stones so large that his tail wholly refuses to wag. But he does not complain. Once some wicked students shaved "Gruff," all but his shoulders, so that he resembled a lion. Some of his friends were alarmed at his condition; but beyond a slight cold, no ill effects followed. But though "Gruff" once personated a lion, he has never acted an ass. It would grieve any one's heart to hear the sophistry with which the opponents of the measure which we are advocating seek to amuse themselves, and entangle the friends of "Gruff." They say that after all is said that can be said, he is still nothing but an old dog! And this is humanity! We are not cynical; but the more we think of some dogs, the less we think of some men. We need not say more. We were confident that it was only necessary to call attention to this abusive neglect to have it speedily repaired. We would suggest, however, that in putting them in, it were best to employ a mathematical eye, as much depends on their being properly set.

J. R. L. of La. says that he was told in Greek to take the prolongations of his pedal extremities from the climax of the yloic convenience in front of him.

AMOR VINCIT OMNIA.—The following is from the pen of our usceptible Freshman:

Fairer than fairest snow-flake
That falls from heaven's own vault,
With sweetness and innocence to make
Atonement for every fault,

Sweetest angel, more lovely than Hebe,
More graceful than Egypt's graceful queen,
'Tis of thee a favor I plead,
Personification of love's sweet dream!

Do not shrug your pretty shoulders so, Nor curl your lip contemptuously; For oh, I love you, you can but know, Nor think I act presumptuously.

My sweet and pretty little darling,
Would that you were mine!

I'd clasp you to my breast, my darling,
And round your fair form my arms entwine.

As a deep-hidden and priceless pearl,
Fathoms deep in the tumbling main,
So are you—in this great world
One of the pearls oft searched for in vain.

O pearl more desirable than gold,
O treasure of treasures, far surpassing
The riches of famed Golconda's mould
That strews o'er earth its gems manifold—

Darling, darling, my life for a snip
At those luscious lips, for a kiss
From that cherry mouth—s-i-p!
Love, do angels know what is bliss?

"Hig" now spends his spare time on chemical formulas. The following is his latest original effort in that direction: BOY×GIRL=NOT A BAD THING. "Hig" says the result is only theoretically true, as he has not yet been able to work it out in a manner completely satisfactory.

"Ben" says "sot" is an old form of "sat."

Syllogism for Senior Math. men: The way of the transgressor is hard. Alex's way is hard. Therefore Alex is transgressor.

'Tis said that all the jokes in this Collegian are on "Higg-"

Prof. of Latin—You use a Delphiny, don't you, Mr. S.—
Mr. S.—Sometimes. (Students will not fail to see the point -)

THE MINSTRELS.—"It cost a dollar;" that is those who too "calico" and had to buy reserved seats. The Collegian reporter, for a long time, had been expecting a complimentar invitation to occupy one of these reserved seats, and probabl a more exalted position still, but after waiting until all hop had vanished, he concluded, that by some misunderstanding he had been forgotten, so he resolved to walk up toward the hall, with a lingering hope that he might still be picked from the crowd and shown the honor which becomes the dignity of a reporter. But what was his horror when he found himself crowded in with a mob of freshmen and "tooth-picks," every one of whom seemed to be pushing in a different direction. He soon found that his constitution would not admit of such abuse, so he determined to appeal to the ushers for assistance, and did so, but felt that his dignity had been still less respected, when he was referred to the ante-chamber, where he might find standing room at one of the doors.

At the appointed hour the curtain rose, and the house was convulsed in laughter at the ridiculous appearance of the would-be "niggers." The performance then commenced with an overture by the Troupe. The instruments were manipulated by ten apparently skilled musicians, who, not only at

called forth much applause—"with the foot." The two songs, "Oh Dat Watermelon" and "Keep in de Middle of de Road," sang respectively by "Tambo" and "Bones," assisted in the choruses by the Troupe, were in every sense characteristic of the represented Southern race.

After a few minutes intermission, the second part of the programme was opened by the first act-titled "Going for the Cup." The most attractive feature of this farce was the dancing, which was resorted to to decide a bet between an old clogdancer and a nimble youth, as to which one was to get the cup. It would be impossible to give an idea of the comical parts of this farce as well as of those which followed; but as they succeeded in keeping the house in almost constant laughter, we can compliment the Troupe on the success of their selections. After this act one of the Troupe played a Harmonica Solo, and accompanied himself with the Guitar. This was something quite novel in the musical line. The next act was titled "The Ticket Taker," which was acted out by Mr. Smith and others. This was followed by the Double Clog Dance, which called forth the greatest amount of applause. A good Clog Dance seems to be the chief feature of every minstrel show, and we were glad to see our boys were not deficient in this respect but rather superior. "Helen's Funny Babies" was the next act on the programme. This was probably to most of the audience the most laughable of all the farces. It was followed by the "Coal Heavers," which was equally as good. Both of these were acted out by Mr. Smith and others, all of whom evinced much talent for such work. The closing scene was a "Take off" on "Prof. Cromwell's celebrated illustrated lecture on Paris, &c." This was judged by many to be the most novel and comical part of the entertainment. only say it should have been heard to be appreciated.

their next entertainment, we will excuse them for their forgetfulness on this occasion, it being their first effort.

ALUMNI.

Will M. Smith, 1869-'70, is in Concord, N. C. He tells us that he is doing well in his profession.

Jacob Guice, '70-'71, practiced law for some years, but quit on account of his health. He is now planting. His address is Washington, Miss.

Thos. S. Harvey, '67-'68, is in Huntington, W. Va.

Edward Colston, '66-67, is practicing law in Cincinnati, O.

Geo. W. Baylor, '66-'67, is in Charlestown, W. Va.

A. C. Houston, '70-'71, Union, W. Va.

Jno. M. Moore, '69-'74, has been District Attorney of Twelfth District, Texas, but is now practicing law in Eastland City, Texas.

- B. S. Moore, '70'74, is in Austin, Tex.
- T. C. McRae, '71-'72, has been quite successful. Was elected to the Legislature of his State, married and has three children, and is now doing well in Prescott, Ark.
- S. R. Cockrell, '66-'67, is at Little Rock, and is making quite a "rep." as a lawyer.

Gilbert B. Gibson, '67-'71, is in Upperville, Fauquier Co., Va., practicing law.

- Juan Benavides, '74-'77, is in Larado, Texas.
- H. H. Sandlin, '74-'75, is making a living in Richlands, Onslow Co., N. C.
- S. L. Mestrezar, '70-'71, is, to use our expression, "whooping things up" in his part of the world, which is Uniontown, Pa.
- W. E. Beggs, '70-'71, is practicing law, and edits the *Choctaw News*, Butler, Ala.
 - Thos. L. Cornella, '70-'71, edits a paper at Fargo, Dakota.
- W. H. Tayloe, '69-'74, is making "much wealth," and is working harder than he did on his law exam. (We pity him.) His address is Linden, Ala.
- C. W. Freeman, '73-'74, still remembers his Alma Mater, and sends his good wishes. He can be addressed at 119 W. 6th street, Kansas City, Mo.
- R. M. Johnson, '70-'71, is enjoying a paying practice, wife, and a fine boy, (what more does he want?) in Franklin, Ind.
- T. H. Somerville, '70-'71, is following suit to Johnson's lead, only he is in Carrollton, Miss. Has been to the Legislature.
- J. W. Jayne, '71-'72, is in Greenville, Miss. His county paper says he is a "Father in Israel."
- W. F. Green, '72-'75, alias "Dod," of Cat-tail renown, is traveling for a Memphis firm. His domicile is at Little Rock. He is as lively as ever, and looking well.
- "Kit" Carson, '72-'74, is at the same place. He has a clerkship in the firm of J. C. Breckenridge & Co. Kit still casts "sheep eyes" at the "calico," and keeps on hand a good stock of jokes.

Cliff Breckenridge has lately removed from Little Rock, and is now engaged in the general produce and commission business in a small town near there.

J. F. Bullock, '70-'71-'72-'73, when last heard of, was traveling through Arkansas and Texas, working up "Mardigras."

Thos. Boyle, '72-'75, is practicing law in Memphis. Disvoice is still as in days of old. Tom has taken unto himself a better half, hence has placed aside boyish habits and becomes sober man of years.

Sam and Butler Jack, '72-'78, are at the head of a gla establishment. The firm is the Jack Bros. They are doing a large business in their line, and are always glad to see the boy

John Rhea, '70-74, is practicing law in Russelville, Ky. Helo holds the very lucrative position of Commonwealth's Attorne

Ashley Cabell is located at St. Louis. He holds the office of Commissioner.

DeLacy Chandler is in the grain and commission businessand is doing a good business.

Robt. Breckenridge is practicing law in St. Louis. Bob is an honor to the profession.

- T. S. McPheeters is in the commission business at St. Louis—Tom has given up the lucrative position of "pie-tester" form first-class boarding houses, and having taken a partner, has settled down to business, and has already made quite a "rep" for a business man.
- R. II. Allen is at the head of the branch house of the firm of R. H. Allen & Co.; is doing well.
- "Scratch" Barclay has recently returned to Lexington from a business tour in the West. Give us your hand; we are always glad to see the old boys in our midst.

....Callege World ...

Wm. 11. Vanderbilt has lately given another \$100,000 to his University.—Ex.

The University of Michigan has a course of Sunday afternoon lectures.

At Harvard you can get rooms for \$450 a year, and furnish them to suit yourself.

The College of the city of New York is intending to issue a new edition of "College Songs."

The students and members of Edinburg are intending to erect a memorial monument to Carlyle.

Dr. Peabody has resigned his chair at Harvard. His resignation takes effect at the close of the present year.

The average age at entering American colleges has changed within a century from fourteen years to seventeen years.

The University of Pennsylvania is arranging for a sub-Junior year, thus making the curriculum extend over five years of study, instead of four years.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart and Judge Hilton intend to build a College at Garden City, Long Island. It is to be unsectarian, coeducational, and to have an endowment of \$400,000.

The University of Pennsylvania has conferred the degree of LL. D. upon President Garfield.

Some wag buried the song-books of Williams College under a mass of saw-dust, probably wishing to intimate that dry things belong together.

Prof. Olney has a new text book in process of publication.—

The Vassar ladies indignantly deny that Bernhardt was offered the position of instructress in French in that institution.

New buildings to cost Columbia \$700,000 or over are to be erected.

Harvard, according to President Elliott, has "pressing need for \$3,000,000 more.

Tennyson, tike Thackeray, left the University of Cambridges without taking a degree.

Oxford has suspended 80 students who were concerned imlocking some of the college officers in a room.

A troupe of Dartmouth students are to make a tour of the State this spring, and will delight the rural districts with opera.

America's oldest college president is Aaron L. Chapin, of Beloit. The youngest is David S. Hill, of the University at Lewisburg, Pa.

Out of 37 races in which Columbia has rowed, she has been victorious in 18, and out of 94 antagonists, 28 have crossed the line ahead and 66 behind her.

The senior class at Madison University has requested the substitution of an address by some competent speaker in the place of the usual commencement orations.—Ex.

EXCHANGES:

"A Dream of Horace," in the Student Life, is, we believe about the best thing in the March number. The writer of "Hawthorne" burdens us, as is usually done in such articles, with facts and figures. In the next article we find out all about glaciers. The theories of Forbes and Tyndall are mentioned—and discussed? Oh, no! such a thing never entered the heads of the editors of the Student Life. What with accounts of alumni banquets, and what with rhymes written

by alumni, the rest of the paper is filled up. What injustice we were about to commit—to leave out the Art(?) Notes! But we will not complain. The most worthless things may sometimes be turned to account. The Sibyl praises the Student Life, the College Journal praises the Student Life. Every one knows it; for the Student Life carefully reprints all puffs. We expect it to reprint this.

We have received our second number of the Cornell Review. We are glad to exchange with it, as a casual glance at its contents convinces us that it will prove one of our best exchanges. The writers for the Review sign their names to their respective pieces. This of course tends to raise the standard of its essays; but it is a custom which we would rather praise than imitate. We learn from the Review that the students of Cornell are getting ready a crew to send to England.

The Philosophian Review is sent us from Jersey Institute. Philosophian Review! What a sonorous title! There is something Johnsonian about it. We like its motto, "Non vi sed saepe cadendo."

The Niagara Index has been attacked by a number of exchanges of late. They are rather systematic in their attacks, and show some concert of action. The Index will probably survive.

The Archangel hails from Portland, Oregon. We regard it in a friendly manner, as one that has crossed a continent to see us. It and the Berkeleyan are the only exchanges that we get from the Pacific slope.

A test of the capacity and inclination of American College students and graduates for practical journalism is about to be made by *The American*. That paper offers \$1,500 in prizes for the best editorials, the best special essays, and the best poems, poems, written by *College Students* or *College Graduates*. There are two sets of prizes—twenty-one in all—offered by *The American*. One set is for College students only; the second set of prizes is for those who have been graduated from American Colleges. The topics are not limited; and all articles unsuc-

cessful in the competition, but which reach the standard adopted by *The American*, will be accepted by the editor for publication in *The American*, and be paid for at the regular rates; thus each competitor, if he can do anything at all with his pen, will not lose his labor. To obtain full particulars, write (with stamp) to W. R. Balch, Managing Editor The American, Philadelphia, Pa.; Box 1690.

- 1. The Revised New Testament, Official Edition.—The University Presses of England, the official printers of the Revised New Testament, have consented to issue for the American market very low-priced editions. Each copy will bear the certificate of the revisers as a guarantee of its correctness. The cheapest edition will be in Nonpareil type, 32mo, and will be retailed at 15 cents, paper bound, and 20 cents, cloth bound. The next cheapest edition will be in Brevier type, and will be sold at 50 cents, cloth bound. The books will be beautifully printed, as are all of the Bibles of the University Presses. May 17th has been fixed as the day of issue in both countries. These cheap editions will be sold by I. K. Funk & Co., New York.
- 2. THE COMPANION TO THE REVISED NEW TESTAMENT—explaining the reasons for the changes made on the Authorized Version, by Alex Roberts, D. D., member of the English Revision Committee—will be issued in cheap form, through an arrangement with the English publishers, by I. K. Funk & Co., New York.

THE LITERARY REVOLUTION—CHANGE OF BASE.—This very remarkable enterprise continues to make such progress as to astonish its friends and astound its enemies. Its greatly increasing proportions have compelled the removal of its head-quarters from the Tribune Building to the very large and beautiful building, No. 764 Broadway, which is in the very midst of the "book district" of New York City, and, therefore, of the publishing enterprise of the nation.

Their list of recent and early forthcoming publications are extremely interesting to all who enjoy what is choicest in

literature. The Library Magazine is unique in both form and character, and altogether delightful in the richness of its contents. Of the books announced, Green's larger "History of the English People," reduced from \$10 to \$1; Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution," reduced to 40 cents; Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship," 25 cents; and the "Revised New Testament, which is promised to be manufactured with rapidity heretofore unheard of, will attract special attention. It is worth while for every one who has not already seen it to send and get the illustrated pamphlet, "Book Making, and Type setting by Steam," which will be sent free upon application. Address the American Book Exchange, 764 Broadway, New York.

We quote from one of our exchanges, the Richmond College Messenger, a tribute to the genins of that "strange, rare poet," Edgar Allan Poe, from the pen of Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, of Lexington, Va., who has already achieved no unenviable reputation as a poetess.

The poem was read at a recent concert and entertainment given in New York, for the benefit of the "Poe Memorial."

TO EDGAR ALLAN POE.

AT LAST.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON, OF VIRGINIA.

If he were here to-night—the strange rare poet,
Whose sphinx-like face no jestings could beguile—
To meet the award at last, and feel and know it
Securely his—how grand would be his smile!

How would the waves of wordless grief, that over
His haughty soul had swept through surging years,
Sink to a mystic calm, till he would cover
His proud pale face to hide the happy tears!

Is there no token of a ghastly presence?

No weird-like waning of the festal show?

No galleried corner shorn of irridescence,

Whence those "Orestean eyes" might flash their glow?

Who knows the secrets of that strange existence—
That world within a world—how far, how near;
Like thought for closeness, like a star for distance—
Who knows? The conscious essence may be here.

If from its viewless bonds the soul has power To free itself for some ethercal flight, ILow strange to think the compensating hour For all the tragic past, may be to-night!

To feel that where the galling scoffs and curses
Of fate fell heaviest on his blasted track,
There fame herself, the spite of fate reverses,
Might almost win the restless spirit back.

Though the stern Tuscan, exiled, desolated, Lies mid Ravenna's marshes far away, At Santa Croce, still his stone is feted, And Florence piles her violets there to-day!

Though broken-hearted the sad singer perished,
With woe outworn, amid the convent's gloom,
Yet how pathetic are the memories cherished,
When Rome keeps Tasso's birthday at his tomb!

So, though our poet sank beneath life's burden,
Benumbed and reckless through the crush of fate;
And though, as comes so oft, the yearned-for guerdon,
No longer yearned for, since it comes too late,

He is avenged to-night! No blur is shrouding
The flame his genius feeds: the wise, and brave
And good, and young, and beautiful, are crowding
Around to scatter heartsease o'er his grave!

And his Virginia, like a tender mother
Who breathes above her errant boy no blame,
Stoops now to kiss his pallid lips, and smother
In pride her sorrow, as she names his name.

Could he have only seen in vatic vision

The gorgeous pageant present to our eyes,
His soul had known one glimpse of joy elysian:

Can we call no man happy till he dies?

RIFF-RAFF.

"D'you take me for a fool?" "Oh, no! not in the least! I never judge by appearances."—Spectator.

Scholus—"Professor, what is the correct definition of a fable?" Professor—"A fable is a story in which an ass talks to a fox, just as I am talking to you." Sensation.—Free Press.

This is a little co-educational scene. Prof.—"Who will see Mr. B. before next Monday?" Lady Student (hesitating and blushing a little more)—"I shall see him Sunday night, probably."—Transcript.

- "Her lips were like the leaves," he said,
- "By autumn's crimson tinted;"
- "Some people autumn leaves preserve By pressing them," she hinted.—Ex.

Our Evangelical Editor came into the sanctum last Saturday and inquired, a dim, religious light spreading over his face, "What song did St. Stephen sing as he fell under the shower of stones? Give it up? Why, 'Rock me to sleep, mother.'" "But why," said Lampy, "is your jest only applicable to the last seven days of lent? Because it's wholly weak."—Lampoon.

Scene, young ladies' boarding school. Prof.—"What can you tell of Pluto?" Miss D.—"He was the son of Satan, and when his father died he gave him Hell."

Sophomore in Horace translates: Absentem cantat amicam, "He sings to his absent mistress." Prof.—"A more modern version would be, 'He sings to the girl he left behind him.'"

John-"I can marry any girl I please."

Tom-" Because you can't please any."

Joe-" He had better get a little gal-an-try."

Small boy—" Why does a duck put his head under water?" Student, with great intellect—" For divers reasons."

Boy--" Why does he go on land?"

Student—" For sun-dry reasons."

Boy, perplexed—"Why, did you say, a duck put his head under water?"

Student, smiling-" To liquidate its bill."

Boy--"And why does it go on land?"

Student-" To make a run on the bank."-Transcript.

Student, not very clear as to his lesson—"That's what the author says, anyway!" Prof.—"I don't want the author; I want you!" Student, despairingly—"Well, you've got me!"

L'ADORATA.

Whene'er through woodland glade I roam,
And chance, 'mid ferns and flowers,
To find, half hid a crystal lake—
A gem in Nature's bowers;

A mirror clear that flashes back
A picture warm and true,
Of sunbeams dancing, sparkling bright,
And of the heavens blue—

Then come to me those eyes of thine,

Their blue, unfathomed depth,

That, sparkling like the forest lake,

A heaven's smile reflect.

F. G. w.

- "Mr. —, you seem to be evolving that translation from
- your inner consciousness."
 "Well, Professor, I read in my devotions last night that 'by faith Enoch was translated,' and I thought I would try it on Horace."—E.c.
- "My sen," said a tutor of doubtful morality but severe aspect, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder, "I believe Satan has got a hold on you." "I believe so, too," replied the boy.

THE

SOUTHERN COLLEGIAN,

Washington and Lee University.

"Quidquid praecipies, esto brevts."

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THE REASONING OF THE EVOLUTIONIST.

N the course of time we see many theories which have been seemingly firmly established, and certainly many that have been plausibly urged, successively come to naught. In each case in which this occurs, we are forced back upon facts—facts being the ultimate and only reliable starting-point for all logical deduction, for our views of the spiritual and the material In philosophising from fact, we must be guided by something which it may be well to consider here. It is something which is not altogether to be learned in the schools, something which has its representative in the mind even of the little child, and the germs of which, we are convinced, could have been implanted in man by God only. This at least we believe, whatever other wonderful results might have sprung from the organization of mere dead matter, could never have been evolved. But we will defer this question till later. This, then, necessary, acknowledged-mighty and wonderful instrument is reason. But from its very importance, reason is liable to be abused, more often to be over-estimated. is frequently done of late by certain geologists and scientists, who prefer science to the Bible, and seem to forget that the two may go together in perfect harmony. It is not strange

that even the greatest of philosophers, in the absence of revelation, considering man as the highest order of earthly being, and considering, as he must have done before men had learned to subordinate the reasoning faculties to the moral feelings, reason as the crowning glory of man, should have closed his conception of deity by saying in effect: "This is what deity is-'pure energy, absolute reason, God.'" An element of vanity may have helped to influence the philosopher's logic, while he meditated on that unknown and mysterious power which had alike formed the objects of the natural world and his own mind, and determined him to elevate that faculty of the mind in respect of which he must have felt his superiority over his fellows. However this may be, we must acknowledge that the conclusion is the very highest that we could have hoped for in that day from an uninspired intelligence. cannot but wonder, however, when we are told that our fathers, in the light of Gospel teaching and in the very midst of modern civilization, saw Reason worshipped as a deity. ignorance and fanaticism are capable of any absurdity. wonder is that such men as Tyndall and Huxley should reject revelation, preferring to follow the imperfect light of human reason through the inextricable maze of created things. resemble children who are so delighted with their toys that they forget the giver of the toys. For we hold that reason is but a toy when compared with the nobler life of man.

But to return. We see, then, that all argument must proceed from facts, and reason must be our guide. But, unfortunately, the reasoning which most of us make use of is very imperfect—a scrappy sort of reasoning, the various parts moderately good in themselves, it may be, but forming no comprehensive whole. The chief fault of modern reasoning, and indeed of all imperfect reasoning, is that it fails to grasp the whole length and breadth of a subject. Let us try to hit upon a homely illustration of our faulty methods. A carpenter's vise stands in the open air. A small boy, on a cold and cloudy day, comes along with a very compact piece of ice. He places it between the jaws of the instrument, and pulls with all his

might on the lever that tightens the screw. "There!" he exclaims, exultingly, "that ice will be there when that thing rots." Can we say that even the very best of the world's thinkers are always wiser than the boy. They indeed employ reason, but it is often in support of what they have conceived without reason, and the next generation sees the overthrow of their dogmas. It is plain that reason cannot on this account be considered untrustworthy; for we may suppose that their reasoning, simply as such from certain premises taken for granted, is unimpaired, that the vise is as powerful as ever; but as under a change of circumstances in the one case, so in the association of new facts or in the new interpretation of old ones in the other, and neither any longer hold. Almost any one can draw a conclusion. What we want is to be more on our guard against testimony as to facts, and to be less ready to admit assumptions. The world might be moved with the right kind of lever and fulcrum. Any conclusion may be arrived at, if you are allowed to assume your premises. We shall now, without attempting to enter upon anything like an exhaustive treatment of the subject, proceed to an examination of the general method of reasoning employed by the evolutionist, and the failure of this reasoning, when applied to certain wellknown facts, as well as in other instances which have occurred to us.

The rigid demonstration of the truth of evolution would evidently rest on the ability of its advocates to produce the connecting links between the evolving and the evolved type of any animal during any particular period of its supposed development, or at least to show sufficient reason for supposing the former existence of such connecting links. But supposing that these connecting links are to be found neither in existing species nor evidence of them in fossil remains, then the reasonableness of supposing their former existence, and even the possibility of an animal of a high order of intelligence having been evolved from one very much lower in the scale, depend upon the proof of what evolutionists have never attempted to establish except in a very general way, namely, that mental

and moral improvement keeps pace with physical development. In explaining the growth of the moral faculties, evolutionists suppose that, as they develop into higher types, animals naturally become more gregarious in their habits, more social in their disposition. There is really no reason for supposing such a thing, so far as we can see; but for the present we will procced as if there were. They further suppose that these animals, either by reason or instinct, according to the grade of development, perceive that they must forego certain pleasures, give up certain privileges, in order that they may enjoy the greater blessings of gregariousness or of social intercourse. From such beginnings as this spring all the moral feelings, the feelings of justice and right. This is a decidedly utilitarian view of morals. But there is something within us that tells us that we do certain things, not because they will be productive of good to ourselves or even to others, but because they are right. Morality, then, according to the theory of evolution, is low and vulgar in its origin. But everything partakes more or less of the character of its original. It is needless to say that all our finer feelings are shocked by such a view of morals.

Again, we cannot go into the full discussion of how far what we call reason, which we believe to be the immediate gift of God, might have been evolved from mere protoplasm, or might have been the result of advances in physical organization. We shall consider it only in a single aspect. If a high order of reason necessarily followed high physical organization, then he that was most perfect physically would likewise be the most perfect mentally. This would be in strict accordance with scripture, whose authority, by the way, it is thought by most men would be overthrown if evolution were once established:

"For unto every one that hath shall be given," &c.

But the fact is that we have no reason to suppose that the mere muscular development of Burke or of Chatham was at all superior to that of the most driveling idiot of their times. The evolutionist may urge against this, what would be only a specious argument, that there is probably in men like Burke and Chatham some peculiar excellence of muscle and sinew

not to be discovered, at least by ordinary means, but none the less insuring mental superiority, some higher life-giving, reasonimparting principle at once mysterious and untraceable, not the gift of God, but depending, we do not know how, on certain peculiarities of individual development, which principle is in itself a sufficient cause and explanation of the observed difference. But it is evident that a theory calling to its aid such an improbable and shadowy hypothesis, can be neither a perfect nor a trustworthy theory. Further, it is evident that this fact, contradictory as it is to the theory of evolution, cannot be considered an exception only to that rule. We may say generally that an exception may always be accounted for by the conflict of recognized laws. We, indeed, that hold not to the theory of evolution can account for the fact in question; but through the conflict of what known or hypothecated laws can the evolutionist do the same? There is for him no way ont of the difficulty, if we recollect that he who would establish a new theory must abjure all support from that which, if his theory were established, would be overthrown thereby.

Every true theory must have a general reasonableness when considered in relation to all known facts, and in order to have this general reasonableness, the conclusions of the theory must not contradict the results of observation. Now there is nothing in the human race, so far as we know, that would go to show that man has made any, even the smallest, advances either in respect of his body or in respect of mental capacity for individual improvement in historic times. The ancients were noted for their strength of body and beauty of person, and no one will deny that, so far as we can judge, their intellects were as keen as ours now are. It is evident that for the improvements which the moderns boast time only was necessary. Physical facts had to be accumulated. This could only be done by long and laborious research. Then, too, a spirit of inquiry had to be awakened, and an impulse given in the right When this was done the work may be considered as accomplished. But there were improvements capable of being made that did not depend on the accumulation of physi-

Evidently room for such was to be found in the science of logic and in the field of pure metaphysical research. Accordingly, considering the infancy of all science, we find the performances of the ancients in this direction simply wonder-This remarkable activity in a special direction may have sprung up, because the ancients saw that at that time this was the only field to which they might turn their thoughts with any hope of distinguished success. However this may be, the evolutionist must admit, unless he claim for the periods preceding those ancient times a special accelerated evolution of certain faculties of the mind, which accelerated evolution has since been checked in order that the evolution of other faculties might catch up, as it were—we say that, unless the evolutionist claim this, he must admit that there has been no advance either in respect to his body or in respect of his mental capacity for individual improvement made by man during historic times. The evolutionist may object to this argument on account of the shortness of the time involved; and all that is necessary to convince his own mind of its worthlessness is to suppose that no appreciable advance could, on his theory, have been made by man in the three or four thousand years of recorded history.

Further, it is necessary for the support of evolution to suppose, as Darwin does, that no cataclasm has ever desolated the whole earth. It is needless to say that this is directly contrary to biblical teaching. But let us for the moment allow the evolutionist his supposition, while we call his attention to a fact which has not been noticed by others. We ask, What of the sudden extinction of the huge Dinosaurs and kindred animals of the Jurassic period? Now, it must be admitted that in so far as evolution may be justly considered as development from minute and formless specks of protoplasm to that increase of bulk and symmetry of proportion whereby space is given for specialization or the separation of those parts destined to perform different functions in the animal economy, in so far must evolution, either from special retarding influences or from a simple failure to act, be considered to have retrograded. Na-

ture seems here to have proceeded by involution or returning upon itself, or perhaps it saw that it had made a mistake and resolved to correct it. This must be considered a notable exception, if not something more, to the theory of evolution, besides showing that a cataclasm is not necessary for the extinction of whole families and orders of animals.

The reasoning of the evolutionist necessarily proceeds by ignoring facts. All efforts to trace development in particular instances by means of fossil remains have been such notorious failures, and the facts of geology so plainly contradict evolution, as has been abundantly shown by Morris and others, that we have thought it useless to do more than allude to this part of our subject. Evolution, then, ignores facts. Facts may be acquired by all. They are, therefore, to a certain extent vulgar things. But they are none the less necessary for the support of reasoning, while no amount of reasoning can overthrow them if they once exist. But the evolutionist seems not to be aware of this. The perfect fishes of the lower Devonian or the sudden appearance of mollusks affords him no uneasiness, does not shake his confidence. But if he is forced to explain, as he sometimes is, he has only to suppose a very great lapse of time between successive depositions of unconformable strata, or to suppose a period shorter but particularly favorable for rapid development, and the thing is done. It is necessary for belief that the advocates of evolution prove in all cases a demonstrable probability in favor of their theory; whereas by dint of this subsidiary hypothesis they are only able to offer a barely possible explanation of the fact. It may, perhaps, be well to remark at this point that, while a perfect explanation of a single fact may, as it would in this case, be able to contribute but a very little to the truth of a theory, a failure to account adequately for any single phenomenon that comes fairly within its scope and tendency is sufficient to overthrow what is otherwise, we will suppose, a very probable theory. We do not wish, however, to convey the impression that there is a single fact or a single series of kindred facts only which the theory of evolution fails to explain.

The vagueness and indistinctness in which the evolutionist takes refuge may be seen in the fact that he is unable to prove any specific and regular advance in generation after generation. For the evolutionist is called upon at every step, and this when circumstances are apparently the most favorable for development, to explain anomalies and retrogradations. anomalies and retrogradations possibly may not amount to a refutation of the theory; but it would go far to beget confidence, if the subtle and wonder-working principle of evolution did not play so many pranks at the expense of the implicit trust of its believers, if the evolutionist could always show under favorable circumstances a distinct advance, however small, in the successive generations of the same species, and not be forced to found his theory on general advances, noticeable only after long periods of time. The chief error, then, of the reasoning of the evolutionist is to be found in its "avoidance of specific distinctions," being of course driven, as supposing insensibly graduating types, to employ what may be called the infinite-infinitesimal method. Now when the advocates of a theory are compelled, in establishing it, to make use of such vague and indistinct conceptions as the infinitely great and the infinitely small, we begin at once to distrust them. But the mere method employed is not sufficient to cause us to Indeed, the same method is employed distrust them wholly. in pure mathematics. The chief fault, then, lies not in the method, but in the subsidiary hypotheses which the method necessarily involves. If we were certain of the existence of former graduating types, characterized by infinitesimal differences, there would be no difficulty. For, assume a beginning. you have the result, and the demonstration is complete. the facts, as has been abundantly shown by others, are opposed to infinitesimal differences and graduating types. Let us, then, be on our guard against the unfounded assumptions of the evolutionist, and we may be assured that he can prove nothing.

Evolution offers a grand prospect—a stately march from chaos to an ever-approached but ever-receding absolute per-

fection. Men are prone to believe it; for to a superficial observer it appears to be the very triumph of law and order, appears to show that

"---- through the ages one increasing purpose runs."

But in the light of facts which so unequivocally come to the aid of reason, the theory of evolution must be pronounced false.

PAPACY versus CIVIL POWER.

N reviewing the annals of past history we find it almost invariably the rule, that where advocates of both papal and civil principles have met, there has been an attempt made by one party to gain ascendency over the other; and not only this but also in many cases the stronger, after subjecting the weaker, have completely exterminated them. To-day we find two such parties existing under our government; and though the advocates of the papacy have never yet publicly expressed their intention to overthrow our civil form of government, we have reason to believe that this attempt will be made sooner or later according as their number and power increase. Such a strife would not be in the least creditable to a nation as civilized as ours; hence it should be our highest aim to avoid it in the best possible manner.

Let us now examine the condition of affairs which exists between these two opposing parties. While in many places the power of the Catholic religion has scarcely been felt, in others the progress which it has made in the last twenty years is enough to greatly surprise one who has not investigated the subject. According to the latest census, we find that while the number of Catholics in the United States was only two million and a half in 1859, at the end of nine years which succeeded, that number had doubled, and to-day they constitute more than one-sixth of our population. At this rate of increase we may well expect that in but a few years they will have a majority over the Protestants. But the enquiring

mind will at once search for the cause of this state of affairs; why do we find their number so large and still increasing at such a rate? It certainly can not be said the doctrines of the papacy have a greater tendency to moral improvement and intellectual development than those of a civil government with its civil institutions. Certainly not! Their number in this country is increasing every day, simply from the fact that the inordinate demands of the Catholic system of government have been rebelled against by almost every other nation, and in as much as they have with us a field for action, in which they are quietly making rapid progress, and that too without the least opposition, being protected rather than oppressed by our government, they are crowding to our shores from almost all parts of the world. Italy and Prussia have already suppressed them on account of their interference with the public authori-Switzerland, for a like reason, has been aroused to action against them, and all other countries where the obnoxious principles of their order, and its insidious workings are best known, are driving them from their midst, and leaving them, in most cases, to seek refuge with us. And here we find them peaceable, quiet citizens, never having placed themselves in opposition to our government in the least particular. us see what they are doing to-day, and what they will probably be doing in the future. They have in different parts of our country over four hundred educational institutions, in charge of which are more than eleven hundred teachers, and besides these over two thousand sisters of various orders, all earnestly engaged in instilling their preposterous doctrines in the minds of children who might otherwise make useful and intelligent men and women.

With such a foundation as this, it may seem at first thought to be an almost impossibility for us to check them, but when we see what other nations have done and are doing, it seems at once a practical possibility. Even Italy, at the very threshold of the Vatican, has snatched from the hands of the Pope the sceptre of dominion, and invited Protestant churches and schools to be opened in Rome; has confiscated the property of

rich monastic orders, and appropriated the Quirinal and other as papal palaces to the use of the State But the deplorable state of affairs which existed there does not exist here, and it is to be hoped never will; hence we should make an early effort to suppress the progress of the Roman religion, before its advocates have accumulated strength enough to have the audacity to attempt to substitute, in place of our civil government, a Catholic system with the "Infallible Pope" at the head. may think that there is no danger of such an attempt being made, but there is from the fact that they already among themselves entertain ideas of doing this. And no one of them has more hopes than had Pope Pius IX; for when he was informed of the assembling of the Council at Baltimore, he was greatly pleased with the reports, and ordered them to be published in the leading journals of his court, in order that "his Roman people and the faithful at large, could recognize how ready the people of the United States were to give up their system of civil government" in exchange for one constructed on the "paternal plan" which prevailed at Rome under his pontifical auspices; and in conclusion, remarked that he thought the effect of the Council would be to give "a new impulse and continued success to religion in the United States."

From such observations it seems evident that he at least had strong hopes of substituting in place of our government, founded on "the will of the people," the Papacy, founded on "the will of the Pope." But this is no more than we would naturally expect from him, after he saw what progress they were making, who were "ready to battle for the ancient rights of the Holy See;" and more especially when he saw them doing this unmolested by our government, after seeing his religion abandoned by many under his direct sway. Now that we have the power, we should go forward and show them that it is not our intention to give up the religion which is the foundation of our laws and government, and which incites the spirit of personal independence and manhood, for one which degrades the minds of its professors by an everlasting submission and compliance to the will of the Pope.

Every reader of history doubtless knows that the religious controversies of Europe gave rise to the word "Protestant." The Protestant religion, in its fullest sense, claimed the right to protest against a compliance to the Roman Catholic religion, and to adopt in its stead a system of religion separate from the State and from under the government and control of Kings and Popes. Protestantism, on the other hand, not only has reference to an approval of the Protestant religion, but also embraces "the whole offspring of the Reformation;" that is, every principle of civil as well as religious liberty, which originated with it. These were the principles which guided our forefathers in framing the Constitution of the United States. And the same principles have found their way into our civil institutions, and have actuated men to the attainment of the high degree of civil and religious liberty, which we experience to-day. And we are certainly right in congratulating ourselves that we have a government of the People superior to that of Monarchical form, with its King or Pope or ecclesiastical hierarchy. The final establishment of such a government has been the result of an immense amount of time, thought, and suffering. Even as far back as before the Christian era, we find some of the old Spartans and Romans entertaining an idea of what a benefit this form of government would be, and although they failed in its establishment, the effect which their attempt had, was, in all probability, never entirely destroyed. They maintained "that every man in a free State ought to be concerned in his own government, and that the legislative power should reside in the whole body of the people." these few words is embodied a true system of civil government, which, had they been carried out then, would likely have swept from the earth, before this age, every form of monarchical government; and had they not existed then, we to-day might still be ruled by kings or popes. But as it is we have a government which affords liberty to its people and a free exercise of their minds. We find this expressed in that clause of our constitution requiring that "Congress shall make no laws respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the government to a redress of grievances." This system differs from an absolute monarchy, in that the people govern themselves, whereas in the case of the monarchy the entire power is centred in the monarch, who has it in his hands to enact laws and enforce them, if resisted, by violence. Other forms of government intermediate between these exist, and in so far as they have complied with the conditions of a true civil government, just so far have they attained happiness and prosperity.

Having briefly considered the relations which the two systems of government bear to each other as governments, we will now consider their positions as regards religion. As our government recognizes Catholicism as a true religion, so have its followers been protected in every particular equally with the Protestants. And every degree of liberty has been allowed them, notwithstanding the Protestant people have been subjected to persecutions and denied any equality of privilege and protection with Catholics in countries under Papal government. But some one may say that this is exactly as it should be, because it is only complying with the requirement of the clause of our Constitution which we have citted; but when we see an effort contemplated to snatch this form of self-government from our hands and to drive us to submission to a foreign potentate; when we see our political institutions about to be placed in the hands of those whose religious principles and sentiments are directly opposed to them as they now exist, then toleration ceases to be a virtue and becomes a crime. If then this is the state of affairs, it may seem strange that there have not been some steps taken by our government to check the probability of a contest between these opposing classes. The fact that the Catholics have been, as a general thing, so quiet in their movements, never placing themselves in opposition to us, has saved them from a great amount of censure; but the principle reason that they have not been noticed more by the leading men of our government, is the ignorance of these men

of what is being done by the Catholics under their very eye An indefinite number of books, papers, tracts of only a ferman pages, and many other such works are being published dail and distributed among the Catholics, thus preserving and increasing the unity of their power with the notice of scarcely a single Protestant. Many of these books contain the most violent attacks on Protestantism, denouncing it as heresy and infidelity, and extolling to the skies the Pope as the Vicar of Christ, and the Holy See of Rome. Many of these books, especially any which are in the least suspected of containing anything detrimental to the interests of their religion, are thoroughly examined by a class of men known as "the Congregation of the Index," before they are suffered to be read, and it is considered a great offence to read any book which has been condemned by this Congregation. And it often happens that most valuable books are condemned by these men, simply from the fact that they contain principles or theories different from what are generally held by their leaders. It was by the action of this "Congregation" that the works of Galileo were condemned, and he himself imprisoned, having dared to teach what they termed heresy. And many works equally as valuable as his are, were condemned by them for no other reason than mere prejudice. Thus their minds are kept in the same beaten track of their ancestors, ever impressed with the idea that the Pope has a divine right to govern the world, and that everything in opposition to this is heresy and infidelity.

Now, as they see their number increasing, their faith in these doctrines is made stronger, so much so that if they are suffered to go ahead in the future like they have in the past twenty or thirty years, we can only expect to see them arrive at that point of ignorance and superstition which the people of Europe had reached during the middle ages, when Popes bade defiance to human laws, and the blind devotion of the "faithful" had shut the light of reason from their minds.

WILLIAM COWPER.

F the brilliant array of poets and literary men with which English history furnishes us, there is not one more calculated to arouse our deepest sympathies than Cowper. Deseconded from noble ancestry, the dawn of his life gave promise of a bright future; but soon the horizon began to be darkened by the clouds of misfortune. The tenderness and sensibility of his nature had at once caused him unhappiness when exposed to the rough ways, to the bullying of English schoollife. The timidity of his disposition, instead of being overcome by this harsh treatment, was increased; so that, having received the appointment of clerk of the journals of the House of Lords when he had reached the years of manhood, his nerves were, so unstrung by the idea of having to speak in public that his reason gave way. By the care of friends he was restored to health and reason. Like the tender plant that can thrive only in the green-house, he had to be protected from a chilling. selfish world; and here begin the long years that he passed in solitude. We justly look with reproach on a man of talents who can be content to consume his time in such frivolous employments as Cowper seems for several years to have been engaged in, and who neglects to turn to good account the gifts with which the Creator has endowed him. But when we come to know Cowper better, through his own verses, this feeling of reproach is changed to one of compassion. His womanlike character, his extreme sensitiveness, everything rendered him unfit for contact with a harsh, jarring world.

The first thing that strikes us when we read the poems of Cowper is the personal interest which he excites in us. We cannot but feel our hearts warm with love and sympathy for a character so pure and affectionate. This feeling is quite different from that excited in us by the writings of many of our great literary men. We more often forget them in the admiration of their genius; but instead of admiration Cowper awakens a personal interest, a feeling akin to love, makes us feel with him. He shows us his inmost feelings, and in a frank,

natural style, which constitutes one of his chief charms; for, as the great Pascal has said, when one sees a natural style, one is delighted, carried away, for one was expecting to see an author, and sees a man.

Cowper's imagination is limited, and of the gentler kind, and nowhere is it allowed to get the better of his reason. thoughts flow with smoothness and regularity. We do not find in him, as in Shakspeare, sudden outbursts of passion or imagination, which break forth with the violence of a huge geyser, continue for a moment, and then quiet down; nor yet do we find the sustained grandeur of Milton, whose thoughts flow like the current of a mighty stream; but his ideas flow smoothly on like the gentle rivulet, in whose clear, pure water Nature is reflected in all her loveliness. Already the morning and noon of his life were past in sadness and melancholy before the long pent-up vein of poetry was opened. The sun of his genius was almost at its setting before the mists which obscured it were melted away, and it shone for a short while, if not with dazzling brilliancy, at least with a gentle radiance that brought warmth to the heart of every true lover of pure and faithful pictures of Nature, then set behind clouds of insanity.

Cowper was an ardent lover of Nature. His idea was that

"The love of Nature's works
Is an ingredient in compound man,
Infused at the creation of the kind."

The love of rural objects is born in man, and can never be totally extinguished. In Cowper this love was specially strong. He kept aloof from the world, contemplated it at a distance; his thoughts were not turned from their natural bent by its affairs, but were wholly wrapped up in the works of Nature. Her works, for him, were far lovelier than the inferior wonders of the artist's hands, and he might confidently assert:

"Thou know'st my praise of nature most sincere, And that my raptures are not conjured up To serve occasion of poetic pomp."

Cowper and Wordsworth among the modern poets are the

two most distinguished for their ardent, genuine love for Nature, and for their descriptions of its scenery. Cowper presents the objects of Nature to our minds just as we all know them to be; but he presents them in such a manner as to make us not only see them, but also to share in his own feelings of rapture. Like Wordsworth, he could paint for us

"The daisy's starshaped shadow on the naked stone,"

or picture where

"Ouse, slow-winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads, with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
Delighted."

But with Cowper we are in full sympathy; with Wordsworth we feel that we should like to be, if he would but be a little less prolix, a little less tedious, and a little more intelligible. But we should not censure him because we are unable to understand him; it may be that there are others more fortunate, who can appreciate his beauties.

His religious belief cast a vail of melancholy over Cowper's whole life, or we might, perhaps, more correctly say his melancholy temperament took the form of religious despair. him the gloomy Puritanism of Bunyan still lingered on. who sang such sweet hope to others, seemed himself to find no consolation in that Mediation which was to save man from the consequences of the primal curse. He lived without hope and died in despair. His mental dejection, of course, exhibits itself in his verse, but not to as great an extent as one might expect; his verses are not all sermons and complaints. Occasionally the vail of sadness is torn away, and for a moment he appears as gay as he is sometimes sad; and instead of his preaching, we have the amusing account of John Gilpin's holiday ride. Shut off from the world, "a stricken deer that left the herd," he rarely meddles with its affairs. Sometimes, however, he feels called upon to satirize the vices of his age, which in his fancy were enormous. He sorrows that his lot has not fallen upon those golden times, those happier days that poets celcbrate. His pinings for the good old England of the past

remind one of the good King Alfred, when he deplores the decline of learning in England and the degradation of himself was the first to raise his people out of their barbarism, and his own times gave the first impulse to learning. Every age furnishes vices for the satirist, and the England of his day, though purified by the Puritanism of the preceding century, was no exception; still his sharp and pointed satire was, no doubt, often directed at imaginary enormities, and merely illustrates the proneness of human nature to depreciate the present for the purpose of enhancing the past. Foppery and affectation are not generally regarded as vices deserving of such bitter satire as he has heaped on them. Satirizing does not harmonize with his general characteristics; it was not the proper field for the exercise of his genius.

Though so timid in disposition. Cowper showed himself independent and bold in the choice of his subjects, in his style and the carelessness of his verse. He followed no models, wrote, not in order to make a smooth, harmonious verse, as the style of that day was, but in order to describe his feelings and impressions of what he saw around him in good, unaffected language. He did not copy after Pope, but after Nature. He wrote to drive away his melancholy more than for the gratification of others, and thus had more freedom of choice in his subjects. Dreary, melancholy England furnished themes for his muse—his own land, to whose dreariness he ascribes his melancholy:

"My native nook of earth! Thy clime is rude, Replete with vapours, and disposes much All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine."

He found his subjects at home, in the garden; it was his delight to picture

"Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness, And all the comforts that the lowly roof Of undisturbed Retirement, and the hours Of long, uninterrupted evening know."

Cowper is no less the poet of the domestic feelings than of nature. All his ambition was blighted by his spells of insanity,

as well as by his timidity, his diffidence, and retiring disappointed from public life, he found his only pleasure in the enjoyment of domestic comforts. Though he was disappointed in his early affections, his feminine gentleness, his amiable disposition, always insured for him kind friends. In the intervals between his attacks of melancholy his naturally gay and sunny disposition showed itself. His purity of character, his delicate regard for the feelings of others, endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. All the joys that he ever knew came from the possession of a home made dear to him by devoted friends, and it was, no doubt, from the heart that he could say:

"Domestic Happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the fall!
Though few now taste thee unimpaired and pure,
Or tasting long enjoy thee! too infirm
Or too incautious to preserve thy sweets
Unimixed with drops of bitter, which neglect
Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup;
Thou art the nurse of Virtue; in thine arms
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
Heaven-born, and destined to the skies again."

Cowper was the first to pass over the bounds which, until his time, confined poetry to a narrower channel. He showed that common-place objects were capable of poetical treatment. In him we see no longer that studied attention to the smoothness and music of the verse, that hunting for poetical epithets and expressions, which the followers of Pope regarded as the essence of poetry. His language is vigorous and expressive, and at times, in his desire to steer clear of all appearance of studied phrases and affectation, he runs into the opposite extreme and falls into a style too colloquial.

Whatever may be his defects, there is a charm, a frankness in his verse which, with the good sense, the earnestness, the high moral tone of his works, has gained for him a high rank among English poets, and his modest volume deserves a place among the best literary productions in our language, though his melancholy, his preaching and moralizing prevent his poems from having an universal popularity.

COMMENCEMENT.

Session 1880-'81.

Commencement brings with it a feeling of relief, being a time when the weary rest from their labors and the meritorious receive the rewards of their diligence and application in the tortuous ways of college lore. It is also a time of hollow eyes and care-worn faces, some of the immediate results of the illustrious system of cramming, the mere mention of which term brings a shiver to us all. But when once the work is done, the buoyancy of youth begins to assert itself, and nothing is allowed to mar the pleasure of friendly congratulations and of renewing old acquaintance. Some give to the convivialities of friendship the chief place, while others more susceptible or more gallant, turn to worship the bright eyes of beauty-errant, to hang on its low tremulous tones, or to whirl with it for a few fleeting moments through the mazy circles of the dance. Then comes the sad parting, not seldom the exchange of mutual vows; and whether hurried away by a jolting stage-coach or drawn by a locomotive with the speed of the winds through the picturesque mountains of the Old Dominion, imagination weaves the web of the future with design of voluptuous Milonian forms and dreamy love-speaking eyes, and fancy paints us victors in battles in which the weapons are not swords and spears.

SUNDAY.

Examinations closed on Saturday and the exercises of Commencement began with the preaching of the baccalaureste sermon by Dr. Murkland, of Baltimore. The Doctor is a genial, pleasant gentleman, and his happy delivery and large sympathetic humanity very soon won all hearts. As might have been expected from one of the gentleman's cheerful and hopeful disposition, he dwelt much upon the fact that the

ner, quite characteristic of him. Mr. A. H. Burroughs then introduced as representative of the Washington Society, Mr. W. G. Montgomery, of W. Va. The gentleman had chosen as his subject "Southern Literature." He showed himself appreciative and hopeful; extolled the success of our efforts in the past, and predicted for us in the future a glorious share of literary fame. Deserved compliments were paid to our erudite and versatile Professor of Modern Languages, J. A. Harrison, and others. The Southern Collegian also received its due meed of praise, not so much for what it has done as for its future promise. The speaker contended to his disadvantage, especially during the latter part of his speech, with the incessant talking of the galleries.

At the conclusion of Mr. Montgomery's address, the Santini Prize Medal, adjudged by a committee of the Faculty to the writer of the best essay published during the cession in the Southern Collegian, was bestowed, in a few happily chosen remarks, upon Mr. G. Moore, of Texas, by Dr. Murkland, of Baltimore.

The boat crews then came forward, and formed in line in front of the stage. The Hon. J. R. Tucker addressed them briefly, and at the close of his remarks, presented the prize, a large and handsome épergne of massy silver, given by Bishop Pinckney, of Md., to the stroke (Captain) of the Albert Sidneys, L. Pearce, of Central America, as the best oar of the winning crew. The exercises closed with music by the V. M. I. Band.

TUESDAY.

In the morning the stated meeting of the Board of Trustees was held in the College Library. In the evening the crowd assembled at the University Chapel to hear the

ALUMNI ADDRESSES.

For an account of the Alumni meeting, which we were unable to attend, we quote from the Lexington Gazette: "Tuesday evening, at 8½ o'clock, the Alumni of the University assembled in the Chapel, and were called to order by the Presi-

dent, Mr. H. St. G. Tucker, who stated that owing to the absence of the Alumni orator, Hon. A. A. Phlegar, short addresses wonked be delivered by some of the Alumni present. The following gentlemen then made short and appropriate speeches: Mr. A. W. Gaines, of Ohio; Mr. James Hay, of Virginia; Maj. Thomas, J. Kirkpatrick, of Lynchburg; and Rev. Dr. Everett, of Philadelphia, an adopted Alumnus of the University. At the conclusion of these speeches, the benediction was pronounced by the brilliant and gifted Dr. Murkland, of Baltimore."

WEDNESDAY.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

On Wednesday, the Faculty, students and visitors filled the Chapel at 10 A. M., and after music and prayer the announcement of class distinctions was made.

The Law Class oration was then delivered by Mr. E. G. Mc-Lean, B. L., California. The gentleman spoke with his usual vivacity, and his speech showed care and preparation. Mr. McLean has won quite a reputation as a speaker while at College, and his performance on Wednesday in no way detracted from it.

After music, Certificates of Distinguished Proficiency were conferred:

Latin.-Meadors, J. G., La.

Greek .- None.

English.—Cockrell, J. E., Texas.

French.-Bugg, Q. T., La.; Kelly, Harry, Va.

German.—Cockrell, J. E., Texas.

Modern History.—Cockrell, J. E., Texas; Moore, G., Texas.

Moral Philosophy.—Brownfield, H. C., La.; Junkins, D.
P., Texas; Paul, L. H., Va.; Pearce, L., C. A.; Preston, H.
R., Va.; Porterfield, C., W. Va.

Rhetoric.—Montgomery, W. G., W. Va.; Mountcastle, R. E. L., Tenn.; Paul, L. H., Va.; Pearce, L., C. A.; Porterfield, C., W. Va.

Literature.—Junkin, D. P., Texas; Paul, L. H., Va.; Pearce, L., C. A.; Porterfield, C., W. Va.

Mathematics-Kelly, H., Va.; Moore, G., Texas.

Natural Philosophy.—(Entire Course) Campbell, H. D., Va.; Cockrell, J. E., Texas.

Chemistry.—Campbell, H. D., Va.; Cockrell, J. E., Texas; Junkin, D. P., Texas; Kelly, H., Va.; Marvin, C. E. Ky.; Moore, G. Texas; Pearce, L., Central America.

Geology.—Brownfield, H. C., La.; Campbell, H. D., Va.; Cockrell, J. E., Texas; Marvin, C. E., Ky.; Moore, G., Texas.

Bachelor of Law.—Burroughs, A. H., Va.; Carlisle, W. K., Ky.; Corry, J. A., S. C.; Dickson, J. M., Pa.; Dufour, A. J., La.; Gadsden, E. M., S. C.; Harris, W. B. T., Va.; McLean, E. G., Cal.; Rainsford, J. C., S. C.; Watkins, H. A., Ky.

Bachelor of Arts.—Junkin, D. P., Texas; Pearce, L., Cen. Am.; Preston, H. R., Va.

Master of Arts.—Cockrell, J. E., Texas; Rainsford, J. C., S. C.

PRIZE MEDALS.

Robinson Prize Medal.—In the Schools of Moral Philoscphy, and Belles Lettres, Modern Languages, English and Modern History: Cockrell, J. E., Texas.

Santini Prize Medal.—Moore, Glover, Texas.

HONORARY APPOINTMENTS -- SCHOLARSHIPS.

In the School of Latin.—Barton, P. W., Va.
In the School of Greek.—Towers, J. A., S. C.
In the School of Modern Languages.—Bugg, Q. T., La.
Wilson Prize Scholarship.—Kelly, H., Va.
F. O. French Prize Scholarship.—Carichoff, E. R., Va.
Taylor Prize Scholarship.—Junkin, G. E. Texas.
Young Prize Scholarship.—Brownfield, H. C., La.
Howard Houston Fellowship.—Currell, W. S., S. C.
Cincinnati Oration, 1882.—Cockrell, J. E., Texas.

HONORARY DEGREES.

D. D.—Rev. David W. Shanks, Rockbridge, Va.; Rev. Thomas T. Everett, Philadelphia.

D. L. (Doctor of Letters.)—Prof. Rodes Massie, Richmond College; G. Watson James, Richmond, Va.

L. L. D.—Col. J. T. L. Preston, Va.; Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar
Miss.

The Literary Societies were then addressed by the Hon—John Randolph Tucker, of Va. The subject of his address—was the Origin and Growth of Political Parties in the U.S. We need not characterize the speech of the honorable gentleman, whose reputation has reached every State in the Union, and who is everywhere readily acknowledged to be one of the greatest men of the South.

THE FINAL BALL.

On Wednesday evening was one of the most brilliant and enjoyable features of Commencement. The spacious halls of the Literary Societies were thrown open, and a full band of music stationed in each. Dancing was kept up till a late hour, and all expressed regret when the departure of the chaperones announced the end of the ball. Among the young ladies present were Miss Cullen and Miss Anderson, of Richmond, the Misses Junkin, of Charleston, and Miss Currell, of Yorkville, S.C., Miss Orme, of Savannah, Ga., Miss McChesney, of Charlestown, W. Va., Miss Bayless, of Ky., Miss Kruttschuitt, of New Orleans, and Miss Crawford, of Va. It is unnecessary to say that our own young ladies compared very favorably with the strangers. The supper, which was very handsome, was furnished by our caterer, Jim Humbles, who did himself great credit on the occasion.

EDITORIAL.

EDITORS:

GLOVER MOORE, Texas, Editor-in-Chief.

Washington Lit. Society:
A. J. Dufour, La.
H. C. Brownfield, La.

Graham Lee Society F. S. KIRKPATRICK, Va. C. E. MARVIN, Ky.

W. K. CARLISLE, Ky., Business Manager.

EDITORS' VALEDICTORY.

HIRTEEN years ago the Southern Collegian, under a form very different from its present one, first entered the lists of college journalism. Since that time it has been conducted with varying success by the students of different years. Three years ago a decided improvement was made. It assumed at that time the magazine form which it still retains. received it at the beginning of last year from the hands of an able corps of editors who had profited by the experience of their predecessors and had used to advantage their own talent. We had, therefore, little hope of raising the standard of the literary department or of making any other very extensive improvements. But while this was the case, there were certain directions in which, as we thought, more originality might be displayed. Accordingly, we have tried to utilize the little talent which we possessed so as to have recourse as seldom as possible to foreign aid. We would have thought it preferable to do this even though our productions had in merit fallen short of those that are wont to appear in college journals, the chief aim of our periodical being to improve our students in the art of composition, rather than to make itself a readable and entertaining journal; but while this last is not our chief aim, it is still an aim, and we study without sacrificing the one to attain the other and higher object.

So much in review of our work from a literary standpoint. In explanation of our plan of procedure with respect to the students, we wish to say that we have avoided as far as possible

making the Collegian the organ of any particular class or body of our students, nor have we in any instance given undue prominence to personal friends when there were others equally worthy of mention. We have esteemed it unworthy both of our trust and of our personal character to attempt to court popularity by a lavish distribution of such favors as it was in our power to bestow. We have been ever ready to advocate the interests of the students when we knew them, and to defend their rights when we have thought that they were encroached upon. This has been done with whomsoever they may have come in conflict. With regard to the Faculty and others, however, we are now more than ever convinced that there is no necessary antagonism between the college authorities and the students, and we are honest enough, and despise ill-natured remarks sufficiently, to say that, so far as our observation has extended, where difficulties have occurred between the Faculty and students, the Faculty have generally, if not always, been in the right.

With these remarks we close, not without regret, our connection with the SOUTHERN COLLEGIAN. We now hand over to those that are to come after us the difficult task of sustaining the reputation of a journal supported and enriched by the talent of those who have gone before us, and only hope that with more time at their disposal they may try as faithfully to discharge their duty as we have tried to discharge ours.

GLOVER MOORE, F. S. KIRKPATRIOK, A. J. DUFOUR, C. E. MARVIN, H. C. BROWNFIELD. ١

FLATTERING PROSPECTS OF WASHINGTON AND LEE.

ROBABLY at no period in the history of this our venerable ble literary mother have the prospects been so bright as they are at present. As the time draws nigh for the celebra-

tion of her hundredth anniversary, the mind naturally reverts to her past history, her present status and her future prospects. It is needless for us to enter here into a detailed account of the origin of Washington and Lee, for that has been well done by another elsewhere in these pages. Ever since the conversion of the feeble and half-expiring college into a growing and flourishing institution of learning, through the tireless energies of Gen. Robt. E. Lee, immediately after the war, W. & L. U. has been holding a high place in the front rank of Though our numbers are not so large as American Colleges. they have been, the University is on a firm financial basis, and the educational facilities, we may say truthfully, have almost doubled in the last ten years. Within the last two years, two scholarships, one for general proficiency and one in the special department of Chemistry, have been presented by our friends, and these, in addition to the Howard-Houston Fellowship, offer great inducements to those that are struggling for a higher education than an ordinary curriculum confers. noteworthy fact with reference to these scholarships and the fellowship is that they were all presented by Northerners, showing a desire on the part of men from that section to do all in their power to advance the cause of Southern education in general, and of W. & L. U. in particular, a place around which so many historic associations cluster. The meeting held in Philadelphia on the 8th of June for the purpose of securing a better endowment for our University was a very enthusiastic one, well attended by men of prominence and culture, and favorably noticed by many prominent periodicals in the country. Washington and Lee was represented at the meeting by Col. Lilley and G. Watson James, editor of the Richmond Standard, a loyal and staunch friend of ours, who is ever ready to lend the aid of his facile pen in order to further the interests of his Alma Mater.

We have already alluded to the handsome donations of Mr. Thos. Scott, whose death recently caused so much mourning in the hearts of his many friends, both in the North and in the South. These gifts have been supplemented lately by the

presentation of enough money for a handsome building to be used for a library, art gallery reading-room and offices. It will occupy the place formerly graced by South Dormitory. The work of demolishing that building is already completed, and the new structure will be all ready by next Commencement. The railroads, too, from the North and East, which will be completed during the course of the coming session, cannot fail to aid largely in securing students for us. All these things justify us in predicting for Washington and Lee a glorious and useful future, and a success which, though it may not come immediately, must follow close in the wake of such advantages.

MEDALS TO BE OFFERED BY THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

HE students of Washington and Lee University will be much gratified to learn that the Board of Trustees, at the late meeting, adopted a paper to the following effect:

With a view of affording encouragement to the Literary Societies of the University in their laudable efforts to cultivate Elocution among their members, the Board offer annually two gold Medals, one of the value of \$50 and the other of the value of \$30, the former to be known as the Orator's Medal, and the latter as the Declaimer's Medal, to be awarded in the way and on the conditions set forth in the following items:

- 1. Each of the Literary Societies, at its first regular meeting in the month of April in each session, to choose two members to compete for the Orator's Medal, in original speeches not exceeding each twenty minutes in length, and two members to compete for the Declaimer's Medal in selected speeches, not to exceed each ten minutes in length.
- 2. The competitors for either of the medals are to be chosen from such members only as shall have been regular attendants on the meetings of the Societies for at least one session of the University preceding that during which the choice is made.
 - 3. The competitive performances for the medals to be held

in public, in the Chapel of the University, at such time during the Commencement week as the Faculty shall appoint; and the President of the University to preside on the occasion, assisted by the Presidents for the time being of the Societies, or by such other persons as the Societies may appoint.

- 4. The award of the medals to be made by a Committee, five in number, selected by the Faculty from gentlemen who have no official connection with the University; provided, however, that the members of the Board of Trustees, other than those residing in Lexington, may serve on the Committee; and provided also, that unexpected vacancies in the Committee shall be filled by the President of the University.
- 5. The ground of the award in the case of the Orator's Medal to be, partly, excellence in thought and style of the speech judged to be the best of all that shall be made, and, partly, excellence in the manner of delivery, equal weight being allowed to the two qualities respectively.

In the case of the Declaimer's Medal, the ground of award to be exclusively superiority in the delivery.

6. The medals to be delivered by the President of the University, or such other person as he may select, on Commencement Day, in connection with the other public exercises of the occasion, and the names of the successful competitors for them to be inserted in the records of the Faculty, and published in the Annual Catalogue of the University.

THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE FOUN-DATION OF THE UNIVERSITY.

N 1749 was founded by the pioneers of Virginia, Augusta Academy, which after the battle of Lexington, our patriotic forefathers called Liberty Hall Academy.

In the year 1782, even before the great war for independence had ended, and when the issue of that great struggle was doubtful, the Legislature of Virginia, turning aside from the consideration of war, conferred upon Liberty Hall Academy

its charter. Liberty Hall Academy, in honor of the donation of \$50,000 by George Washington in 1796, became Washington Academy; then in 1813 Washington College, and in 1871 Washington and Lee University.

It is now proposed to celebrate in June, 1882, the Centennial Anniversary of this great and growing Institution. Committees of arrangements have been appointed from the Trustees, from the Faculty and from the Alumni Association. vitations will be sent to every Alumnus and to every friend of the University to take part in this auspicious movement. expect to see hundreds of Alumni here next June. thing will be done to make the occasion a delightful one. The completion of the Library Building, recently donated by an unknown friend of the University; the unveiling of the Statue of Lee; the address upon that occasion; the banquet and addresses before the Alumni, will make the Commencement of 1882 one never to be forgotten in the history of the University. We cordially invite everybody, everywhere, to come and to share with us the pleasure of celebrating the Centennial Anniversary of an Institution so rich in memories of the past, and so bright in prospects for the future.

MEETING OF THE ASSOCIATION OF THE ALUMNI.

WEDNESDAY, 5 P. M.

HE Association met in the Chapel, at 5 P. M., in regular meeting, Mr. H. St. G. Tucker in the chair. The Secretary read the minutes of the last meeting. The following resolution was moved and carried:

"Resolved, That all the graduates of this session be elected members of this Association."

The following gentlemen were also elected members of the Association: J. Hay, M. W. Paxton, H. W. Barclay, George J. Preston, W. B. McCluer, J. W. Goldsby, Rev. W. W. Houston, J. T. Akers, C. E. Marvin, J. G. Swartz, S. J. Graham.

On motion of Mr. Hay, the following resolution was adopted:

"Resolved, That we respectfully submit that in our opinion it is of paramount importance that the one hundredth anniversary of this University should be celebrated in June, 1882, at the regular commencement."

Messrs. Hay, Gaines and Moore were appointed a committee to inform the Board of Trustees of this action.

Col. J. T. L. Preston, of Lexington, Va., was elected President for the ensuing year.

It was here agreed that the presidents of local alumni associations should be regarded as vice-presidents of this Association.

Hon. W. A. Anderson was chosen 1st Vice-President, and G. Watson James, Esq., of Richmond, 2d Vice-President. Secretary, Prof. C. A. Graves; Treasurer, J. L. Campbell, Jr.

The President appointed the following Executive Committee: Jno. L. Campbell, Jr., chairman; M. W. Paxton, S. J. Graham, Wm. A. Anderson, J. K. White, Wm. M. Dunlap, W. B. F. Leech, C. M. Dold, T. E. McCorkle, Wm. H. Barclay, S. T. Moreland, and W. P. Houston.

Prof. J. J. White, Gen. R. D. Lilley and Rev. W. W. Houston made eloquent and stirring addresses.

Dr. Brown, of the Board of Trustees, presented a paper from that body which declared that the centennial should take place in 1882, thus putting beyond all doubt the time of the celebration of our one hundredth anniversary. The following resolution was introduced and was passed enthusiastically:

"Resolved, That the thanks of this Association are due to Gen. R. D. Lilley for his energetic, noble and tireless efforts in behalf of our beloved Alma Mater."

Prof. Nelson offered the following resolution, which was carried unanimously and with much enthusiasm:

"Resolved, That we, the members of this Alumni Association here present, hereby pledge ourselves to do all in our power to aid in bringing together next year a very large number of the Alumni of this institution, and that we will make the most strenuous efforts to make the centennial celebration to be held next June a great success."

After transacting some further business of minor importance the Association adjourned.

This meeting was very enthusiastic and well attended, and we congratulate our Alumni upon the zeal and ardor with which they are throwing themselves into the movement, destined to make their Alma Mater such a great, national University.

THE NEW ENDOWED SCHOLARSHIPS.

E take pleasure in publishing the following regulations, adopted by the Board of Trustees, with respect to the two scholarships recently endowed by generous friends in New York:

- 1. The one shall be known as the "F. O. French Scholarship," and the annual income from it, after deducting the amount of the regular tuition fee and other ordinary charges of the University, shall be paid, one-third at the beginning of the session, one-third on the first of January, and the remainder on the first of April, to that undergraduate from any of the academic Schools who, in view of all the considerations that form the proper grounds of such a benefit, shall be deemed by the Faculty most worthy to receive it.
- 2. The other shall be known as the "James Wilson Scholarship," the income of which shall be applied as above in all particulars, except that, in accordance with a desire expressed by the donor of the fund, the recipient shall be selected by the Faculty from the School of Chemistry.
- 3. The Faculty may, at any time, remove from either of the foundations any student placed on it who, in their judgment, has shown himself unworthy of the benefit by improper conduct, or by failure to make due progress in his studies.
- 4. It is left to the discretion of the Faculty to determine whether, or not, the privilege of either Scholarship shall be continued to the same student for a longer term than one year.
- N. B.—The above Scholarships will each yield three hundred dollars annually.

College and Campus.

Commencement is over. Dream of pretty girls. G. W. R. saw at night a blue bird fly past his window. -- "Guff" is glad that the Faculty don't publish a list of the flunks.—— Commencement was deprived of a valuable feature by the loss of the Y. M. C. A. report. The one that had been annually made for several years was carried off last, year by a thoughtless member of the graduating class. It was finally concluded not to have any.—T. B. of Ga. was apprehensive that he would lose all his molecular teeth. No reason has been We have thought of osculation as a possible cause of the loss of teeth, and suggest that his butter teeth are those liable to be in the greatest danger. --- "Fatty" said before leaving that one judge's certificate was all that was necessary in Louisiana. — Dreams no longer come true. — An opinion has been expressed that if Michael Angelo had built the Vatican he would have had time for nothing else. --- Who would have thought it? Our whilom invulnerable B. M. now spends his time inditing verses to his lady's eyebrows. Ah, C., take care that you are not soon writing odes to Despair! ---- C. of Texas can't be mashed—well at least not very easily.—. J. W. G. was well enough to return to Commencement, but has since become so sick (?) that he will probably be in Lexington for some time. His friends say that he is indeed ill.—The friends of the Collegian will be rejoiced to learn that our periodical is (thanks to the energy of our worthy Business Manager, Mr. W. K. Carlisle,) now out of debt, and that its prospects for the future are therefore very encouraging. The Collegian acknowledges the receipt of an invitation to the annual celebration of the Euzelian and Enepian Literary Societies of Hollins Institute, Va. ---- We are indebted to our Business Manager, Mr. W. S. Currell, and Mr. James Hay, For

valuable aid in getting out this issue. --- Some ladies at the boat race, as the Harry Lees think, were too euthusi-astic. One of them tuck-er fit and cried out, Orm-my! ---- Prof. of Rhetoric invites one of his class to dinner, and asks him: "Mr. P., can I help you to some hominy?" Mr. P.-- "Yes sir! Would you term that an appeal ad homine(m)?" Prof. Don't blame him; we would too.—K. of Va. is coming back next year, and is going to take a tremendous ticket-Minstrels, Base-Ball, Calico, Boating, and Rhetoricand, strange to say, expects to make them all.—Barbarous yes it is simply barbarous for members of the Moral Class, when they have a set-up, to come in and tantalize the hungry Int. Math. men with such questions as, "Say, Dolly, why don't you eat sardines?" "It looks peculiar, Junk, that you don't take any strawberries. Are you sick?"——It is Guff not "Gov." We make this announcement, as there is some doubt amongst the people as to the origin of the term. no connection with the contraction for Governor.—(L)—— Have you seen Hig's \$2.00 socks? Ask him to show them to you. They are daisies.

We note with pleasure the advent of many of our Alumni this Commencement, and mark it down as a favorable index of the numbers that we expect at the celebration of the Centennial of W. & L. U. next year. Of course on such an occasion, graced as it will be by the presence of many distinguished men from all parts of the country, and rendered all the more noteworthy by the completion of the mausoleum, the railroads, &c., we shall expect every one that can possibly spare the time and the money. Loyalty demands it, duty suggests it, pleasure renders it irresistible. But in our zeal we anticipate. Eighteen hundred and eighty-two has not yet arrived, but from recent failures in the appearance of the grand spectacular play of the end of the world, assigned by Mother Shipton et al. to April and to June, we have every reason to expect that in the course of human events, the memorable year will come, and we hope many Alumni will come with it.

During the present Commencement the following have put in their appearance:

James Hay, B. L. of '78, and the honored Clerk of the Faculty, by their united and untiring efforts have done and are still doing much to further the interests of the Centennial. The wee sma' hours found them both animated and enthusiastic upon this subject several nights during Commencement, while others were moving through the rhythmic mazes of the dance.

- W. B. McCluer, A. B. '79, "Pansy" of yore, bloomed forth in the midst of us. All were radiant at his advent, especially the ladies. He is in business in Chicago. C. C. McCluer, also from that wickedest of cities, appeared in all the splendor of a carefully trained set of siders. He left his heart behind him, 'tis said by knowing ones.
- Geo. J. Denis, A. B. '78, is studying law in New Orleans. Loyalty to his *Alma Mater* is the cause to which we are to attribute his presence.
- J. T. Akers, A. M. '79, seemed to find loafing a difficult matter, after his labors in teaching at Fincastle, Va. He is doing well there, and will be principal of the same school again next year.

It was thought by all when Joel Goldsby left us in the winter on account of ill health, that summer and the attractions of Lexington would bring him back. His coming, therefore, to his friends was not so much a surprise as a pleasure.

Ed. Randall, now a med. student in the University of Penn., Philadelphia, came just in time for the Ball, and expects to remain in Lexington or the vicinity for the greater part of the summer.

Jno. Hamilton, A. M. '80, Santini Medalist, &c., ad lib., paid us a flying visit from the University of Virginia. Under his management as editor-in-chief, the *University Magazine* has greatly improved and has maintained an undaunted front against adversaries. He expects to hang out his shingle with

a lawyer in New York, with every indication of success in his profession.

Geo. Preston, A. B. '79, has studied medicine during the past session at the University of Virginia, and proposes to recruit his strength for a while by following in the footsteps of Nimrod, Isaac Walton and Pole.

- H. St. G. Tucker, M. A., B. L., came up from Staunton, and largely aided by his enthusiastic words to stir up the loyalty of all with reference to the centennial next year.
- C. B. Antrim, A. B., represents the firm of Antrim & Bowie in Richmond and has, we understand, the reputation of being one of the best salesmen in the city.
- R. F. Campbell, M. A., has been teaching school at Fishersville, Va. He finds time every now and then for a visit to the "dear old place."
- Will. Campbell is also teaching, and being only fifteen miles away, runs up quite often to look after his old friends.
- W. R. Bowie, M. A., is doing business in Richmond and wrote to several papers an account of the commencement exercises. 'Twould be well for him to arouse our Richmond friends to action in the cause of the centennial next year.
- A. W. Gaines, A. B., B. L., is a lawyer in Cincinnati, and paid a short visit to the family of his father-in-law, Prof. Nelson, where Mrs. Gaines is staying.

SECOND MEETING OF THE CENTENNIAL SOCIETY.—We clip from the *Progress*, an able journal, edited by Col. Jno. W. Forney, of Philadelphia, some extracts from the account of the meeting held in that city on the 8th of June for securing a better endowment for Washington and Lee. The meeting was held in the select council chamber over Independence Hall pursuant to the call of Chief Justice Waite, of the United States Supreme Court, the senior president of the centennial organization of 1876. "The principal object of the meeting was to fill the vacancy of president occasioned by the death of Hon. Morton McMichael, and of vice-president caused by

the death of Hon. Adolph E. Borie. Among those present were Hon. S. J. Randall, G. Watson James, editor of the Richmond Standard, Hon. Franklin B. Gowen, Gen. R. D. Lilley, Hon. Richard Vaux, Rev. T. T. Everett, Edmund C. Bittinger, U. S. Navy, Hon. Benjamin A. Willis of New York, United States Senator Chas. W. Jones of Fla., Col. A. K. McClure, W. W. Harding, Col. J. W. Forney, and Hon. Geo. H. Baker."

The meeting was called to order by Mr. Gowen, president of the Executive Committee who, in the absence of Chief Justice Waite, invited Hon. S. J. Randall to the chair. Prayer had been previously offered up by Rev. T. T. Everett of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Germantown, the gentleman who so eloquently addressed the Y. M. C. A. and was so hearty in his approval of the plans for furthering Washington and Lee's interests. After Mr. Randall's preliminary remarks upon the origin and objects of the University, Mr. James was elected Secretary and speeches were made by the Hon. Geo. Baker upon the death of the Hon. Morton McMichael, by Mr. Gowen upon the death of Hon. Adolph Borie, and by Col. A. K. McClure upon the death of Thos. A. Scott. Gen. Lilley, who so ably represents Washington and Lee, then offered his report, which was adopted and from which we take the following: "Since the perfection of this organization on the 10th day of October, 1876, I have the honor to report that more than \$80,000 have been secured for Washington and Lee University. * * * * The leading journals of the country are warmly supporting the efforts of your organization and the interest in the work is steadily increasing. * * * The effect of Col. Scott's noble example cannot be estimated. In 1871 he gave \$250 to the University; in 1875 he started the subscription list with \$10,000, and a short time before his death he made the munificent donation of \$50,000, making an aggregate of \$60,250." Gen. Lilley then alluded to the desire of Washington to make this a central University, and to its needs in order to accomplish its objects. The following members, upon motion of Mr. W. W. Harding, were unanimously elected: H. H. Houston; Vincent L. Bradford, LL. D., D. C. L.; Hon. John Welsh; J. Price Wetherill, of this city; James Milliken, Bellefonte, Pa.; Hon. J. D. Cameron, Harrisburg; Col. Houston Clinch, Savannah; Edwin Harrison, St. Louis; and the following gentlemen from New York: F. D. French, J. J. Astor, August Belmont, C. C. Baldwin, Col. I., M. Lawsor Hon, Benj, A. Willis, Rev, Morgan Dix, D. D., William Mirzturn, Francis R. Rives, John C. Latham, James Wilson and W. W. Corcoran was then nominated Wm: R. Garrison. President by Col. Forney and was unanimously elected. H. Houston was chosen Vice-President upon motion of Mr-Appropriate speeches were then made by Senator Jones, Mr. Willis, Mr. Wm. L. Royall, and Rev. T. T. Everett, D. D., who made a motion seconded by Col. Forney and agreed to by the Association "that every member of this Association and every friend of this Institution shall constitute himself a committee of one, to cooperate heartily and cordially with the distinguished financial commissioner, (Gen. Lilley), of this Institution and further the cause of its endowment from this time forth." Col. Forney then offered as Advisory Board the following names: F. D. French, of New York, and Edwin Harrison, of St. Louis, Mo.; and for Executive Committee, James Wilson, of New York.

The thanks of Washington and Lee are due to all these gentlemen for the zeal that they have displayed in advancing her interests, and to Col. Forney in particular, both for the active part he took in the meeting and for the kindly way in which he treated the organization in the editorial columns of his widely-known journal.

SOCIETY EVENTS.—It is impossible under this head to give an extended notice of any of the brilliant entertainments given within the last two or three weeks.

On the night of Friday, June 3d, Prof. C. A. Graves invited the law class to an elegant supper at his house. Some young ladies added to the enjoyment of the occasion by their presence. Mrs. Graves "our mother in law" rendered herself universally agreeable by her charming manners.

On Monday evening, June 13th, Mrs. McLaughlin gave one of her charming parties. Music, dancing and supper were the order of the evening. The hostess was in her usual happy mood, and communicated it to her guests.

Wednesday, June 15th, "Tribrook," the residence of Dr. Ruffner, two miles from town, was the scene of a joyful gathering. As the shades of the evening drew on and the dew began to fall, we were driven from the shady slope in front of the house to the parlor where there was music of the first order. Then supper, then home. Many returns say we.

On the evening of Friday, June 17, Mr. and Mrs. John Tutwiler entertained their friends in handsome style at their home on "the hill." A more enjoyable evening we have never spent. The beautiful face and agreeable manners of the hostess rendered enjoyment contagious.

Min.

friends. The grounds were brightly lighted up with Chinese lanterns, and the full band stationed on the lawn discoursed sweet music, while the walks were filled with crowds of youth and beauty. After an elegant supper we reluctantly departed. Mrs. Tucker. Miss Tucker, Miss Laura Tucker and Misses Currell, of S. C., and Miss Orme, of Ga., received the guests and did the honors of the house.

Wednesday morning collation at Gen. G. W. C. Lee's, mentioned at length elsewhere.

Wednesday evening Final Ball, to be found in regular account of Commencement.

Tuesday evening. June 28. After the Alumni Address at the Institute. Miss Sallie Moore's chigant residence just outside the gate was made the seer e of an assemblage of beauty and chivalry. Chinese lanterns thashed in all the trees and bright eyes in all the nooks and arbors. Music, dancing and supper in their order. Miss Moore, Miss Cullen of Richmond, Misses Junkin of Charleston, S. C., received the guests.

At a recent joint meeting of the Literary Societies, Mr. G. Moore, of Texas, was reflected Editor-in-Chief of the Southern Collegian for next year, and Mr. W. C. Preston, of Virginia, was chosen Business Manager in lieu of Mr. Carlisle, graduated. Mr. Preston's well-known energy and other business-like qualities are enough to assure the friends of the Collegian that its interests will be properly looked after.

V. M. I. COMMENCEMENT.—June 24—German led by M. Cameron and Miss Cullen of Richmond.

June 25-Mr. Tucker's lecture on Virginia in the Mess Hall.

June 28.—Grand Artillery Drill. At Night, Alumni Address in the Mess Hall.

June 29.—Joint Celebration of the Cadet and Diagettic Literary Societies.

June 30.—Regular Commencement Exercises of the V. M. I. At night, Final Ball.

Quite a number of the old boys who are not coming back next year are lingering around College, loath to take leave of their old haunts. Occasionally we see one strolling around over the Campus; loafs up to the bulletin board, and seeing nothing but old notices, takes a seat on the pillars and gives himself up to reflections which are anything but jolly, for it is hard to find a sight more calculated to give one the blues than the College and Campus when old friends are departed. One necessarily feels like a relic of a departed generation. It is then that memories of other days and distant friends will crowd themselves upon you with an intensity never before imagined. Almost every scratch on those tall white pillars recalls some little incident of College life, and of an old chum; the bare spots on the Campus tell of the sports which once made it the merriest of places, and now by the contrast looks more desolate than a grave-vard. It may be unkind, but we leave him sitting on the pillar, and hope that wherever he goes he will carry the pleasant memories of W. & L. U. with him, and if there be bitter ones, "oh, let them in darkest oblivion be shrouded," and bury them deep in the old Campus which lies before him.

EXCHANGES.

We come for the last time to our exchanges. Dear old unreadable things, how our heart yearns over you? We are as familiar with your outside as we are with the features of our "Dulci." We know as well where to look on your titlepage for what is there so pompously displayed as we know where to find the damask on the cheek of the same much-mashing damsel. We have had to bring you from the post-office so often that you are as familiar to our touch as the beads of his rosary to the devout catholic. We have always felt pitiful towards you, and while providing for your safety by stowing you away in a secure place, we have taken care is

render you perfectly harmless. Yes, if you have been always treated with respect, you have at least never been flattered with attentions. If your pages have been kept neat and nice and free from contact with dirty thumbs, you have at least not been allowed to exhale your cumbrous nonsense on either the morning or the evening air. We are not a snarling Diogenes. What we say we say for the sake of improving a too much not-high-aiming humanity and in the great cause of college journalism. With a few more remarks less general in their character we shall close this paper, and cease to sin against the King's English.

Our relations with our exchanges have generally been of an agreeable and friendly nature, and there has been no particular animosity at any time displayed. On the contrary great solicitude has at times been shown for our well-being. The Alabama University Monthly even thought at one time of sending up missionaries to convert us, or at least to raise our merale; but the idea, we believe, has been abandoned. The praises which we have received it would be egotistical and contrary to one of our established rules to publish here, although we believe it is customary among college editors, on laying down their trust, to give a few of the criticisms friendly and unfriendly of their contemporaries. Of friendly criticism we have had our share; of unfriendly criticism we have had very little. The Trinity Tablet, from Hartford, Conn., gave us a sharp cut, such a cut as only the Trinity Tablet from Hartford, Conn. could give. The trouble was this: We had in a previous issue spoken of the Tablet in a tone of moderate and relative praise. This was displeasing to a paper that has won by its cringing and fawning the privilege of being occasionally noticed by the Yale and Columbia papers. Such papers as the Tablet, intrinsically worthless, raise themselves to the general level by means of extensive clipping. In one instance the Tablet transferred the whole of what corresponds to our "Riff-Raff" from the columns of the Acta Columbiana to its own. It is surprising that a paper which pretends to so little originality should attempt to be sarcastic.

We have not had space during the year to mention our numerous exchanges. We give now a list of those which we have received regularly: Virginia University Magazine, Acta Columbiana, The Argosy, The Varsity, The Berkeleyan, Acta Victoriana, Trinity Tablet, Lascll Leaves, Alabama University Monthly, Richmond College Messenger, The Seminarian, The Simpsonian, The Transcript, Cornell Review, Princetonian, Hamilton Literary Monthly, Nassau Literary Magazine, Roanoke Collegian, Round Table, The Chronicle, Concordiensis, Campus, College Message, Pennsylvania College Monthly, University Magazine, The Archangel, Heidelberg Monthly Journal, The Beacon, Columbia Spectator, Student Life, The Sybil, College Mercury, Bowdoin Orient, Earlhamite, Kansas Review, Asbury Monthly, The University Journal, Rutgers Targum, The Philosophian. University Herald, The Lantern, University Reporter, College Journal, The Denison Collegian, The Wabash, The College Index, Niagara Index, The Vidette, The College Courier, The University Quarterly, The William Jewell Student, The Bates Student, Hanoverian, The Lariat, Wittenberger, The Student, Madisoniensis and many others. In addition to these we have received more or less regularly the Lexington Gazette, The Terrell Star, The New York World, The Herald, The Richmond Standard and other leading journals of the country.

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LEXINGTON, VA.

LYNCHBURG: J. P. Bell & Co., Steam Power Printers. 1880.

CONTENTS.

	PAGES.
Hamlet,	51
Ratio Signorum Arcanissima et Illustrissima,	63
Some Thoughts on Southern Periodical Literature, -	69
Eloquence,	72
In Memorian, (Obituary),	75
Siddartha, (Blank Verse),	76
EDITORIAL.—	
Remarks,	77
The Boxing Club,	78
The Mess Hall,	78
Some Friendly Advice,	79
An Abuse,	81
The Young Men's Christian Association, -	82
College and Campus,	83
Alumni,	89
Exchanges,	93
Book Notices,	96
Grave and Gay,	98
Advertisements.	

Vol. XIII.

JANUARY, 1881.

No. III.

THE



THE LITERARY SOCIETIES

OF

Washington and Tee University,

LEXINGTON, VA.

LYNCHBURG: J. P. Bell & Co., Steam Power Printers. 1881.

CONTENTS.

													F	AGES.
Meditations.	-	-		-	-		-		-		-		-	101
Classic Music.		-	-	-		-		-		-		-		105
Contentment,	-	-		-	-		-		-		-		-	108
That Striped T	homa:	s (pe	etr	y),		-		-		-		-		110
In Memoriam,	-	-		-	-		-		-		-		-	112
Spring and Au	tunın,		-	-		-		-		-		-		114
Editorial.—														
The L	iterar	y So	cie	ties,	-		-		-		-		-	115
Colleg	ge Exa	min	atio	ons,		-		-		-		-		117
A Cor	rrectio	n,		-	-		-		-		-		-	118
Questi	ion for	r the	Ł:	tera	ıry	So	cie	tie	3,	-		-		119
A Car	rd,	-		-	-		-		-		-		-	120
Editor's Table,		-	-	-		-		-		-		-		121
College and Car	mpus,	-		- .	-		-		-		-		-	124
Alumni, -		-	-	-		-		-		-		-		137
College World,	-	-		-	-		-		-		-		-	140
Exchanges,		-	-	-	•	-		-		-		_		141
Book Notices,	-	-		-	-		-		-		-		-	143
Riff-Raff,	-	-	-	-	į.	-		-		-		-		144
Advertisements														

Vol. XIII. FEBRUARY, 1881.

No. IV.

THE



THE LITERARY SOCIETIES

OF

ashington and Lee University,

LEXINGTON, VA.

LYNCHBURG: J. P. Bell & Co., Steam Power Printers. 1881.

CONTENTS.

				PAGES.
Burns,	•	•	•	- 151
Terra Marique,	-			157
Love the Essence of Christianity,	•	-	-	- 165
Platonic, (poetry),	-		•	170
Editorial.—				
Remarks,	-	•	•	- 171
Minstrel Troupe, -	•		-	172
Boating	•	•	-	- 173
Time for Action, -	-		-	174
Sunday Calicoing, -	•	•	•	- 175
Work of our Alumni,	•		-	176
Editor's Table,	-	•	-	- 177
College and Campus,	•		-	181
Alumni,	•	-	•	- 196
Exchanges,	-		-	199
Advertisements.				

Vol. XIII.

MARCH, 1881.

No. V.

THE



THE LITERARY SOCIETIES

OF

Washington and Lee University,

LEXINGTON, YA.

LYNCHBURG: J. P. Bell & Co., STEAM POWER PRINTERS 1881.

CONTENTS.

CONTENTS.	
	PAGES.
Bayard Taylor,	201
Introspection, · · ·	- 213
Jove Invoked, (poetry), EDITORIAL:—	227
Another Donation to Wash. & Lee,	228
A Friend,	230
A Communication,	231
Our Sports,	234
College and Campus,	235
Alumni,	245
Exchanges,	- 247
Riff-raff,	249
Advertisements.	

J

Vol. XIII.

APRIL, 1881.

No. VI.

THE



muilieum Bollegiam,

LITERARY SOCIETIES

ashington and Lee University,

LEXINGTON, YA.

LYNCHBURG: J. P. Bell & Co., Steam Power Printers.

CONTENTS

	PAGES.
Chivalry and Barbarian Manners, and their Influence o	n .
the Condition of Women,	251
Ideality and Enthusiasm,	- 257
The Jews,	262
The True Poetry of the Present Day,	- 266
Owen Meredith's "Wanderer,"	271
Corona Veris, (poetry),	- 276
EDITORIAL.—	-
A Bad Practice,	- 277
Our Societies,	278
Have we a Botanical Department to our Mu	
seum? -	- 279
Alumni Associations,	279
Calicoing—A Contribution,	- 280
College and Campus, -	282
Alumni,	- 290
College World,	293
Exchanges,	- 294
Riff-raff,	299
Advertisements.	

Vol. XIII.

JUNE, 1881.

No. VII.

THE



THE LITERARY SOCIETIES

OF

Washington and Lee University,

LEXINGTON, VA.

LYNCHBURG: J. P. Bell & Co, Steam Power Printers, 1881.

CONTENTS.

* *************************************	
	PASSES.
The Reasoning of the Evolutionist.	- ::-1
Papacy versus Civil Power.	- 3.69
William Cowper.	
Commencement 1550-'51.	- 329
Editorial.—	
Editors' Valedictory.	827
Flattering Prospects of Washington and	
Medals to be Offered by the Board of Tru	
The Centennial Celebration of the Found	
of the University	- 33
Meeting of the Alumni Association, -	
The New Endowed Scholarships, -	
College and Campus,	
Exchanges,	
INDEX TO VOL. XIII.	-

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